OCTOBER
1938

Esquire

A. N. C.

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

ARTICLES

ALDO NADI
EDWARD HUNTER
JOHN McCARTHY
LAWRENCE GOULD
JAMES FINAN
HARRY SALPETER
COMDR. ATTILIO GATTI
HUNTINGTON HARTFORD
CHAS. R. ROSENBERG, JR.

FICTION

SÁNDOR HUNYADY
MANUEL KOMROFF
ANDRÉ MAUROIS
RALPH BATES
EDWARD STEVENSON
PAUL ANNIXTER
HARRY L. BOLTON

ART

JACQUES ZUCKER

SATIRE

LOUIS PAUL
WALTER BROOKS
PARKE CUMMINGS
MILT GROSS
MAXWELL SHANE

POETRY

LANGSTON HUGHES

SPORTS

JOHNNY GOODMAN
RALPH CANNON
DON CHALMERS LYONS
ARTHUR B. SWEET
BOBBIE CAHN

DEPARTMENTS

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GLYN ROBERTS
CARLETON SMITH
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CARTOONS

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A. ROSS
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(COVER)

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CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

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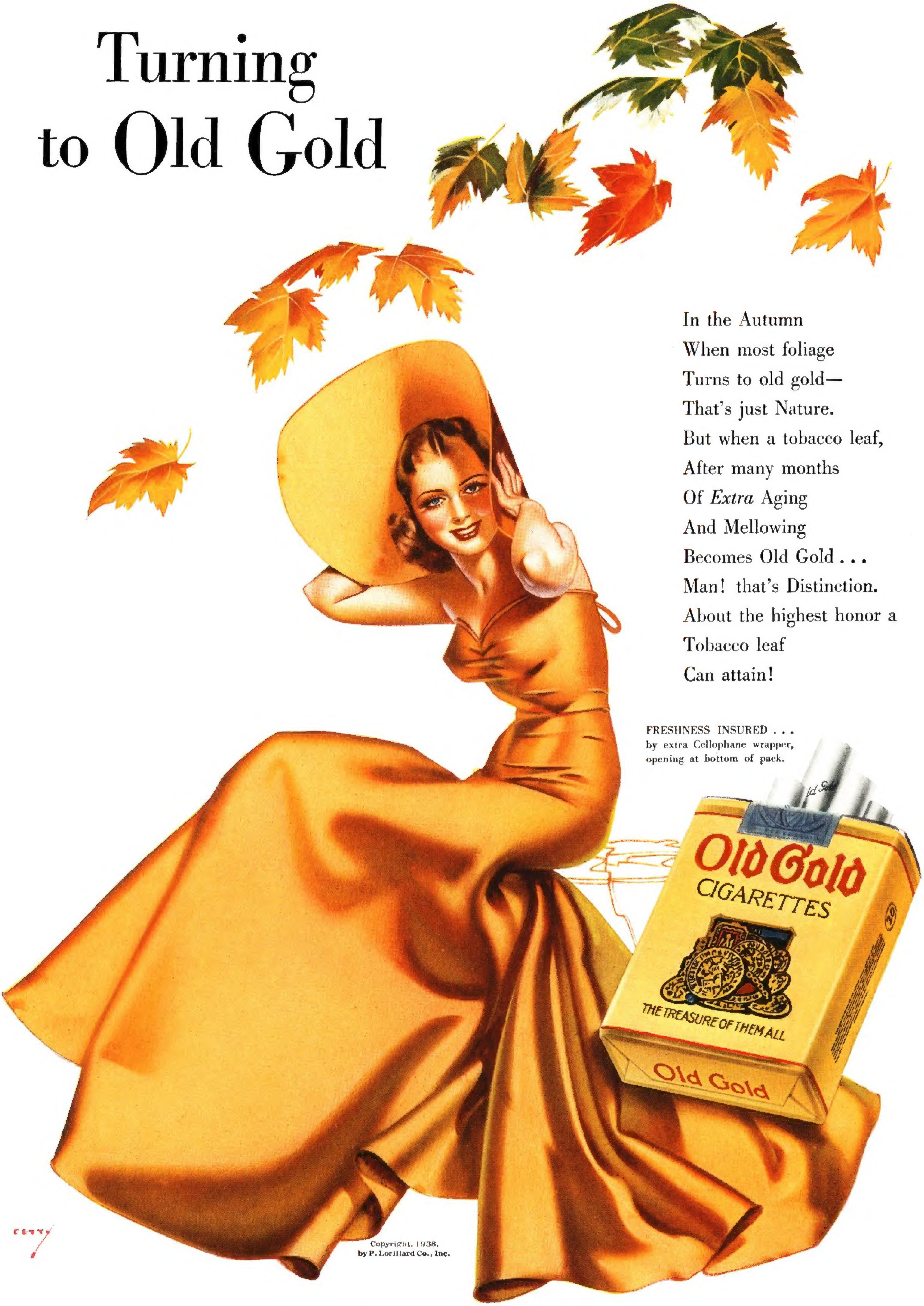

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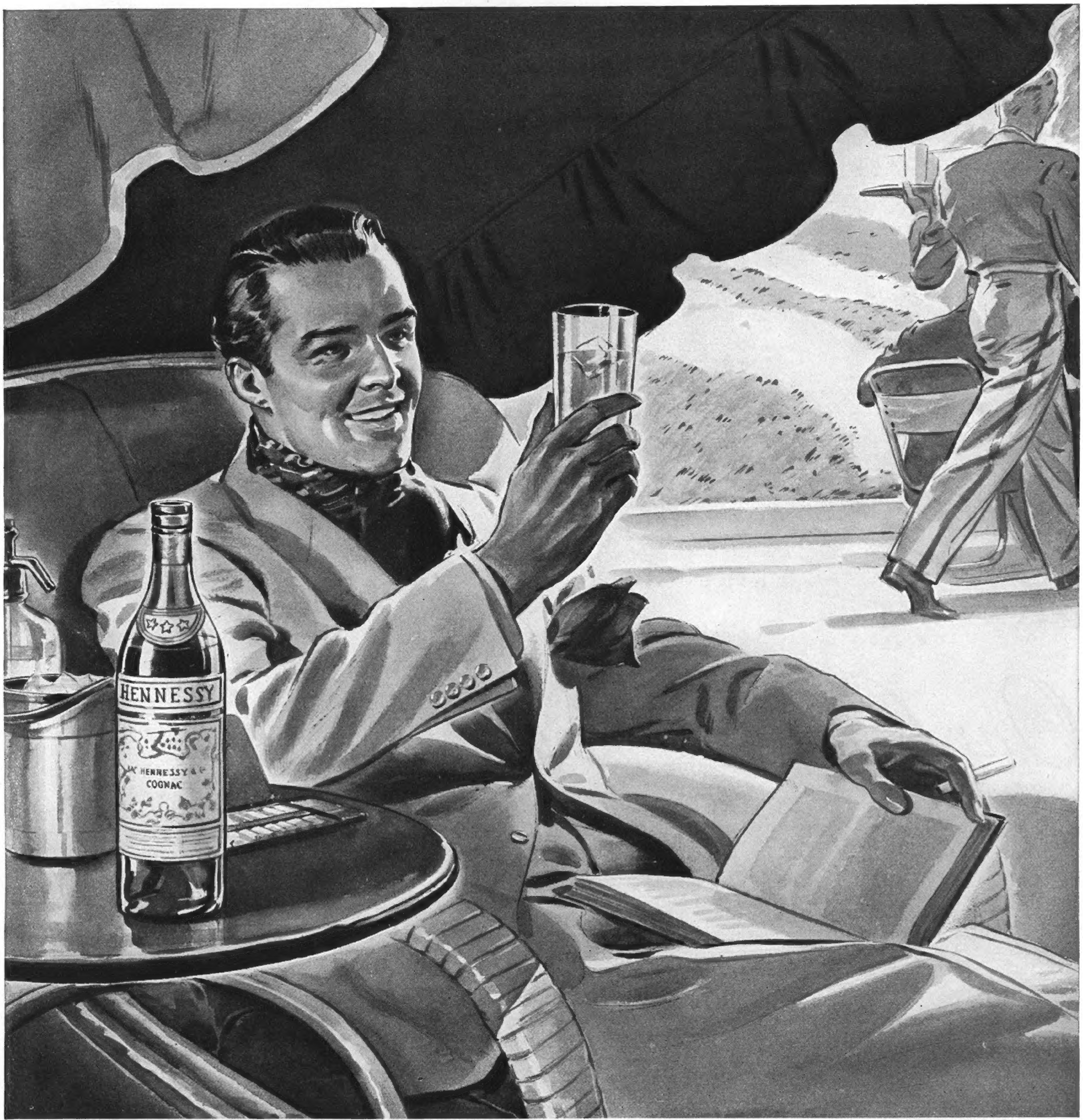

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
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Art Director: Eric Lundgren

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire.* It is never done knowingly.

Esq. offends the Italian-Americans

As this month's Sound and Fury Department shows, Esquire has again demonstrated its preeminent ability to lose friends and alienate people. In the August issue we permitted a returned American tourist to tell the world what he thought of the New Italy. Since then, nothing can convince a lot of Italian-Americans that we aren't deliberately trying to defame Italians as Italians.

Maybe we aren't sensitive enough to considerations of folk-pride, but the thing about the offending piece on the New Italy which attracted us, and made us consider it favorably for Esquire, was the way it characterized the material and spiritual ill-fit of the trappings of fascism on the body and soul of the Italian people. To us the key-sentence of the article was, "But the Italian hasn't the stuff in him, heaven be thanked, ever to become a Nazi."

Since then the Pope himself has said the same thing, and said it twice as well. How do Italian-Americans feel about that?

What the Pope remembers, and Mussolini forgets, is that no man can outlive a people. Mother Nature has the last laugh. What Englishman now worries about the wrath of Cromwell? And but for Shelley's sonnet, who now would even know the name of that other chest-beating, brow-wrinkling tyrant, that early Mussolini, who inscribed a pedestal with the awe-inspiring legend: "Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!" Yet once there were millions who dared not raise a whisper against him. Some day Mussolini will be a foot note, to explain an otherwise obscure reference, made by a poet of the old Italy, who will be born long hence, long after the follies of this New Italy are forgotten.

And Thomas Mann, too, can laugh at the now grim fact that his good "Aryan" German blood would be spilled were he to set his foot on present-day German soil. For he knows, as Hitler must yet be taught, that any one man of flesh and blood is as a mere passing pimple on the face of the immortal German race. There were generals before Agamemnon. There will be Germans who will have to go to a reference book to find out what a Nazi was.

Only war can save this peace

This is written in August, to achieve print in mid-September. As it is written, what has cynically been known for the last two years as world peace is even less peaceful. The Japs are still trying as bloodily as ever to make the Chinese feel friendly toward them, Franco is still using Mohammedan Moors as missionaries in an endeavor to Christianize Spain, while Russians and Japs are using tanks, artillery and planes in a determined effort to preserve the peace on the Manchukuan frontier. Murder has also gone onto a mass production basis in that manger of world peace, Palestine. Meanwhile a man named Runciman is "unofficially" mediating the Czecho-Slovakian mess by trying to make the Czechs stop indulging in their nasty habit of kicking the Germans in the feet with their chins.

With the peace spreading like wildfire, with Europe and Asia aflame, people are still asking each other, "Do you think there'll be a world war?" The most sensible answer to that question is to ask another: "How could you tell if there were?"

T. M.
Reg.

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T. M.
Reg.

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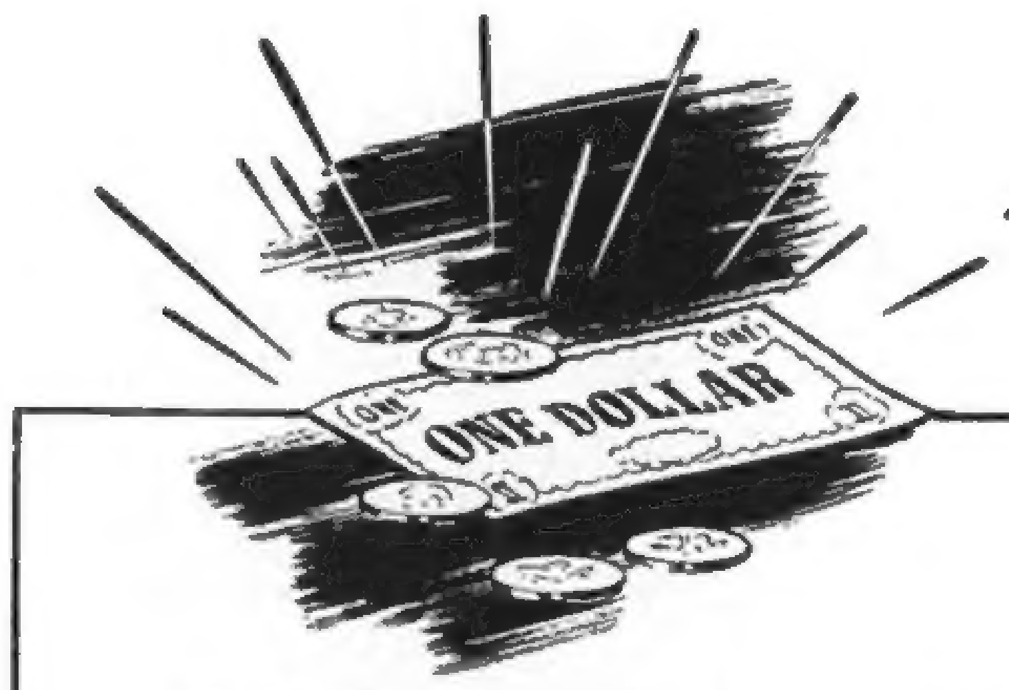

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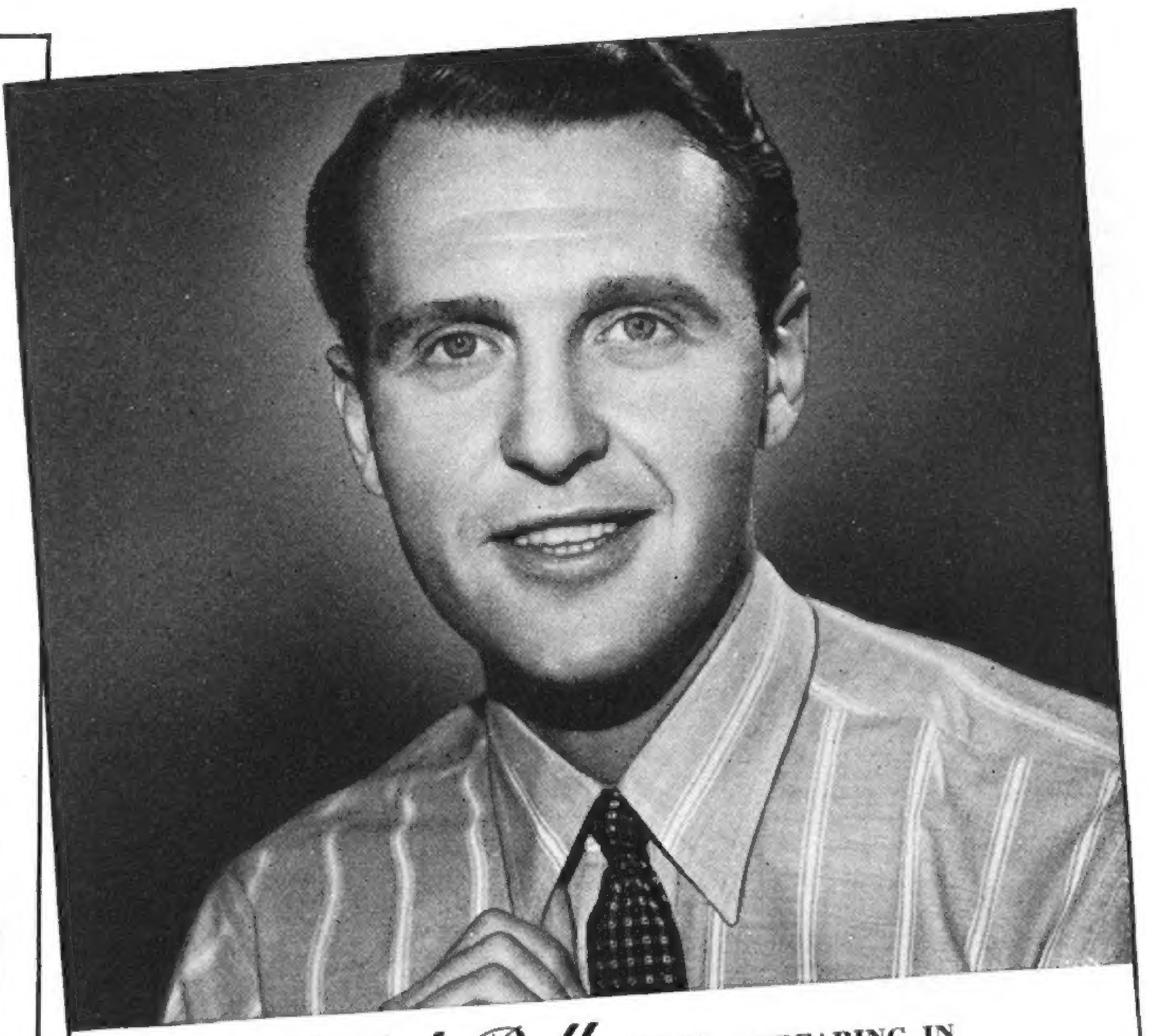

Ralph Bellamy, APPEARING IN THE COLUMBIA PICTURE, "GIRLS' SCHOOL"

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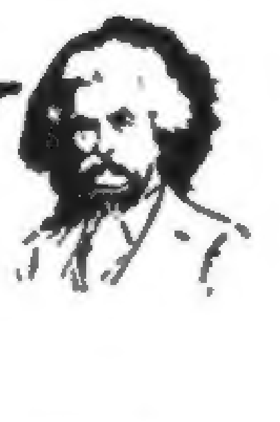

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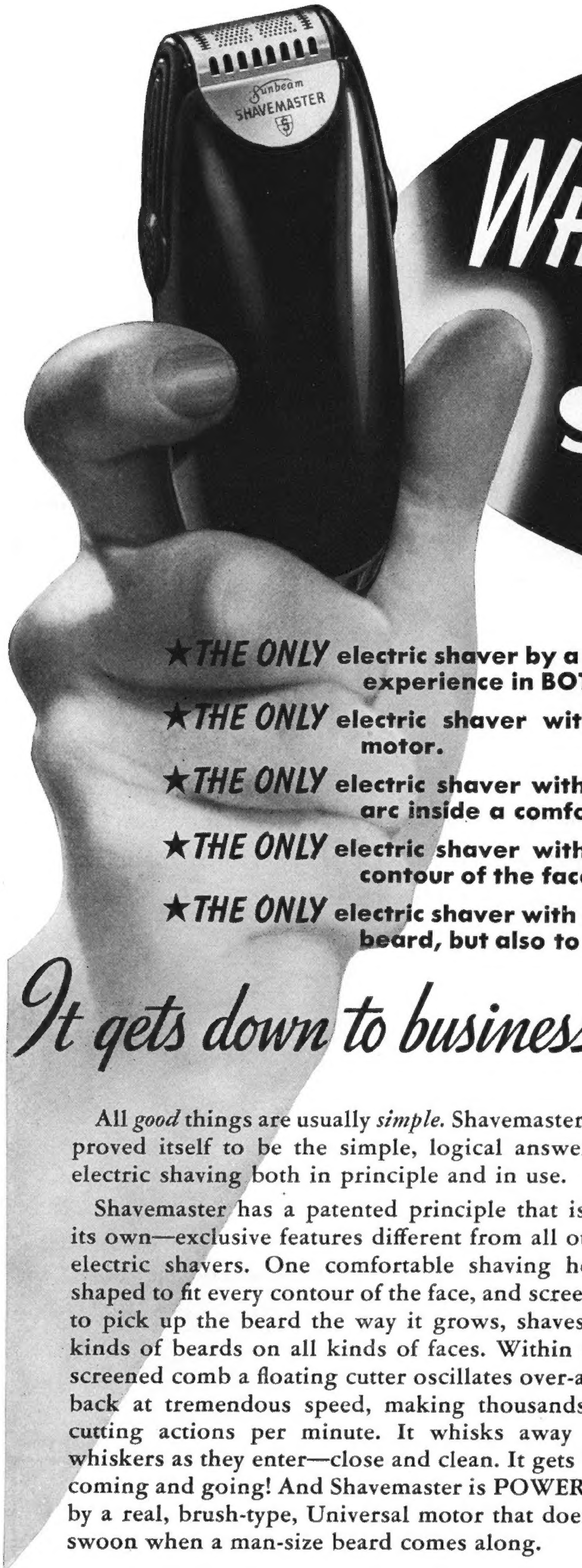
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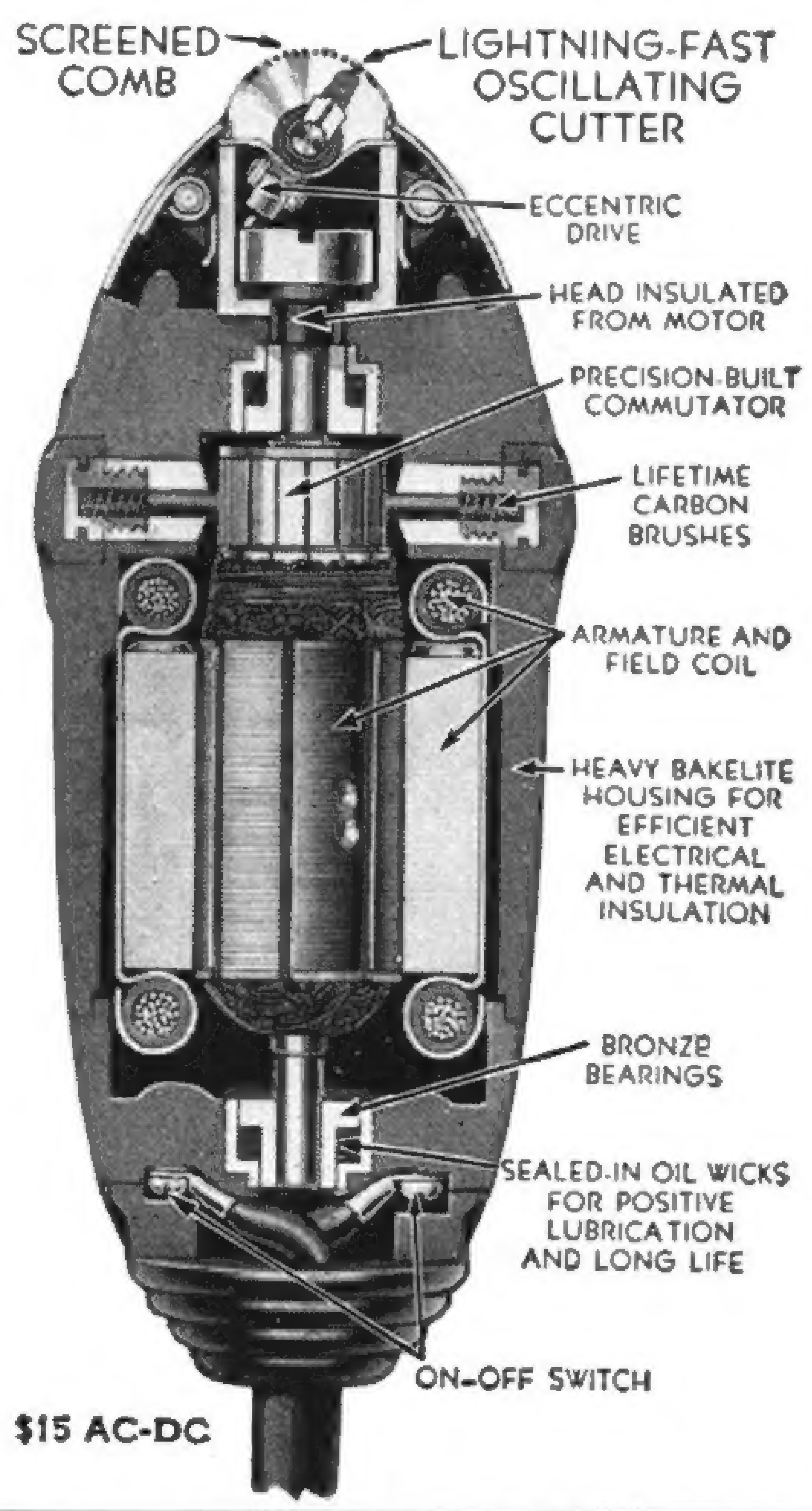
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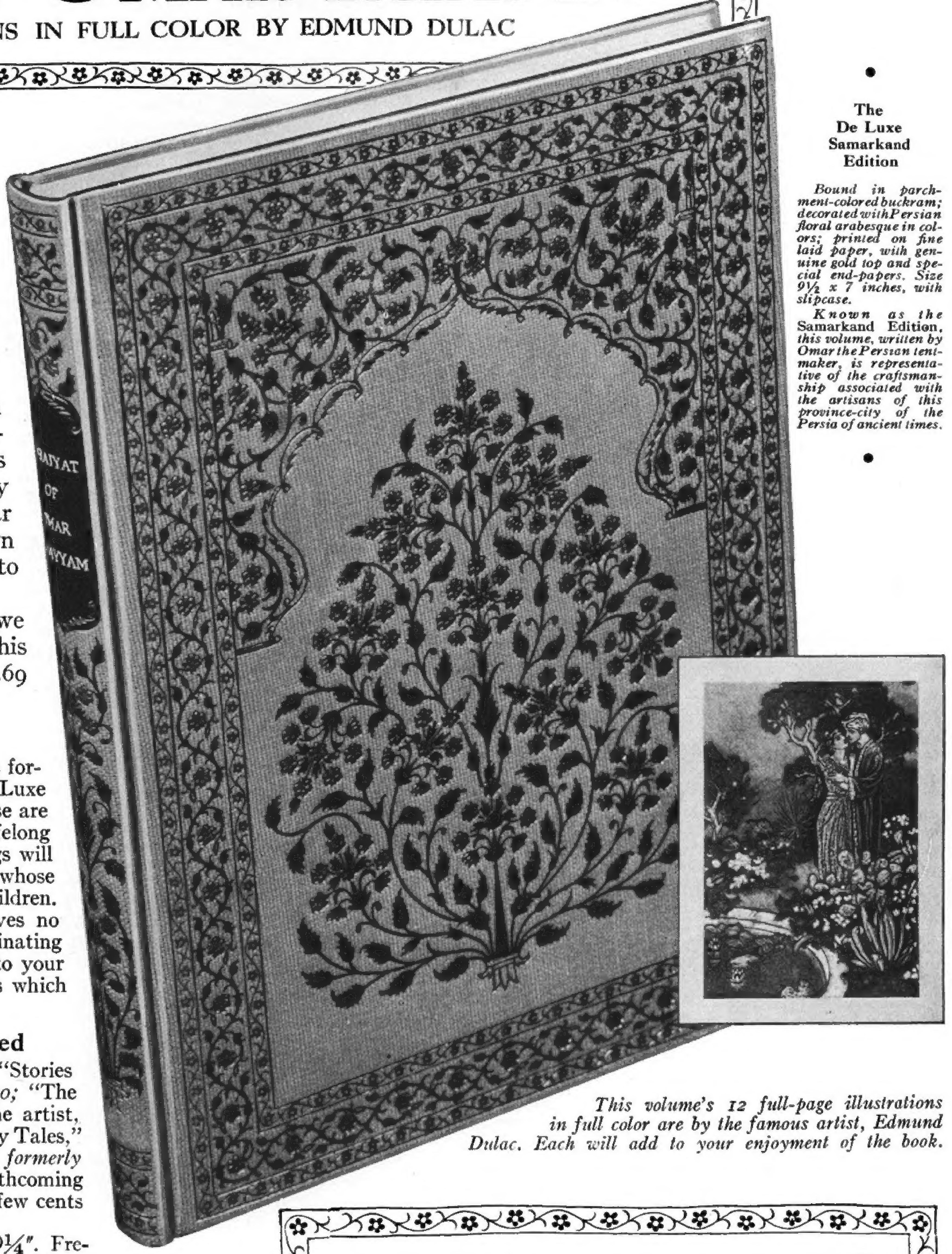

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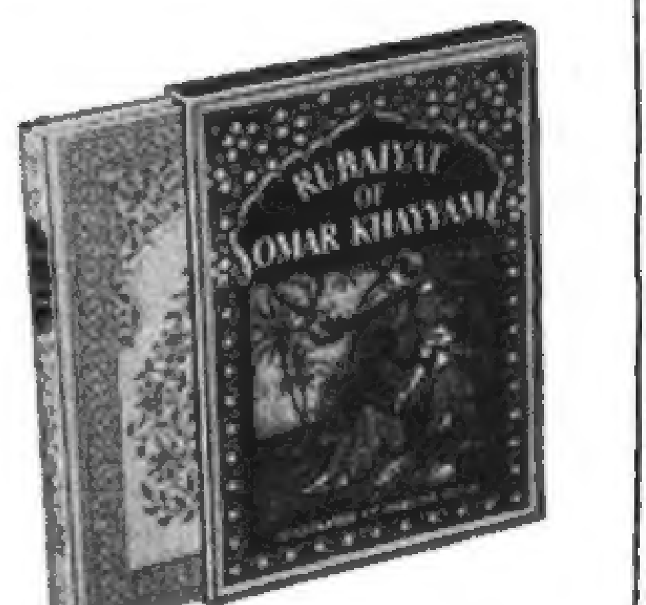

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

OH MANN, OH MANN!

The article, *The New Italy*, by Kenneth Mann, published in your August number, has left me disgusted, for his unfairness and calculated hostility not only to fascism and Mussolini, which is his privilege, but also to Italy as a Nation, against which I protest. All Mr. Mann could see and criticize on his visit to Italy were the little faults and annoyances common to every country, if you are bent on finding them, but the enormous progress made by Italy under Mussolini in every branch of human endeavor Mr. Mann concedes begrudgingly only.

For instance, he has met a few beggars there, persistent ones but certainly pacific, and that gives him the right to say that the most efficient people in Italy are the beggars! Well, I, myself, meet a beggar every now and then, right here on Park Avenue, and when I refuse them, on principle, the usual dime for a so-called cup of coffee, they become anything but comfortable to deal with, and yet I do not write to the papers and say that New York is a city of threatening beggars! I have a better sense of proportion than that!

Mr. Mann concludes his venomous article by saying that Italy is today, and will be tomorrow, the same as she was yesterday, a poor, ignorant and neglected country! May the Goddess of Truth forgive him for this outrage to the reality of facts! Because, may it please him or not, Mussolini, sixteen years ago, took charge of a disorderly second-rate country, badly run for the preceding fifty years by succeeding democratic governments, intent more on domestic politics than in the real welfare of the country, and he made of Italy an orderly, first-class country, recognized as such today even by proud England. Any intelligent, honest person, not blinded by hate for fascism, will admit as much.

I regret to say that this is not the first time that I am confronted in ESQUIRE by such offensive anti-Italian articles, and as I do not care to have to see them oftener than I can help it, I will ask you to please stop sending me ESQUIRE and cancel the balance of my subscription.

Yours truly,

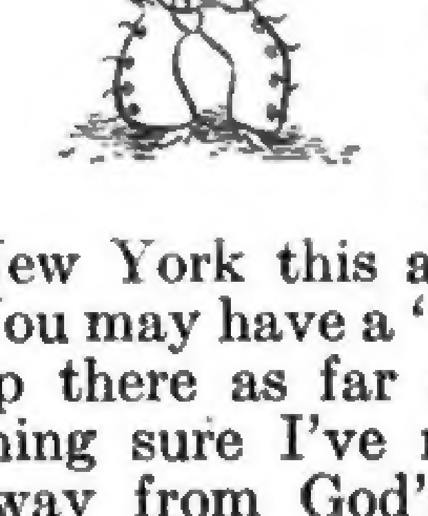
New York City, N. Y. FELICE BAVA

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We have long since (and more than once) gone on record that* ESQUIRE *never knowingly offends anyone's religion or race, while cheerfully running the risk of offending anybody's prejudices. For offending any Italian as an Italian, we offer the most abject apology. For offending any Italian or Italian-American as a fascist—why, damn the torpedoes, we apologize to nobody.*

UGH, HEAP TOO BAD

After all Broadway is not the only bright spot in these United States, even if you try your darndest to make it look that way in every manner possible.

Out in Oklahoma (and don't laugh yet) your catalogue gets a big play for some reason or the other unknown to me. Heaven help me why they want to read what the well dressed "Yankee" is wearing, or Painting the LITTLE TOWN Red with ESQUIRE, or what shows to see in the LITTLE TOWN. Everything throughout is New York this and New York that. You may have a "hot spot" of a burgh up there as far as I know (for one thing sure I've never been that far away from God's country), but for Pete's sake don't fill your otherwise informative columns to tell the other small portion of this world how great New York is.



Instead of showing your Eastern styles, why not show some of the clothes we wear out here (that is if you know what kind we wear). As far as that goes some of our "night spots" would make you "self-centered" New Yorkers take note. Have some of your reporters venture into the West so they can actually give a true report of some of our better-known "gathering places."

New York may be exciting, but don't over-rate it until you have given some other havens a chance. Wait until you have seen some full-blooded Indians, with papoose on their backs, stalking the streets, farmers standing on the corners of "the" main street, and a parade with real cowboys and cowgirls on their broncos being led by the local Drum and Bugle Corps. Oh for the life of a westerner! Go West, reporters, go West!

Out here we work hard during the day, but when night comes (much to your surprise we don't go to bed) we go to nearby spots of amusement. We dance, dine, swim, fish, mountain climb, hike, in fact there are few things that we don't do in some form or the other.

Really you ought to be ashamed for thinking only of yourself. Make your catalogue into everybody's magazine, so that when one of our Indians of the West reads it he can say "Ugh, heap fine!" So, until East meets West, I am

Your misunderstood and
mistreated reader,

Ardmore, Okla. ARTHUR NAYLOR, JR.

FATHERS WILL BE SLAVES

The Boiler room boys of Lynwood Hall, Stout Institute, Menomonie, Wis., appreciate facetious efforts on the part of R. C. Dell in his cartoon entitled, *Father's Day Greetings, Sir—Collect!*, on page 94 of the July number of ESQUIRE. But why was the old man down at the office on Sunday, July 19, as the calendar on his desk indicates?

Yours truly,
BOILER ROOM BOYS

Menomonie, Wis.

THE ETERNAL KIBITZER

"Nuts" to John Henry Reese's satire, *The Eternal Organizer*, in the July issue. He satirizes a labor leader as being a confused ignorant organizer who is eternally dissatisfied. Most organizers to my observation were intelligent, educated (not ornamentally) and good economists. Besides these qualifications they have lofty ideals and show exceptional courage in trying to realize them. That is saying a great deal more than you can say for some of our contemporary smug writers who shape their ideals to fit their smug existence.

The labor leader is seemingly eternally organizing because he knows how easy it is for the trustful labor class who are ignorant of the ways of the unprincipled, to be disorganized.

If it were not for men like the organizer we would have no Boston Tea Party, no independence, no united union nor would we have the inspiring quotes "Give me liberty or give me death."

A bushel of rotten tomatoes to the Mr. Sumners of Texas, Chairman of the House of Representatives Judiciary Committee who Frank Lane Brunton wrote about in his interesting and informative article. The article, *Moratorium on Brains*, could have been improved by the author giving full vent to his fury. Nevertheless, I am going to vent my fury.

This Mr. Sumners offered to Congress a bill (H. R. 8508), (quoting Frank Lane Brunton) "To suspend the issuance of patents of labor-saving devices, and for other purposes.

"Mr. Sumners declared that the continued invention of labor-saving devices was throwing thousands of people out of work. Until there was some sort of balance between these devices and unemployment, Mr. Sumners believed the time had come to call a halt on the activities of the 'nuts'."

What kind of useless or detrimental bill are some of our thick-headed representatives going to concoct next? A man having an important position of a representative should have a reasonable amount of intelligence. It is strange that Mr. Sumners has not the intelligence to see how detrimental his bill would be to the country.

Labor-saving devices, mass production and industrialism developed this country to what it is today. Take any of these away and the country will decline instead of progressing.

How did the ancient Greeks attain a peak of culture and intellectuality which no nation or race has yet compared? It was simple. Every Greek citizen was a free man, and the slaves did the laborious work of his household. This gave him the leisure to interest himself in the arts, attend open forum and to educate himself and his children.

Of course we do not believe in slavery, but we have machines to do our laborious work. Therefore we have in this country an opportunity to do as the Greeks did. With our machines to do most of the work and our mass production systems which so efficiently supply a large demand, we can increase our standard of living ten-fold, thereby enabling us to be a cultural people.

This country with its highly developed industrialism has made slow progress in culture and intellectuality. At present it is in an economic chaos. Our standard of living is very low compared to the wealth, natural resources and developed industries of the country. Why should our country be in such a state? Here are some of the reasons:

Our labor laws have not kept step with industrial development. The worker with modern machinery, in some cases, does fifty times as much work as he did forty years ago. Yet his wages and working hours changed very little since then.

The monopoly on labor-saving devices is excessive. Why should not the country as a whole derive a benefit? The greedy monopolizer sometimes makes as high as seven hundred per cent profit with his machines and by exploiting the labor class. This kind of profit is unreasonable. I am sure it was not the plan of a hard-working inventor to create something which would solely benefit a few pot-bellied hogs. I am sure the inventor had more of an altruistic object.

These machines, because of the backward labor laws, have replaced an enormous amount of man power. Thus creating an unemployment situation. Therefore the hour scale of the worker must be shortened to balance with industrial development.

Commodity prices and wages have not balanced with industrial development. The manufacturer has cut his operating expenses tremendously, but the price of his product has been cut very little in comparison. The wages of his employees have increased very little. The product coal is not manufactured but it makes a good example to illustrate this case. The modern miner with modern equipment can mine many, many times the amount of coal a miner could mine years ago. Yet study the price of coal and wages of the miner for the last forty years and see how little they have changed.

These are just some of the reasons why this country is in a recession. Why the majority of us have to strive so laboriously to eke out an existence.

We have made little progress in culture because we are tired physically by the monotonous day's toil. Our minds are too dull to take interest in the finer things. Besides we have not the time. It is just work (if you have it) sleep, eat and a few silly pleasures with us.

So, instead of having excessive monopoly, "greedy" profit, profit by destruction and stupid proposals like that of Mr. Sumners, let us have some advance labor laws and a little reorganization on the part of the government.

Then you shall see the beginning of an era of learning which will equal that of ancient Greece if not surpassing it.

I feel better now that this is off my chest.

Yours for a better Democracy,

Fallon, Nev. A CITIZEN

COME ON IN, SCREWBALL

Well, Esky, I've just been told that if I don't get away from it all I am headed straight for a nervous breakdown . . . and since that means that I am getting a trifle screwy, I take it as a divine (?) call to begin writing to ESQUIRE. Everyone knows you have to be screwy to read or write ESQUIRE!

The trouble with ESQUIRE (dammit) is that it grows on you and you can't stop it. Each month you mortgage your soul to raise the 4 bits for another copy of its inanity . . . I'm sure I don't know why I do it . . . but I suppose it is just another manifestation of my incipient insanity.

The other night I took Esky to bed with me and, of course, fell asleep immediately . . . to dream about dating Charlie McCarthy; brought on no doubt, by the cartoon on Page 165 of the July issue. Anyway, it was better than the insomnia that usually haunts me nights, so I hereby recommend ESQUIRE to be used as a soporific and suggest that it be given free of charge to all insane asylums in the U. S. A. (The Monroe Doctrine makes it impossible to extend this generous offer to other countries, including Canada).

I would like to tell you the complete story of my dream (page Mr. Freud, please!) but I made a solemn vow on reaching the age of reason (officially considered to be 14) never, never under any circumstances to relate dreams (especially to psychiatrists). I pause to acknowledge the sigh of relief from *Sound and Fury* Editor. . . .

But, to get back to me and my nervous breakdown (I am now 28 and so have probably reached the official age of unreason). I am just about ready to welcome it with open arms . . . and since I haven't the means to get away from it all . . . and since I am an excellent journalist (please note how well I use my parentheses and breaks . . .) you can consider this letter my announcement to the world at large (and those restrained) that I now am one of the society of screwballs who write to ESQUIRE.

Maniacally yours,

Tampa, Florida LILLIAN DERBAUM

THIS IS THE FIRST

Speaking of *Bores: Their Cause and Cure*—I'll bet you've already received a waste-basket full of requests that Mr. Loren Carroll be dubbed "The New Champion."

All right—chuck this in the basket with the rest of them; see if I care.

Sincerely,

Wyncote, Pa. H. D. GROFF

Continued on page 12

"If I had four apples..."

A fruit grower wrote us, "Frankly, I envy you Frankfort people! For in combining *several* whiskies to make one still finer whiskey—Four Roses—you have done, in a way, what I have long been trying to do—with four apples!

"For years I've been 'crossing' my trees, trying to combine the virtues of four different varieties in ONE apple—one apple with the *bigness* of the Northern Spy... the *deep red color* of the Baldwin ...the *crisp, sprightly flavor* of the Winesap...and the *tender fine-grained texture* of the McIntosh.

"If I succeed, *that* apple will be just about the grandest apple that 'A' ever stood for!"

If you had Four Roses...

If you should taste Four Roses right now, you'd understand why our friend's letter comes pretty close to explaining the magnificence of this whiskey.

For, in making Four Roses, we use more than just a *single* straight whiskey. We take *several* fine straight whiskies—one for its delicate aroma, another for its rich body, another for its smoothness, or flavor. Then we bring these whiskies together in such a way that ALL their virtues are united in ONE superlative whiskey—*Four Roses!*

Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

A blend of straight whiskies. 90 proof

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

CONTENTED WESTERNER

I just want to toss an orchid to your new "find," the writer of *Jackass Trouble.*

He understands his subject; gets the thought over without boring the reader, and uses a brand of language the West understands in turn. I found the yarn amusing, clever, and doubly enjoyed re-reading, chiefly because the characters somehow or other seem to live today, and I'd like to hear what happens to them tomorrow.

The orchid might be accompanied with a morning glory or two; I can't figure out how you fellows ever took a chance on goods that didn't come over on the *Mayflower.*

This is the first comment I have ever made on a magazine article; I'm the 7th busiest individual in the whole area surrounded by something or other, and when your new "find" is out in my placer flat next, I'd like the privilege of buying him a drink.

So Long,

San Francisco, Cal. Ivan Branson

SLIDING DOWNHILL WITH ESKY

The July issue of Esquire carries an article by Kenneth Mann on "Italy," the objectionable title and content of which is probably known to you.

Although the truth of the statements made by Kenneth Mann are too ridiculous and could be easily and completely refuted, I shall not bother to do so.

I wish to emphasize, instead, that the use of such abusive, vulgar and cheap language, far from arousing the resentment of the reader, it makes him realize that Esquire is no longer the high class magazine it used to be and it should no longer be found in the home of decent, hard-working American People like myself.

Will you, therefore, cancel the balance of my subscription, as well as the one I entered for Comm. Felice Bava, 125 East 72nd Street, effective immediately. Yours Truly,

New York, N. Y U. L. Bava

WHY SHOULD IT KEEP US BOTH AWAKE?

I've been trying to go to sleep, but it's impossible—I've been reading Esquire.

Let me say here and now that I can't keep it back any longer! A literary urge has been lying dormant in my stout young body ever since I picked up my first copy of Esquire some years ago, and now it comes bursting forth in a glittering array of dirty cracks.

I don't know why I continue to subscribe, year after year, to your damned old magazine. Maybe it's because I'm gullible enough to think the better people read it and it is a mark of distinction to see copies of it lying aimlessly about the house.

Maybe I'm the one who is dumb—I don't know—but I happen to be a college graduate and have a damn good job at present so I don't feel I'm altogether wrong.

Before retiring tonight, I read quite a bit of your July issue and of all the weak, stupid, and go-to-hell stories—I have never seen the like! If the morons (12 yrs. mentality) that write these stories get paid for them—you're sure getting the dirty end of the stick!

Will someone please tell me what there is to these stories? They sound to me like they were written by a bunch of "queers" or half-wits. Just in the way of a change, why not have handsome Harry and Little Nell give in to nature sometime instead of everybody concerned getting all passionate and sweaty. I think it would be real refreshing. It's being done in actual life, you know.

And another thing! Who in the hell is this Eric Lundgren? I happen to be interested in Art and have made quite a study of it, but for the life of me I honestly can't see anything to his tempera paintings or aquatints. They're different, yes, but then so is Gertrude Stein and Gawd, how she stinks!

For the most part, your cartoons are O. K. You can thank God for that! You may not know it, but they are the cause of a great many ill-spent fifty cent pieces. After a pretty fair survey, I have discovered that most of your "readers" are "lookers." In other words, they just look at the pictures. Fate has kindly made most of the people in these United States picture conscious and in this way they are spared your smelly prose and illiterate poetry!

Well, Morpheus (the Goddess of Sleep, in case you didn't know) is beckoning me to return to her arms so I'll cease my crusade.

I hope you'll print this. I've enjoyed so much giving you hell and after all I've never tried having anything published before. Anyway I'll wager 9 out of 10 of your readers would enjoy this more than those literary efforts you print so blindly!

Feeling much better, thank you,

Muncie, Ind. J. H. Reichart, Jr.

ESQ AS TRASH-HEAP

As there is a law against pornographic literature, so there should be a penal code against defamatory writers like Kenneth Mann, who has adorned the pages of your magazine with the fragrant foliage of his vigorous prose.

Human beings may occasionally miss and err, but certain forms of degradation are not socially pardonable.

After reading his impressions on Italy I felt a sincere pity for this unfortunate mortal, who, in his livid rancor against a political system, has flung the bilious mud of his unhealthy liver against a nation, that, through history, has blessed our globe with the vital light of civilization.

Frankly, I would have never thought that a conservative and respected periodical like the Esquire could have become the receptacle for such bad-smelling trash.

I am sure that anyone, who has endured the emetic exhalations from Mr. Mann's emotional feast, will find his stomach a little upset for a long time.

Regards,

Brooklyn, N. Y. Louis De Sando

AUT TUNIS—AUT TENNIS

May I express my appreciation, in verse, of the well-known sports writer whose articles frequently appear in your pages?

When Tunis writes on tennis
I'll buy the magazine;
In Portland or in Venice,
In Luke or Mark or Genesis,
in Thackeray's *Pendennis*
His like has ne'er been seen.
When Tunis writes on tennis
I'll buy the magazine.

Sincerely yours,

Kokomo, Ind. Dow Richardson

ARE THERE ANY FRIENDS OF ESQ?

Poor Louis Adamic! Is he still so hard-up that after accepting the hospitality of Yaddo twice, he is forced to write such an article as *Ingrates at Yaddo,* in order to sell it to June Esquire? My attention has just been called to this dreadful exhibition of bad manners and bad taste.

Idol-smashing may be a lucrative business, but in this case, it merits only contempt. Friends of the founders of Yaddo feel a deep indignation that anything as sacred as the spiritual values motivating Yaddo, should be desecrated by a visiting writer, a guest.

Those who are carrying out the bequest of Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Trask and Mr. George Foster Peabody are very practical idealists. Too bad that Louis Adamic has his blind spots.

Spare me the sight of any more Esquires!

Very truly yours,

Etta Blanchard Worsley

Columbus, Ga.

AMERICAN DRINKER IN THE AMEN CORNER

Of all the articles you've published in the last five years—that's when I started reading your bladder—the best I've read is *I Drink American* by Donald Hough, in your June issue.

If that didn't strike a responsive chord in the hearts of non-gentlemen drinkers, they ought to quit our loyal clan, and join the ranks of those who drink like gentlemen.

The only thing—and thousands will agree with me—Mr. Hough is a plagiarist. He quotes in his article about the chap who asks the other fellow, "Don't you think you've had enough, old man?"

Well—I've got a brother-in-law. He's a nice brother-in-law—God bless him—but in the last five years he has asked me at least 1826 times, about 11 p. m., "Don't you think you've had enough, old man?"

I don't like it and I haven't liked it for 1826 repetitions. And thanks to the splendid courage which Mr. Hough's article has given me, tonight when I see that remark coming, I'm going to sock my brother-in-law in the puss.

Thanks, Mr. Hough,

Dick B. Cunningham

Wellesley Hills, Mass.

THE INEVITABLE

There has been something sticking in my craw for quite some time, and every time that I read George Jean Nathan it gets a little larger. May I disgorge it to you?

In almost every issue there is a bitter indictment of Hollywood and its bastardizing of the drama, as well as the lament that the Theatre is going to hell. And it seems to me that these two trends are related.

The Theatre spends much of its collective time in moaning that it does not get popular support, yet it does nothing to remedy the basic difficulty. The Theatre is selling a rich man's product at the rich man's price, and wondering why it does not have the support of the "poor man" who constitutes a large per cent of the Great American Public. The motion pictures, on the other hand, sell largely at the "poor man's" price, hence, they produce the poor man's product, because their product must fit the tastes of their audience. If the movies try to raise their output to a higher literary level, they are in the position of a trader trying to sell soap to a tribe of savages who never wash themselves. Undoubtedly it would be a benefit to the consumers, and yet that same trader will go broke selling soap and make a fortune selling liquor which will be bought and consumed. And this lack of taste among the "poor men" is due to the prohibitive price of good drama.

That, however, is not the end. When a sincere attempt is at last made to bring better drama to the great body of people in the form of the Federal Theatre, what happens? George Jean and all his buddies laugh it out of existence as an artistic force, simply out of the same aristocratic prejudice which is contributing constantly to the weakness of the Theatre.

What will be the outcome? That question is next to impossible to answer, but the Theatre might well profit by recalling that in the two greatest dramatic ages, the classic Greek and the Elizabethan, the Theatre was a public thing which catered to the public taste and not to any especially selected group, selected by virtue of economic or social stratification.

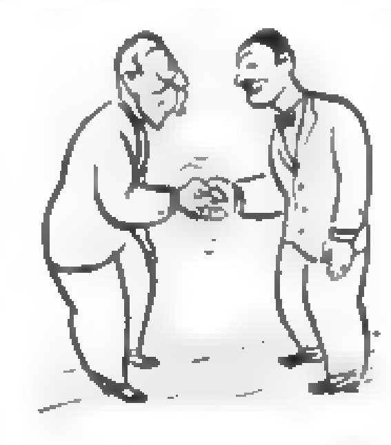
Now I'm through.

Thanks,

Natoma, Calif. Will C. Jumper

SOMEBODY LIKES ESQ'S FICTION!

As a rule I don't like love stories. When boy meets girl and marries her in 5000 words flat in every popular magazine in the country, it leaves me cold.



That's why I like Esquire fiction. It's out of the pattern and it has quality—and subtlety. And that's why I particularly liked Walter Schoenstedt's *The Girl From the River Barge* in your latest issue. This is a love story—but with what a difference! No boy-girl stuff, but a tender, sensitive mood-picture.

If Germany plans to expel more writers like Schoenstedt, I hope Esquire will snap them up too.

Sincerely yours,

Joseph Dannenberg

New York, N. Y.

FROM OUT WHERE THE VEST BEGINS

You surely started something
With your *Sunburst on the Range,**
And if you lose your last damn friend
Don't think it very strange!

The big hotels all through the East
That used to draw the trade,
Are sore as hell to think about
The dirty trick you played.

And all the steamship companies,
With scores of empty ships,
Are up in arms, with you to thank
For all their cancelled trips!

And husbands left alone to work
The whole damn summer through—
I suppose you think they're singing hymns
Of gratitude to you!

For all the women in the land
Have started for the West—
To try to find the guy dressed in
That Goddam fancy vest!

Take my advice, and do your best
To pacify these men—
Then watch your step, so you don't make
The same mistake again!

Next time just show a sunset,
Or a long-horn Texas steer—
Who gives a damn what Hearts of Gold
Will wear out West this year!

Baltimore, Md. Martin M. Vezin

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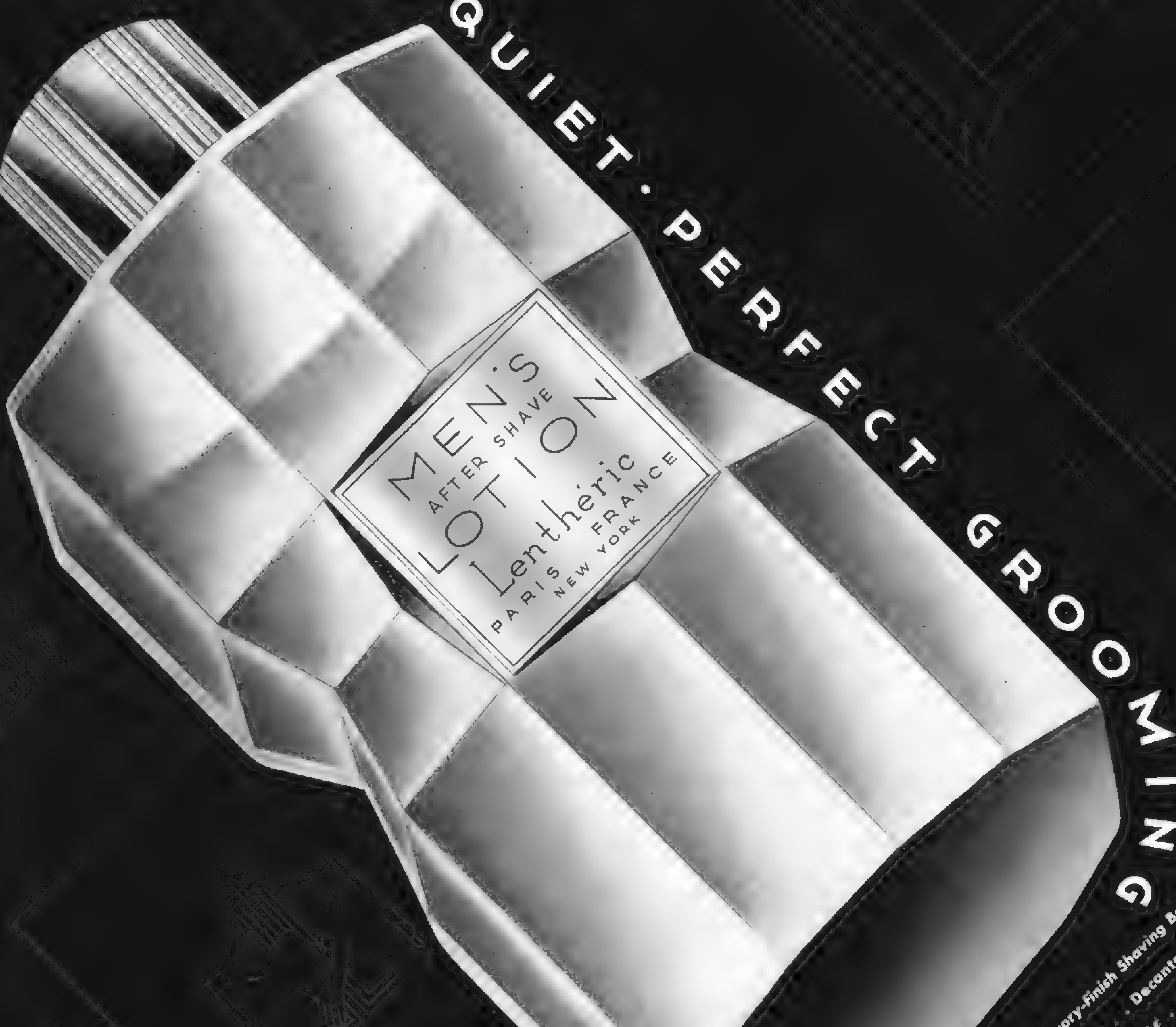
*Page 166, July Esquire.

Continued on page 167

for men of action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• After-Shave Powder . . . Ivory-finish container, 75¢ . . . Flacon, $1.00
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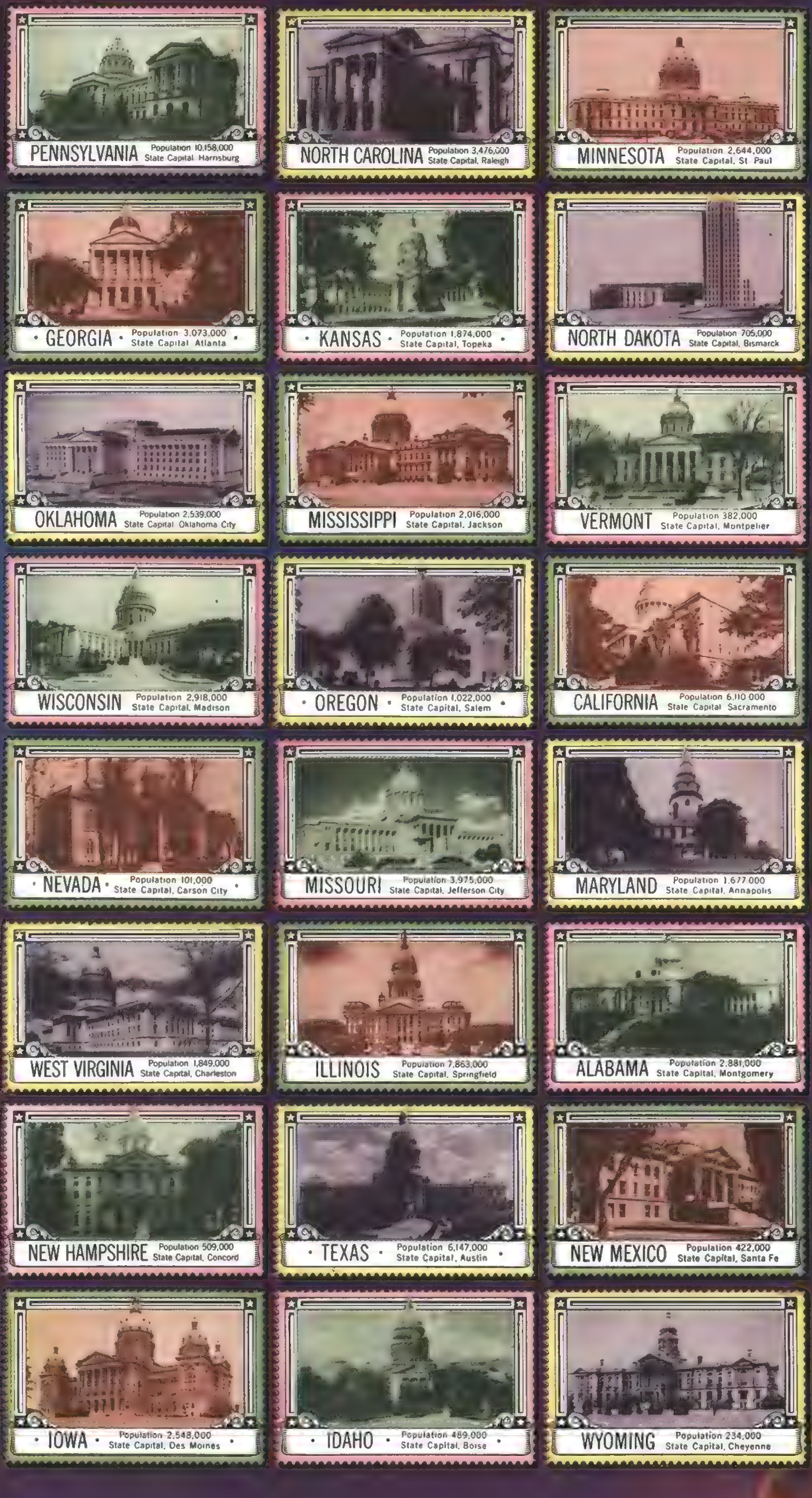
A Salute to the 48 States
"AMERICA'S FINEST"

"AMERICA

a Challenge


PENNSYLVANIA Population 10,158,000 State Capital, Harrisburg
NORTH CAROLINA Population 3,476,000 State Capital, Raleigh
MINNESOTA Population 2,644,000 State Capital, St. Paul
GEORGIA Population 3,073,000 State Capital, Atlanta
KANSAS Population 1,874,000 State Capital, Topeka
NORTH DAKOTA Population 705,000 State Capital, Bismarck
OKLAHOMA Population 2,539,000 State Capital, Oklahoma City
MISSISSIPPI Population 2,016,000 State Capital, Jackson
VERMONT Population 382,000 State Capital, Montpelier
WISCONSIN Population 2,918,000 State Capital, Madison
OREGON Population 1,022,000 State Capital, Salem
CALIFORNIA Population 6,110,000 State Capital, Sacramento
NEVADA Population 101,000 State Capital, Carson City
MISSOURI Population 3,975,000 State Capital, Jefferson City
MARYLAND Population 1,677,000 State Capital, Annapolis
WEST VIRGINIA Population 1,849,000 State Capital, Charleston
ILLINOIS Population 7,863,000 State Capital, Springfield
ALABAMA Population 2,881,000 State Capital, Montgomery
NEW HAMPSHIRE Population 509,000 State Capital, Concord
TEXAS Population 6,147,000 State Capital, Austin
NEW MEXICO Population 422,000 State Capital, Santa Fe
IOWA Population 2,548,000 State Capital, Des Moines
IDAHO Population 489,000 State Capital, Boise
WYOMING Population 234,000 State Capital, Cheyenne

WHY SEAGRAM'S 7 and 5 CROWN HAVE EARNED THE RIGHT TO BE CALLED—*"America's Finest"*

DISTILLERIES . . . Seagram has $80,000,000 invested in rare whiskies, distilleries and equipment to insure the uniformly finer taste of Crowns.

WHISKEY STOCKS... Seagram has 80,000,000 gallons of fine whiskey in reserve from which to select . . . a vast treasure perpetuating quality and uniformity.

MANAGEMENT . . . The House of Seagram is controlled by officers actively engaged in the management of the business.

BLENDING SKILL . . . From thousands of possible combinations, Seagram's expert blenders have achieved in Crown Whiskies a "masterpiece of the blender's art."

FINER QUALITY... Seagram has dared to ask

CROWNS TASTE BETTER—BECAUSE

Seagram's

"America's

FOR YOUR INFORMATION... Seagram's 7 Crown is a *richer* whiskey, containing 60% neutral spirits distilled from American grains. It is 90 Proof. Seagram's 5 Crown is a milder, more delicate whiskey, containing 72½% neutral spirits distilled from American grains. Also 90 Proof. Both are "America's Finest". Seagram-Distillers Corp., N. Y.

AMERICA'S FINEST
Seagram's Crown Whiskey

S FINEST”

A Salute to the 48 States

“AMERICA'S FINEST”

by Seagram

the public to judge Crowns by the same standards which professional whiskey tasters use—a method that reveals instantly the quality, smoothness and mildness of a whiskey.

BETTER TASTE . . . Seagram's Crowns are America's finest tasting whiskies . . . they taste even better than the finest blends of the old days and *Seagram experts have proved it.*

PUBLIC PREFERENCE . . . Seagram's 7 and 5 Crown, for a period of 34 months ending April, 1938, in the 14 states that publish official records, have outsold *all other blended whiskies in their price class put together.*

137 MILLION BOTTLES . . . Over 137 million bottles (all sizes) of 7 and 5 Crown have been sold since July, 1934.

THE CHALLENGE . . . Compare the taste of either 7 Crown or 5 Crown Whiskey with any other whiskey you can name, side by side, regardless of price . . . and prove to yourself that Seagram's Crowns are . . . *“America's Finest”*.

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Seagram's
Seven Crown
Blended Whiskey
7
A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and full flavor - smooth and mellow
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, INC.
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S
NINETY PROOF
gram's
Crown
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5
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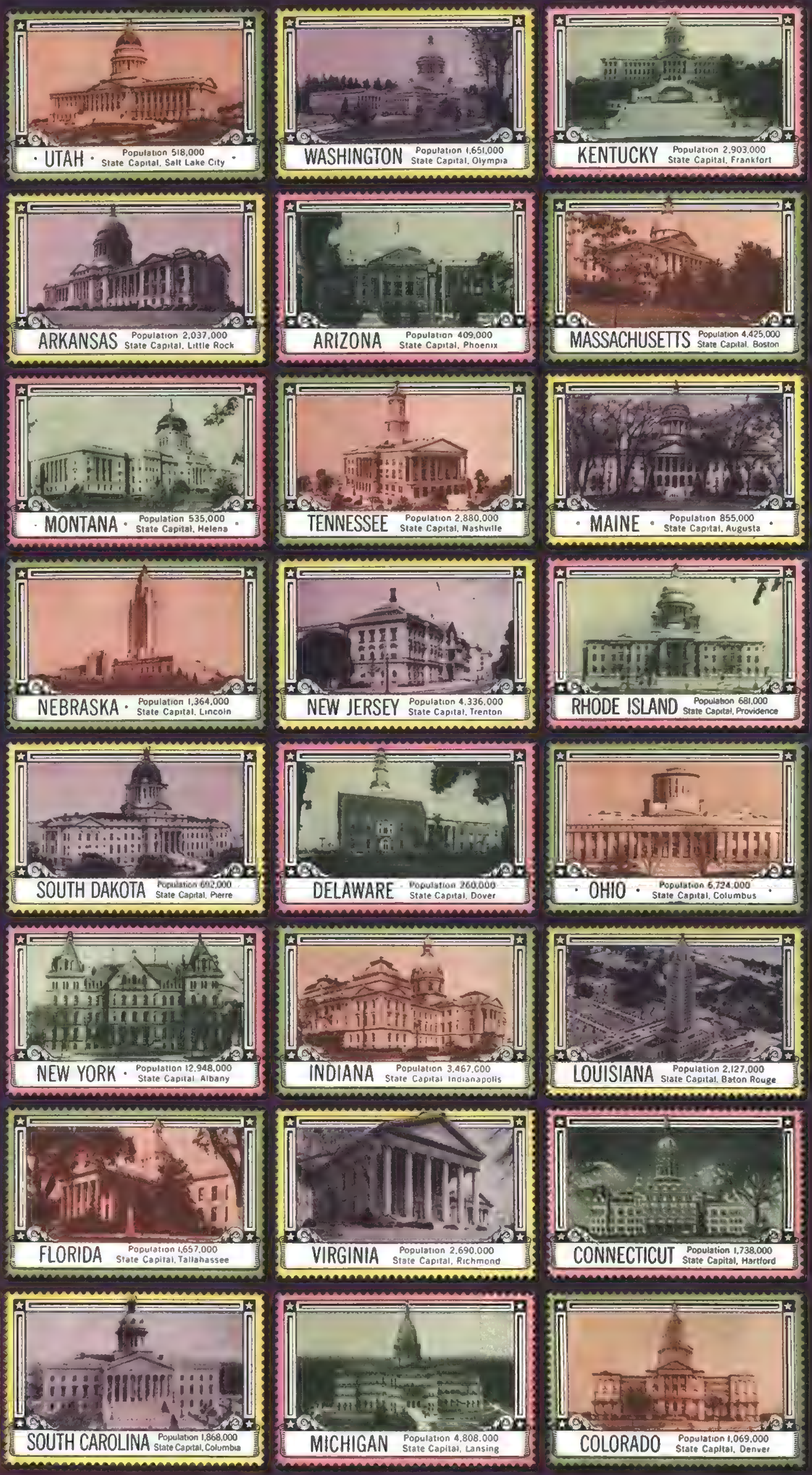
UTAH
Population 518,000
State Capital, Salt Lake City
WASHINGTON
Population 1,651,000
State Capital, Olympia
KENTUCKY
Population 2,903,000
State Capital, Frankfort
ARKANSAS
Population 2,037,000
State Capital, Little Rock
ARIZONA
Population 409,000
State Capital, Phoenix
MASSACHUSETTS
Population 4,425,000
State Capital, Boston
MONTANA
Population 535,000
State Capital, Helena
TENNESSEE
Population 2,880,000
State Capital, Nashville
MAINE
Population 855,000
State Capital, Augusta
NEBRASKA
Population 1,364,000
State Capital, Lincoln
NEW JERSEY
Population 4,336,000
State Capital, Trenton
RHODE ISLAND
Population 681,000
State Capital, Providence
SOUTH DAKOTA
Population 692,000
State Capital, Pierre
DELAWARE
Population 260,000
State Capital, Dover
OHIO
Population 6,724,000
State Capital, Columbus
NEW YORK
Population 12,948,000
State Capital, Albany
INDIANA
Population 3,467,000
State Capital, Indianapolis
LOUISIANA
Population 2,127,000
State Capital, Baton Rouge
FLORIDA
Population 1,657,000
State Capital, Tallahassee
VIRGINIA
Population 2,690,000
State Capital, Richmond
CONNECTICUT
Population 1,738,000
State Capital, Hartford
SOUTH CAROLINA
Population 1,868,000
State Capital, Columbia
MICHIGAN
Population 4,808,000
State Capital, Lansing
COLORADO
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IT'S THE PRODUCTIVE CIRCULATION THAT PAYS

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A NEWSPAPER
GROWN GREAT WITH THE YEARS

AGE has given stature to The Chicago Daily News. Founded two days before Christmas, 1875, this newspaper has left its stamp of service in a thousand places . . . in a thousand ways. It has grown as Chicago has grown—with speed and with strength. Because its editorial stock was sturdy, it has served its readers, its city, state and nation without falter. Freedom of the press has been regarded as a distinct responsibility. Sensationalism never has known toleration, for it attracts neither responsive nor responsible circulation. It has no permanent value to any newspaper. Accuracy in the news columns, fearless editorial policies, the presentation of wholesome features, and the maintenance of advertising restrictions to protect the public and to preserve this medium's character ever have been the principles to which this newspaper subscribes.

As Chicago has grown, so has the confidence of its people in this newspaper increased. Today, The Chicago Daily News has *greater* Home Coverage and reaches *more* Able-to-Buy families than any other daily newspaper in Chicago. It carries *more* Total Display and *more* Retail Advertising than any other newspaper in Chicago—morning, evening or Sunday and has done so *as far back as the records go.**

The Chicago Daily News provides greater economy of coverage in the Chicago market than any other daily medium. It moves merchandise in volume. It sells services.

**Sources: Advertising Record Co., Media Records, Inc.*

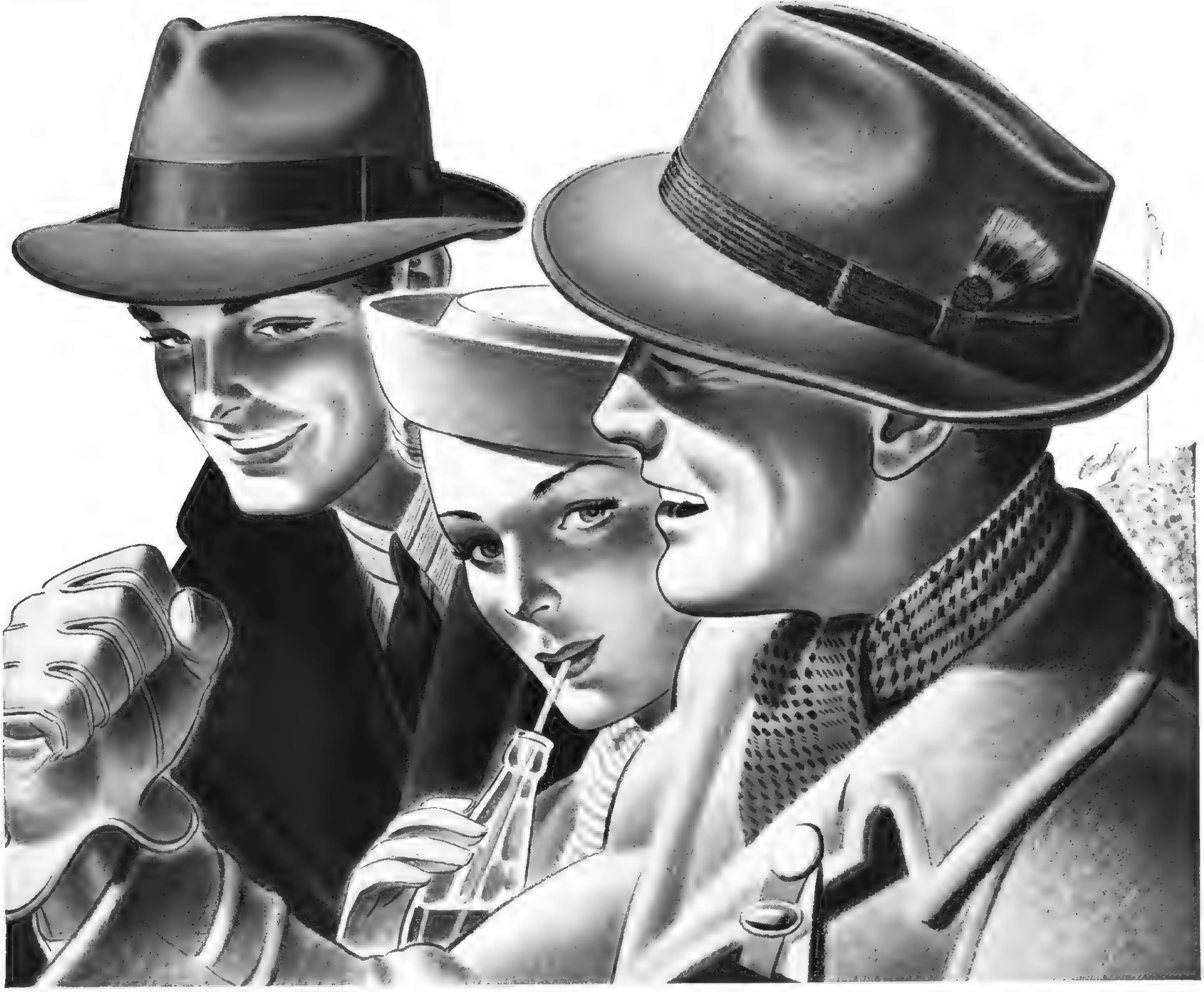
THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

Chicago's HOME Newspaper

WITH THE MOST VALUABLE CIRCULATION IN THE CITY

DAILY NEWS PLAZA, *400 West Madison Street* • CHICAGO

NEW YORK OFFICE: *9 Rockefeller Plaza* • DETROIT OFFICE: *4-119 General Motors Building* • SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE: *Hobart Building*



Smart Headwork at ANY Game

21
4
61
111
453
7
412
88
14

CHECK up on the hats in the stands or in the checkrooms at the after-game spots. Mark well the lilt and lift that's come over the campus snap-brim... and the Tyrolean's rise to fame.

Mallory's taking bows for both. The new Mallory *Encore* (right, above) is as authentically Tyrolean as edelweiss. Its broad range of Alpine color mixtures would make even a mountain-guide yodel with joy. Yet it's an *urbane* Tyrolean, adroitly tamed for town wear.

College men are according top honors to the new *College Bound* (left). No wonder. It comes in all the preferred shades of brown, their favorite color. And its debonair sideswing, bound edge and lofty back-kick fit it supremely for wear with the new undergraduate styles.

Both hats are showerproofed by "Cravenette" for long style life. Both are luxuriously lined. Like most Mallory hats, they're $5

OTHER STYLES $4, $7.50 & $10

EVERY DAY YOU SEE MORE HATS BY

MALLORY

392 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

Heineken's
Grand Beer

HOLLANDERS
get their sunshine from
HEINEKEN'S
and the whole world is
enjoying their happiness!

HEINEKEN'S
IMPORTED
HOLLAND BEER
(SINCE 1620)

IMPORTED BY
Austin.Nichols & Co.
(INCORPORATED)
Brooklyn, New York
Albany, N.Y. Hempstead, L.I.
Newark, N.J. New Haven, Conn.
Chicago, Ill. Miami, Fla.
Washington, D.C.
A N C O
EST D 1855

WHEN THEY TALK OF
famous taverns, of mutton chops and clay pipes — this is the place they mean — the one and only — the "old reliable!"

Keen's
ENGLISH CHOP HOUSE
36th Near 6th

Men

If you are New York bound you're bound to like staying at Midston House. Full hotel service PLUS all the recreational facilities of a private club with planned activities. Home of the famous Whaler Bar.

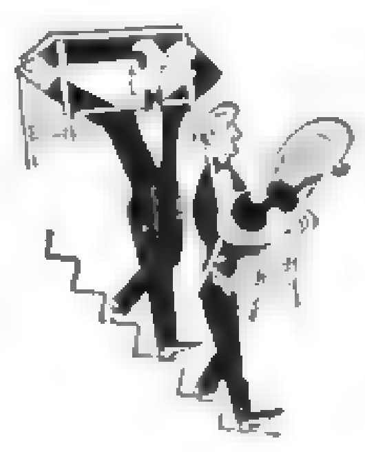
Rates from $12 weekly. $2.25 daily.
Write for booklet E

MIDSTON HOUSE
An Allerton Club Residence
MADISON AVE. AT 38th ST.
NEW YORK

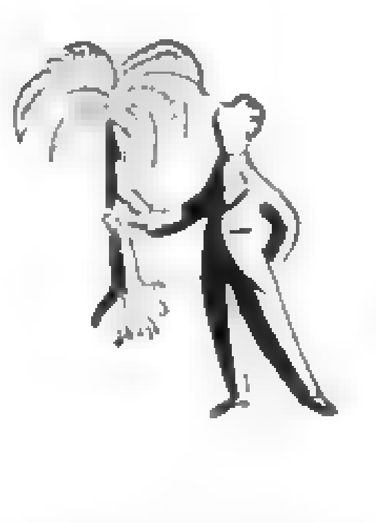
DINNER $1.25-$1.75
REVUE
8:45 · 11:45
2:15
Jimmy Kelly's
The Montmartre of New York
181
SULLIVAN
STREET
ALGONQUIN
4-1414-1415

GIN and TONIC
MADE WITH
BILLY BAXTER
QUININE SODA
AT FINE CLUBS, HOTELS, FANCY DEALERS,
—OR ORDER DIRECT FROM THE SPRINGS.
FREE RECIPE BOOK—RED RAVEN CO., CHESWICK, PA.

Whether we like it or not, the leaves will splash their splendor across the Park, the young things with tanned faces will come in from the beaches, in dresses much shorter and hats at least as silly, and the waiters will move down with the bands from the town's terraces and roofs. The season is on again and you take up the hunt with all the zest of the Autumn air. It's a great town and peace seems to make it greater, a fact that tourist-seeking countries seem to overlook . . . Only a prophet could tell you what band will be swinging at what hotel or night club at what date, but it is safe to say they all will be swinging. Hotels seem to have a habit of swapping bands much as managers swap baseball players . . . We usually get in the mood for the new season from the mezzanine of the Sherry-Netherland—a superb spot to interview the soul over a Martini . . . To eavesdrop on the advertising guys and yearn at the beautiful models we pass by the fashion-plated Joe Pine in the Raleigh Room of the Warwick . . . Newspapermen you can stumble over at the Stork with a sprinkling of Debs and millionaires. We are glad to note that Sherman Billingsley has called in the likeable Arthur Brown to assist in the endless task of being host to the towns bonvivants. As expert as Billingsley is, he must get weary of so much conviviality . . . You'll know all about El Morocco, and of course be welcome, if you have tails as well as dinner coat and always sleep on satin sheets.



Wait 'til we get our breath. Oh yes, the Hawaiian thing seems set with the sumptuous knickknacks and band the Biltmore imported for their Royal Palm Room . . . Speaking of the hula influence, the Lexington is going into its second cocoanut and palm season . . . That city in itself, the Waldorf, offers the handsome Sert Room, the Starlight Roof and little bars and nooks too numerous to list; the 'men only' bar is a constant delight for the fast disappearing tribe of man-to-man drinkers . . . We like the subdued elegance of the St. Regis Iridium Room and the soulful mourning of the Russe in the basement . . . We can't imagine the staid Plaza without Paul Draper, or the Savoy-Plaza without Dwight Fiske; Sunday evening suppers there are still something to look forward to . . . Pierre's is always Pierre's, if you like it you swear by it, if you don't—Pierre's doesn't seem to mind . . . By degrees the Ambassador is getting gayer with entertainment now and then . . . College boys and maidens celebrate as usual their victories and defeats at the Roosevelt Grill . . . Jumping across town you can do the Thirty-Fourth Street sector with relish: The Pennsylvania Madhattan Room can hold more jitterbugs per square inch than any other dance floor . . . The New Yorker never lets down with excellent entertainment and novel floor shows, ice skating to wrestling . . . The Astor has a couple of smart café lounges to while away your time before theatre and between banquets . . . And the Ritz, after trying for a season not to be the Ritz, have reverted. That is just as well for us and we advise the management to keep their chef under lock and key . . .



Leon and Eddie's, not content with having a corner on the best means for entertaining visiting firemen and serving excellent food, have gone in for "bottle weeks". This is not the stunt where you bring your own; the management, knowing the value of customer happiness, designate one week for one well-known manufacturer. Illuminated bottles hang about the place, so if you don't ask for your favorite tipple by name, it is your own fault. Eddie Davis, for our money, still wears the palm for being the world's best clown.

AH-H-H, HE SMOKES
LONDON DOCK!

Pack your pet pipe with distinctively flavored London Dock and its fragrant, aromatic smoke curling in the breeze will leave a trail of smiling approval across the town. Get plus pleasure out of pipe smoking, yourself. London Dock is by no means the whole book on winning friends—but it helps—with women, too. Want a sample first? Send 10¢ to...
128 Delmar Bl.
St. Louis, Mo.

London Dock
SMOKING MIXTURE

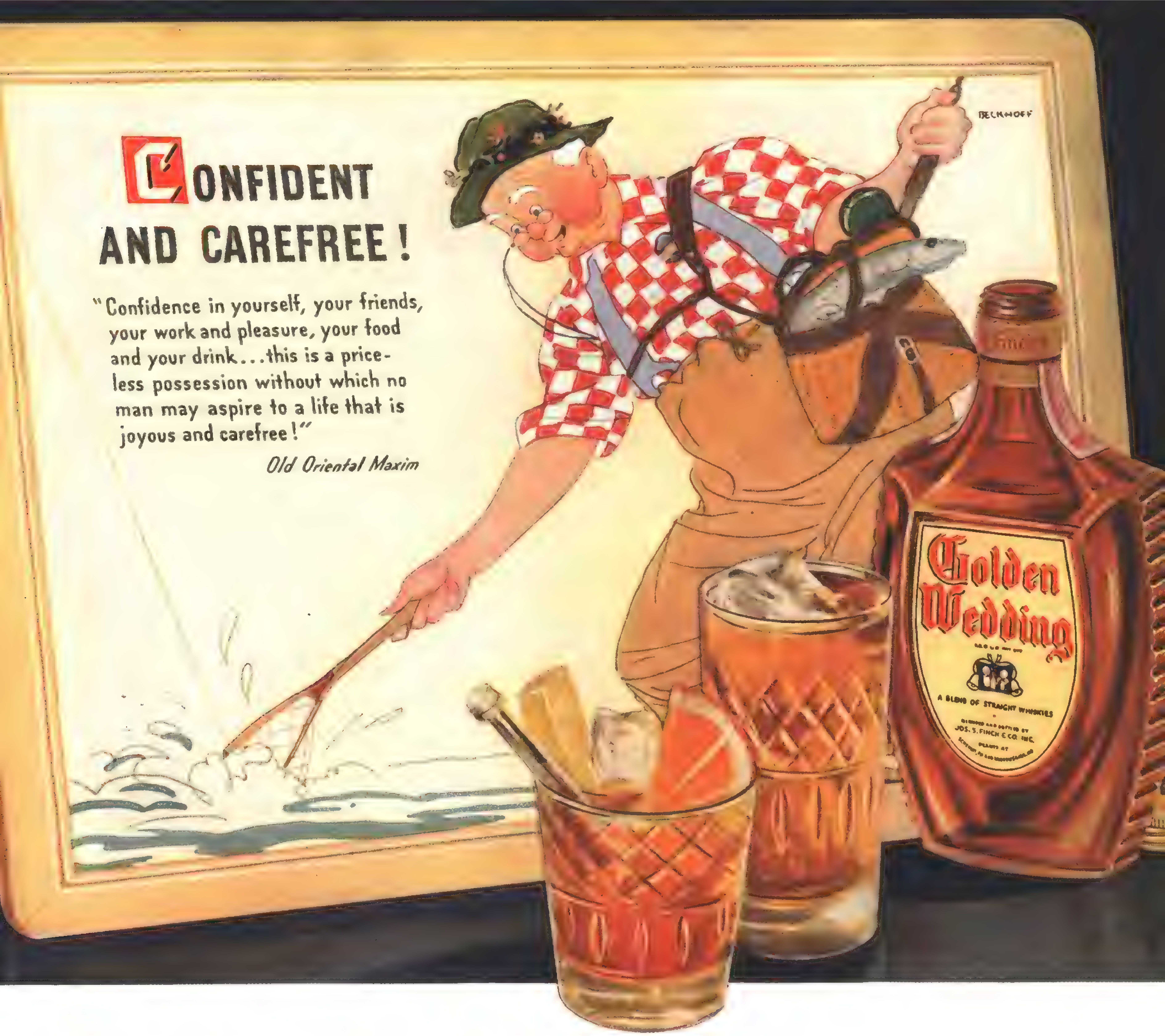
Export Foil Package 40¢
POUND PACKAGE $3.00
Christian Peper · St. Louis
Fine Tobaccos Since 1852

★
See the new
ICE SHOW
(on Realice!)
Dance to Henry Busse
in the air cooled
SUMMER TERRACE
★
HOTEL NEW YORKER
34th Street at Eighth Avenue
New York
★

DIVAN PARISIEN
Le Restaurant par Excellence
CUISINE FRANCAISE
FAMOUS FOR "CHICKEN DIVAN"
AND SPECIAL SALAD
Finest vintage wines and liqueurs.
17 EAST 45 ST. VAnderbilt 3-9011

Chambord
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER
Presenting distinguished French Provincial Cuisine par excellence and a carefully selected cellar for connaisseurs. Air conditioned.
803 THIRD AVE., N. Y. C. EL 5-7180
between 49th and 50th Sts.

Ocean-Clear LOBSTERS
World's Largest
Distributors of
LOBSTERS
CONSOLIDATED
LOBSTER CO., INC.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.


BECKHOFF
Golden Wedding
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
JOS. S. FINCH & CO. INC.

CONFIDENT AND CAREFREE!

"Confidence in yourself, your friends, your work and pleasure, your food and your drink... this is a priceless possession without which no man may aspire to a life that is joyous and carefree!"

Old Oriental Maxim

Golden Wedding *the whiskey you feel good about!*

You can be carefree only if you're careful! So in selecting your whiskey, it is well worth your while to take care that you choose a brand you really FEEL GOOD ABOUT. In the name of carefree pleasure, name Golden Wedding . . . the most happy, harmonious union of delicious straight whiskies . . . Finch's very finest. You may rest assured . . . Every drop of Golden Wedding is ALL whiskey . . . de luxe whiskey. So why not get all that's coming to you . . . a whiskey which you always feel good about!

Golden Wedding

AND AT THE BAR— FEEL GOOD ABOUT IT!

When you see this tall bottle at the bar, you've something to feel good about. You're in the bar that gives you *ALL* whiskey . . . Finch's finest . . . GOLDEN WEDDING!

90 proof
A blend of straight whiskies

COPR. 1938, JOS. S. FINCH & CO., INC., SCHENLEY, PA.

The Winnahs!

Esquire PRESENTS

The Names of Those Who Won the Coveted Prizes in the $1,000.00 Gag-Line Contest Which Appeared in the July Issue.

JUDGED BY

Jack Benny, Fred Allen and Phil Baker.

1ST PRIZE	**$500.00**	Mr. Will S. Gidley 34 Dorchester Street, Springfield, Massachusetts
2ND PRIZE	**$250.00**	Mrs. Irene S. Young 225 West Main Street, New Britain, Connecticut
3RD PRIZE	**$100.00**	Mr. Zvi Isaacson 1104 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York
4TH PRIZE	**$50.00**	Lawrence E. Winnard 221 Manitou Avenue, Manitou Springs, Colorado

20 ADDITIONAL PRIZES, $5.00 EACH, AWARDED TO:

Myron A. Ellis
2128 New York Avenue, Brooklyn, New York

J. Masino
U. S. S. *Relief*, San Pedro, California

Roy E. Howells
118 Major Street, Aliquippa, Pennsylvania

Margery M. Gaither
2480 Poppy Drive, Burlingame, California

Emilio Desvernine
1010 Prospect Avenue, Plainfield, New Jersey

Gilbert L. Whitley
P. O. Box 74, Statonsburg, North Carolina

William M. Lewis
1805 Grove Avenue, Richmond, Virginia

Harry Alpern
1024 5th Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Richard F. Jones
39-84 48th Street, Sunnyside, L. I., New York

Alva C. Loney
2323 Dexter, Denver, Colorado

Mary C. Wheelock
321 Lamonte Terrace, South Bend, Indiana

R. J. Macadam
299 Gottingen Street, Halifax, N. S., Canada

George Freems
President Hotel, 48th Street, New York City

E. LeRoy Allen
1408 Hunt Building, Tulsa, Oklahoma

Harry Dee Shortt
763 North Van Ness, Hollywood, California

L. F. Heilig
740 Palo Alto Avenue, Mountain View, California

C. B. Robinson
18225 Wildemere Avenue, Detroit, Michigan

Elwyn Pond, Jr.
P. O. Box 646, Newark, Ohio

Ralph A. Whitacre
1114 Grafton Avenue, Dayton, Ohio

Austin P. Leland
89 Arundel Place, St. Louis, Missouri

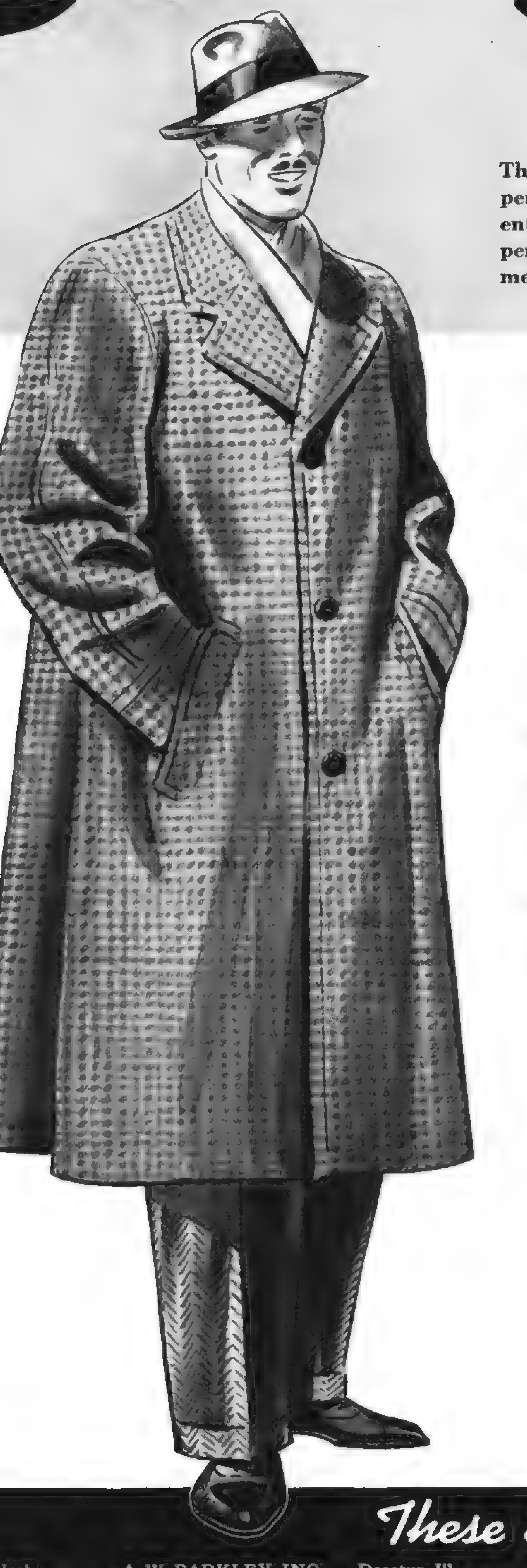
ANOTHER *Gag-Line* OFFER

BEGINS IN THIS ISSUE!

$5000 IN CASH PRIZES · · *SEE PAGES 100—101*

THE COAT SENSATION OF THE CENTURY

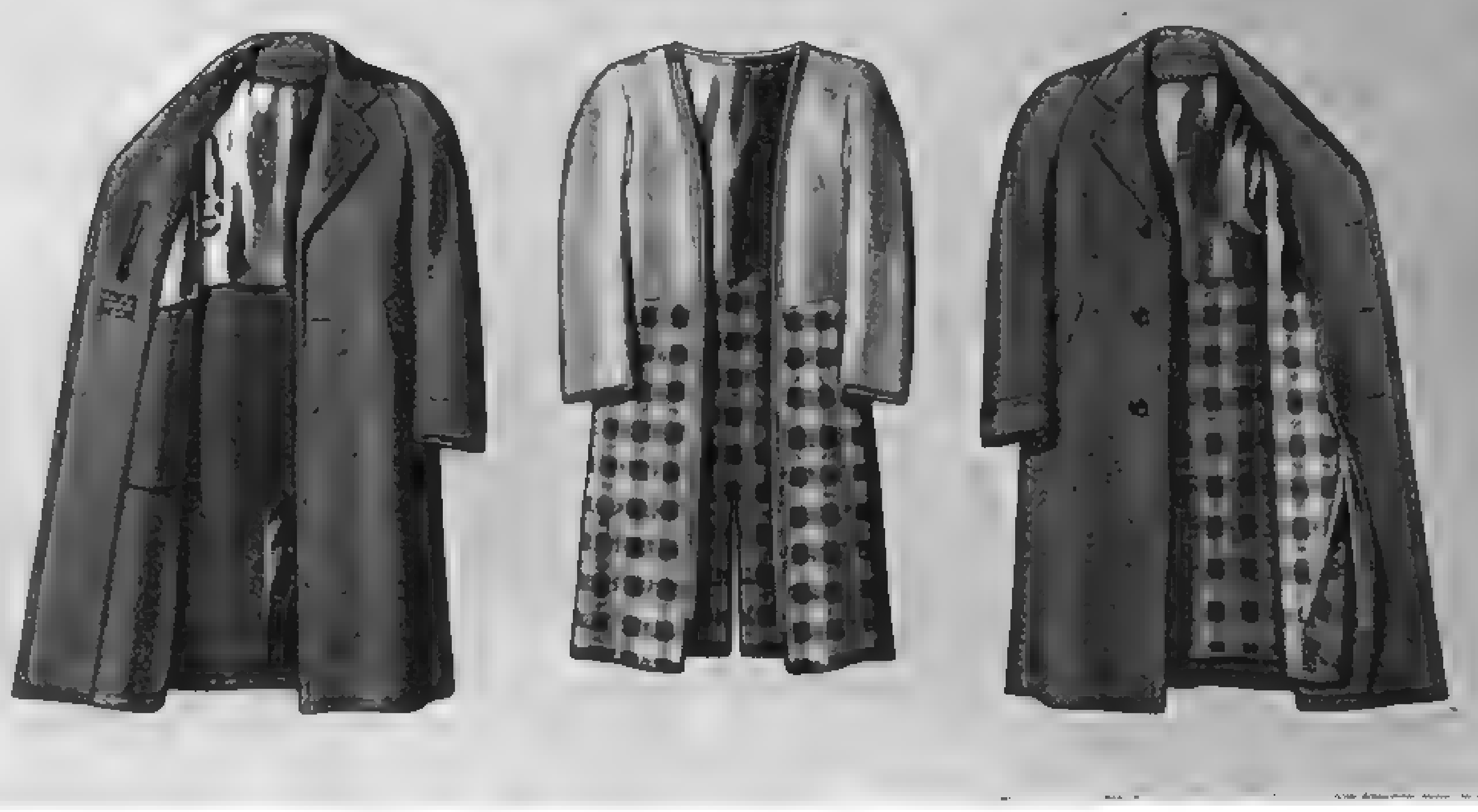
Season Skipper



Two Coats in One

The removable body and sleeve lining fits perfectly into the outer coat. The patented construction of the sleeve lining permits complete freedom of arm movement without the slightest discomfort.

TOPCOAT + REMOVABLE LINING = OVERCOAT



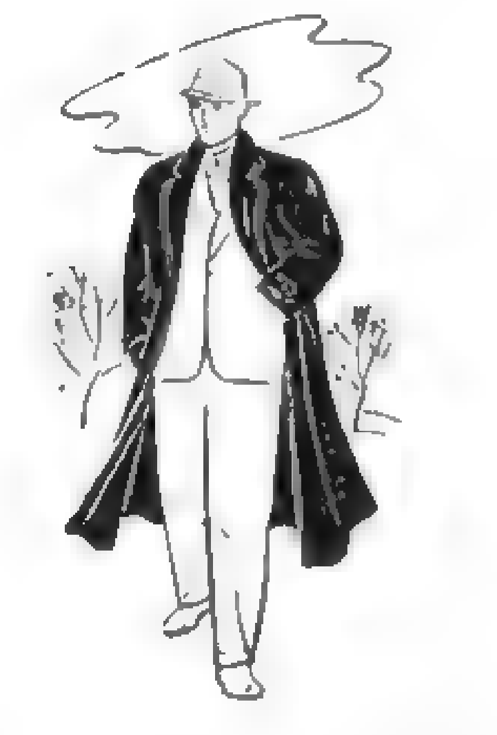
No other men's garment in modern times has attained the astonishing popularity earned by the Season Skipper. This coat sensation of the century is a pronounced favorite from coast to coast. No other coat compares with the genius of Season Skipper construction and no other coat is made with the *one-piece removable body* and *sleeve lining.*

The Season Skipper eliminates the need of a separate coat for spring, fall and winter, because it feels, it fits and looks just right when worn either as a topcoat or as an overcoat. The design and technique of Season Skipper construction is exclusive and is fully protected by patents.

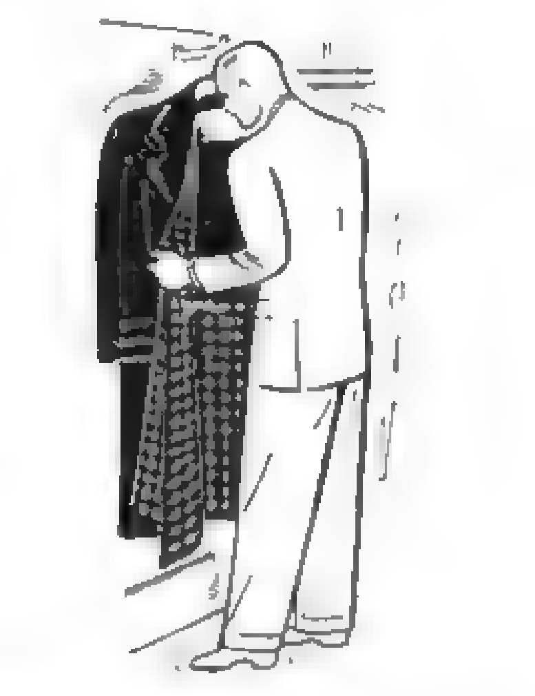
Season Skipper
TRADE MARK REG.

None genuine without this label.

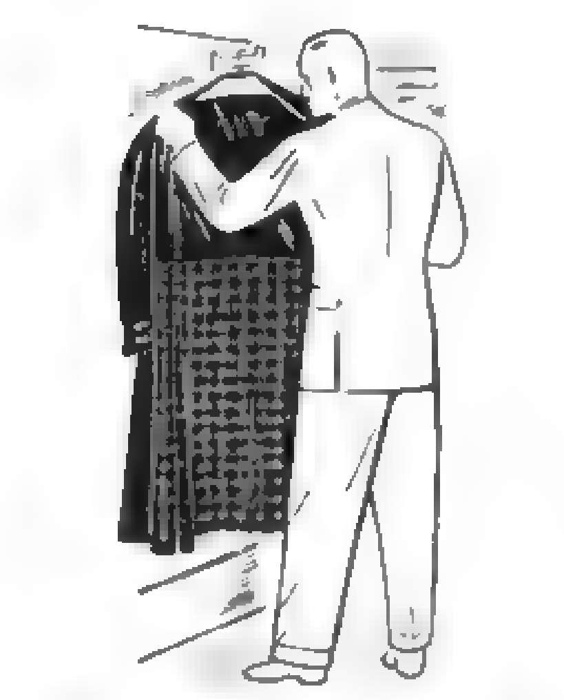
THE HANDIEST AND HANDSOMEST COAT I EVER OWNED



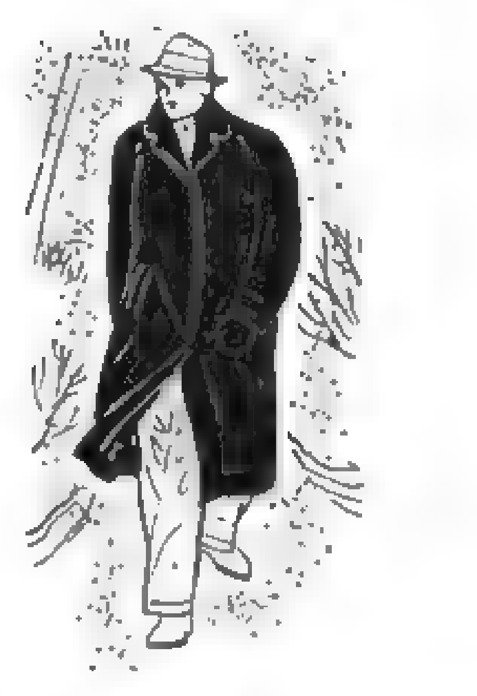
"It's the perfect topcoat. Just the weight I want these crisp days. Really smart, too.



"When the frosts come, I need more warmth, so I take the lining, pull a single fastener and . . .



"With one simple motion, I attach the body and sleeve lining neatly and snugly.



"My coat is entirely transformed. Now it's the perfect overcoat, warm in the coldest weather."

These Stores Among Others, Sell SEASON SKIPPER

Aberdeen, Wash.	A. W. BARKLEY, INC.
Albany, N. Y.	STEEFEL BROS.
Alton, Ill.	LOUIS J. HARTMAN
Ann Arbor, Mich.	WILD & CO.
Atlanta, Ga.	GEO. MUSE CLO. CO.
Baltimore, Md.	K. KATZ & SONS
Birmingham, Ala.	PORTER CLO. CO.
Boston, Mass.	WM. FILENE'S SONS CO.
Bridgeport, Conn.	MEIGS & CO.
Brooklyn, N. Y.	ABRAHAM & STRAUS
Buffalo, N. Y.	THE KLEINHANS CO.
Canton, Ohio.	C. N. VICARY CO.
Cambridge, Mass.	BOLTER CO., INC.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa	ARMSTRONG CLO. CO.
Champaign, Ill.	JOSEPH KUHN & CO.
Charleston, W. Va.	FRANKENBERGER & CO.
Chicago, Ill.	HENRY C. LYTTON & SONS
Cincinnati, Ohio	THE BURKHARDT BROS. CO.
Cleveland, Ohio	THE B. R. BAKER CO.
Columbus, Ohio	THE UNION CO.
Cumberland, Md.	SCHWARZENBACH & SON
Dallas, Texas	E. M. KAHN & CO.
Dayton, Ohio	THE METROPOLITAN CO.
Decatur, Ill.	HENRY BACHRACH & SONS
Decatur, Ill.	BLAKENEY & PLUM
Denver, Colo.	GANO-DOWNS CO.
Des Moines, Iowa	YOUNKER BROS.
Detroit, Mich.	J. L. HUDSON CO.
Erie, Pa.	P. A. MEYER & SON
Evanston, Ill.	HENRY C. LYTTON & SONS
Flint, Mich.	CRAWFORD & ZIMMERMAN
Fond du Lac, Wisc.	T. E. AHERN CO.
Fort Wayne, Ind.	PATTERSON & FLETCHER
Fort Worth, Texas	WASHER BROS.
Franklin, Pa.	THE PRINTZ CO.
Gary, Ind.	HENRY C. LYTTON & SONS
Grand Rapids, Mich.	FLETCHER'S
Hagerstown, Md.	JOHN D. MYERS & CO.
Hammond, Ind.	DAVID'S, INC.
Indiana Harbor, Ind.	NAGDEMAN, INC.
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. STRAUSS & CO.
Jamestown, N. Y.	THE PRINTZ CO.
Johnstown, Pa.	PENN TRAFFIC CO.
Kalamazoo, Mich.	KOOI-KNAPPER
Kansas City, Mo.	WOOLF BROS.
Knoxville, Tenn.	J. S. HALL'S SONS
La Porte, Ind.	OHLIS & RUSSEL
Lima, Ohio	HOFELLER, HIATT, CLARK
Lincoln, Nebr.	BEN SIMON & SONS
Los Angeles, Calif.	THE MAY COMPANY
Mansfield, Ohio	A. W. MATTHES
Memphis, Tenn.	HENRY HALLE & BROS.
Milwaukee, Wisc.	TOEPFER & BELLACK
Minneapolis, Minn.	JUSTER BROS.
Nashua, N. H.	THE SYSTEM CO.
Norfolk, Va.	SHULMAN & CO.
Norwood, Ohio	MEYERS CLO. STORE
Oak Park, Ill.	HENRY C. LYTTON & SONS
Omaha, Nebr.	NEBRASKA CLO. CO.
Oshkosh, Wisc.	OSHKOSH-CONTINENTAL
Peoria, Ill.	THE SCHRADZKI CO.
Philadelphia, Pa.	JACOB REED'S SONS CO.
Philadelphia, Pa.	STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER
Pittsburgh, Pa.	KAUFMANN'S
Portland, Me.	HOGAN BROS.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	M. SHWARTZ & CO.
Providence, R. I.	THE OUTLET CO.
Richmond, Va.	BERRY-BURK CO.
Rochester, N. Y.	NATIONAL CLO. CO.
Rockford, Ill	E. J. STUCKEY
San Francisco, Calif.	ROOS BROS., INC.
Schenectady, N. Y.	DAN A. DONAHUE
Scranton, Pa.	SAMTER BROS.
Seattle, Wash.	FREDERICK & NELSON
Shreveport, La.	SELBER BROS.
Sioux Falls, S. D.	F. H. WEATHERWAX
Springfield, Ill.	MYERS BROS.
Springfield, Mass.	HAYNES & CO.
South Bend, Ind.	MAX ADLER CO.
South Chicago, Ill.	GASSMAN BROS.
St. Louis, Mo.	GREENFIELD'S, INC.
St. Paul, Minn.	HUBERT W. WHITE, INC.
Streator, Ill.	SCHARFENBERG BROS.
Syracuse, N. Y.	WELLS & COVERLY
Toledo, Ohio	THE B. R. BAKER CO.
Topeka, Kansas	PALACE CLO. CO.
Tulsa, Okla.	CLARKE'S
Uniontown, Pa.	WRIGHT-METZLER CO.
Vineland, N. J.	ROBERT MENNIES
Warren, Pa.	THE PRINTZ CO.
Washington, D. C.	RALEIGH HABERDASHER
Waterloo, Iowa	PALACE CLOTHIERS
Wilkesbarre, Pa.	THE HUB
Winona, Minn.	NEVILLE'S
Worcester, Mass.	WARE PRATT CO.
Youngstown, Ohio	THE PRINTZ CO.

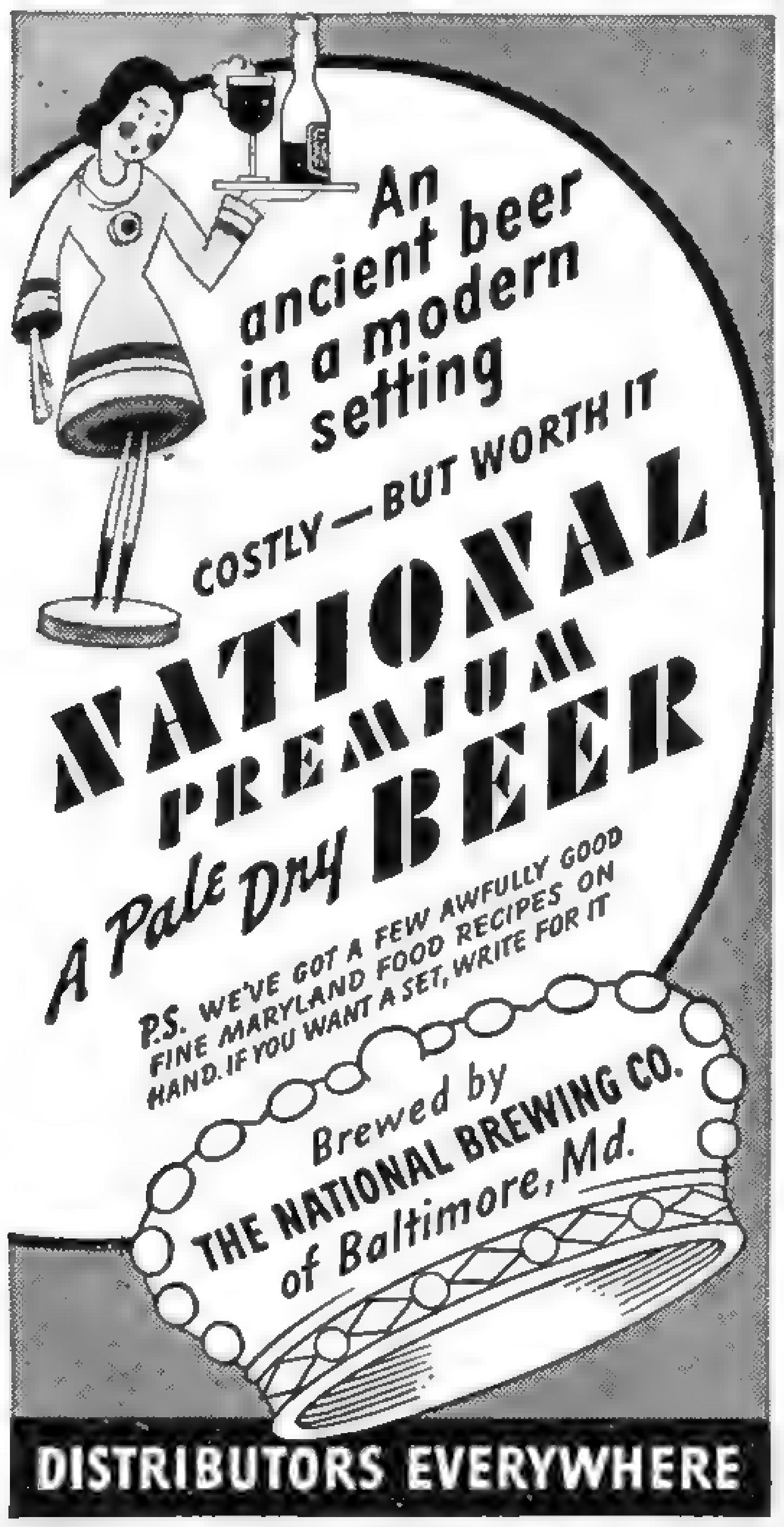
CHICAGO
325 W. MADISON ST.

C. B. SHANE CORPORATION

NEW YORK
200 FIFTH AVENUE

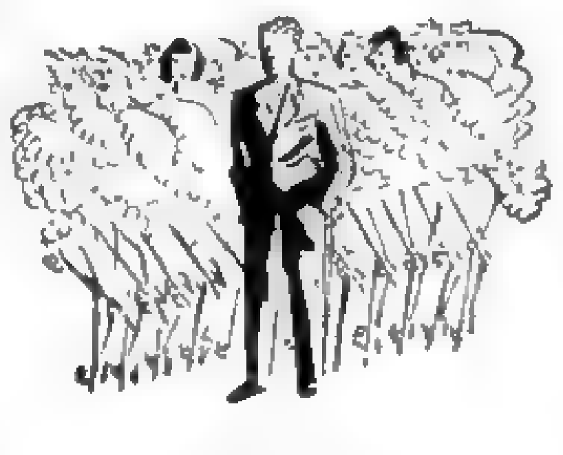
PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

After PAINTING the TOWN
—Avoid regrets tomorrow. Drink "French Vichy" before retiring—and in the morning, too!
VICHY CÉLESTINS
THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS *Natural* ALKALIZING WATER
VICHY FRANCE
VICHY
CELESTINS


An ancient beer in a modern setting
COSTLY—BUT WORTH IT
NATIONAL PREMIUM *A Pale Dry* BEER
P.S. WE'VE GOT A FEW AWFULLY GOOD FINE MARYLAND FOOD RECIPES ON HAND. IF YOU WANT A SET, WRITE FOR IT
Brewed by THE NATIONAL BREWING CO. of Baltimore, Md.
DISTRIBUTORS EVERYWHERE

The Glass Hat
AIR CONDITIONED
Dine and dance, something doing every minute. Circular Bar. Two smooth orchestras.
HOTEL
Belmont Plaza
Lexington Avenue at 49th Street, New York
John H. Stember, Manager
National Hotel Management Co., Inc. • Ralph Hitz, President

On the Chicago front the town's gayety seems to center in Chez Paree. Harry Richman, lately returned from triumphs abroad, wields his smile with the usual devastating effect on women. Assisting Richman is Lillian Carmen, blues singer and Dolly Arden, on her toes. Chez Paree boasts of the sixteen most beautiful dancers in the world and we are inclined to agree with them. Known as the Adorables, they weave in and out of the proceedings while Lou Breese and his orchestra furnish the dance music for patrons.



Other Chicago night life may be found in the magnificent hotels that dot the Lake Shore city. Fashions change so between typesetter and printing press that we can only predict you will find plenty of ice shows at the College Inn . . . Girls, fortune tellers and dance music for the young are featured in the Hotel Sherman . . . A name orchestra is always to be found at the Stevens the name usually changing every fortnight to keep the jitter bugs versatile . . . The Blue Fountain Room of the La Salle goes in for a regular floor show, entertainers backed by the Biltmore Boys and their orchestra. And at the Congress, The Glass Hat Room takes care of the cocktailing and dancing folk until the Casino opens for the Winter.

We knew that the recession was over and that the brokers had decided to eat and live, when Peter kept La Rue open all summer. For next to grousing, your Wall Streeter prefers his dining. We don't know much about profit-taking and such matters, but can string along with any of them when we get to La Rue. A Daiquiri before the crab flake, sherry with the cold consommé, and a Grand Chablis, '29 with the duck bigarade, kept us going until the cherry flambeau and a nip of brandy. Then home to dream of ticker tape and beautiful women.

We are glad to hear that one of the high spots of last season, Ruban Bleu, will open next month above Theodore's. Without much fanfare or advance blurb, Herbert Jacoby came over from Paris to find the Americans who used to patronize his Le Boeuf Sur Le Toit when the franc was low. He found them and a great many more. With Elsie Houston singing Brazilian songs and other brilliant entertainers of the continental sort, Ruban Bleu was the place.

Those who can't sleep without the smell of horses in their nostrils will find a great deal to thrill them in the new Pegasus Club, just over the Hudson River. It is near the village of Rockleigh, and can be reached in thirty minutes easy travel from Times Square. Douglas Hertz, the amiable founder and guiding spirit, has eighty acres, more or less, filled with modern stables, polo fields, jumps, rings, bridle paths, and mounts for all occasions; also a club house with bar and kitchen. Mr. Hertz has followed the horse world from boyhood up via the army in India and the more strenuous campaign of teaching Hollywood to play polo, so he feels equipped to take on the horsey New Yorkers. Legislation permitting, a racing season will be opened in time.

Recent land swells in the vicinity have been traced to old-time bartenders turning over in the graves at the thought of what goes on in modern bars. They might as well rest easy for the women like 'em and that is the test. On one of the hottest and dullest days of the year we dropped into the Whaler Bar of the Midston House, Thirty Eighth and Madison, to find the place filled with feminine thirsts. Yes, the woman has eventually replaced the horse and come to be a part of civilized life. From its origin the Whaler Bar has been a knock-out and marks up a couple of scores for the lovers of the quaint.

BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
DISTILLED DRY GIN
—*for the world's most perfect Martini*
Imported from England
100% NEUTRAL GRAIN SPIRITS . . . 86 PROOF
PARK & TILFORD
IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y.
Sole Distributor for the United States
BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
FINEST DISTILLED DRY GIN
LONDON

● *You'll Howl*
● at *EDDIE DAVIS!*
● You'll Approve
● of PRICE—FOOD—FUN
● *The World-famous*
● LEON & EDDIE'S
● 33 West 52 • New York

DINE·DANCE
ROMANCE
Hawaiian Room
HOTEL LEXINGTON
Lexington Avenue and 48th Street
NEW YORK
Charles E. Rochester, Managing Director

FLORIDA
HOTEL & RESORT INFORMATION
Those who go South early and stay for the season should be very much interested in our information.
COLLIER FLORIDA HOTELS, 745 5th Ave., N. Y. C.
ELdorado 5-6700

Famous for FOOD *and* SHOW
MIKE FRITZEL AND JOE JACOBSON'S
CHEZ PAREE
☆ *Chicago* ☆

Cocktails for Two – or Highballs for the Crowd . . .

Take Mr. Boston to the Party!

OLD MR. BOSTON BRAND
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
100 PROOF
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OLD Mr. BOSTON

FINE LIQUORS

THE CROWNING JOY of any host, gentlemen, *is to have his guests appreciate the drinks he serves.* For no matter how skilled you are at "mixing," no cocktail or highball can successfully muster nods of approval and smiles of pleasure...if the liquor you use lacks true perfection of taste!

All of my liquors are famous party-goers...particularly so my Old Mr. Boston Straight Bourbon and Old Mr. Boston Straight Rye Whiskeys. Both have the robust, rich flavor and added zest of a full 100 proof whiskey—both are party favorites notable for their superb taste and excellent character.

With a drink for every taste, gentlemen—you'll never regret having me at your party! And may I suggest my other *fine* liquors: Old Mr. Boston Fruit Flavored Brandies, 80 proof; Old Mr. Boston Rock & Rye, 80 proof; Old Mr. Boston Mint and Orange Flavored Gins, 80 proof; and Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin, 70 proof—agreeable companions, *all!*

OLD MR. BOSTON
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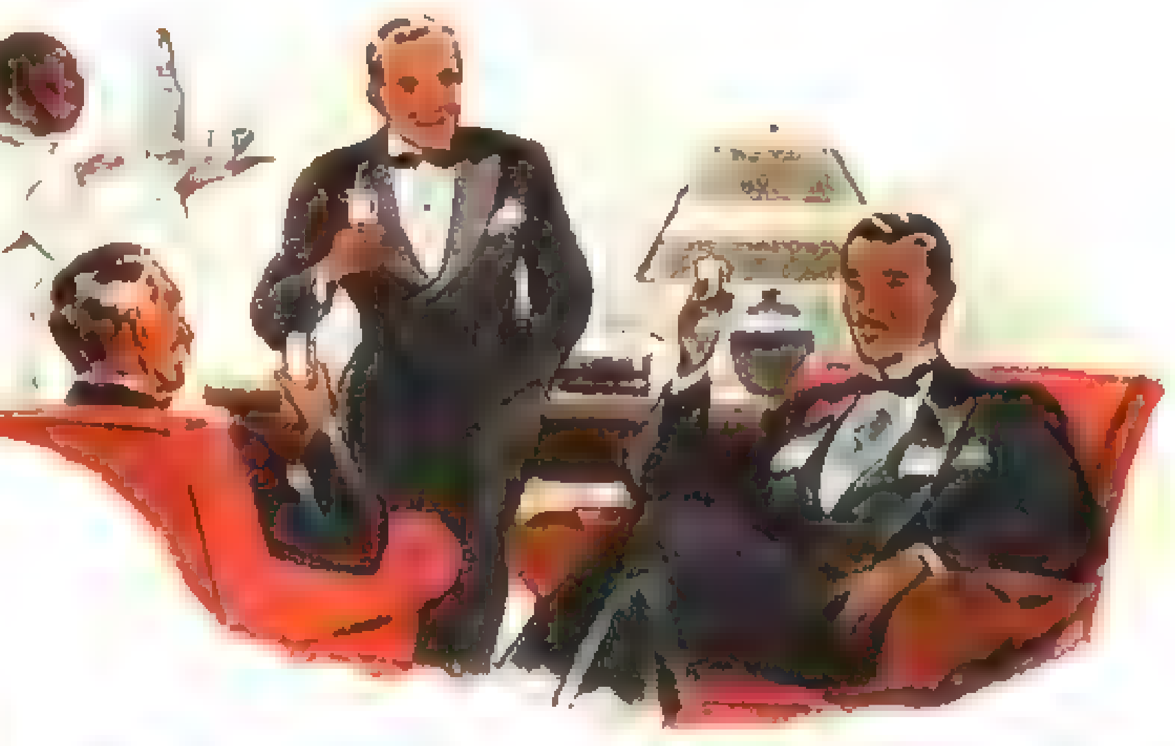
Old Mr. Boston Rocking Chair Whiskey—Smooth and mellow as the whiskey those old New England skippers used to rock to ripe perfection—that's Rocking Chair Whiskey to a "T". *Mild* and *flavorful,* you'll travel a long way to find a whiskey so agreeable to taste. Here's a drink that calls for your pipe, your slippers and an evening of *solid* comfort! Contains 66⅔% grain neutral spirits, 90 proof.



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Mr. BOSTON
DISTILLED
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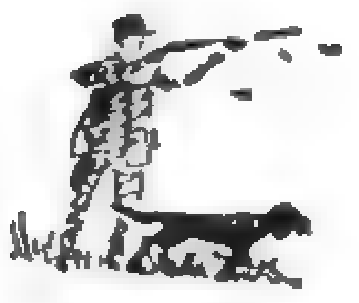

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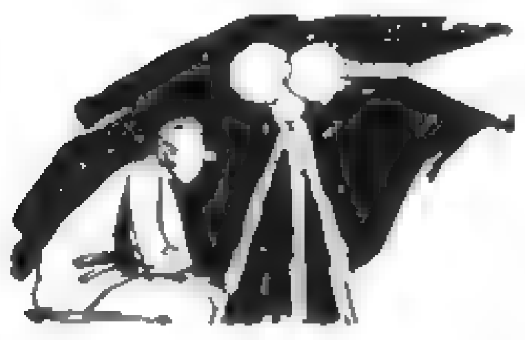

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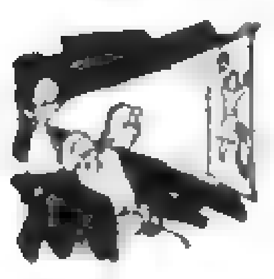

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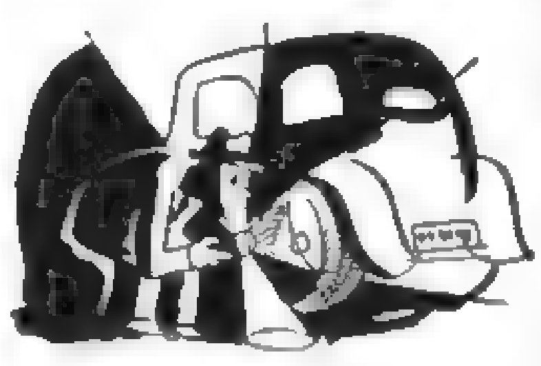

AVOID A RAP ON THE RUMP. You know how it is, some time or other you have to climb out of your car in the dead of night to fix a flat. With your posterior protruding onto a narrow road, this is apt to be disastrous. To forestall such a thing, there's a new flashlight, equipped with a bracket rest which allows it to be propped up in the road, leaving your hands free for repair work. The light not only projects a powerful white light some 500 feet, but in addition has 200 foot safety "red" side rays which function as a tail light. The bullet shaped cap of the flashlight conceals a spare bulb carrier, and there's a 3-point safety contact switch for continuous signal lighting if you're on shipboard or in the wilds.

FALLEN FACES. Very few men, after they've lived amidst the toil and turmoil of modern life, escape what is known as fallen face, or saggy muscles. Heavy jowls, over-night bags under the eyes, puffiness . . . you know how it is. A Salon with places in London, Paris, New York, Palm Beach, Hollywood, etc., does a very creditable job on remedying these aforesaid conditions. The Salons erase those little blue and grey marks that appear as a result of a bloated condition; they bleach out roseate beaks and deal firmly with acne. They have a number of yachtsmen (and yachts-women) who come to them after a summer at sea. The Salons give proper lubricating treatments to restore natural oils to skins which have become dried and wrinkled from super-sun and salt air.

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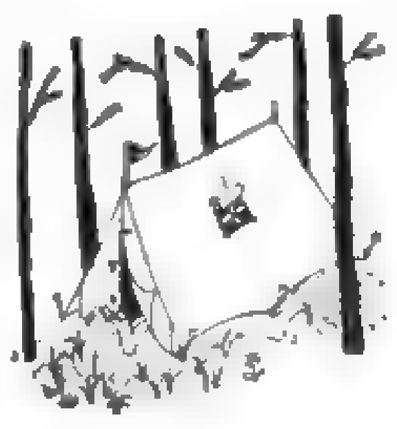

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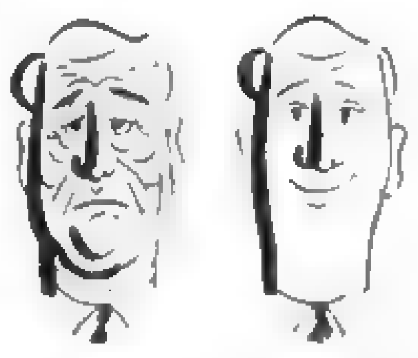

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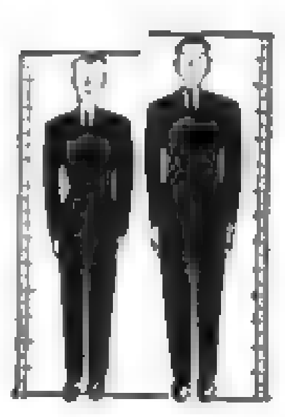

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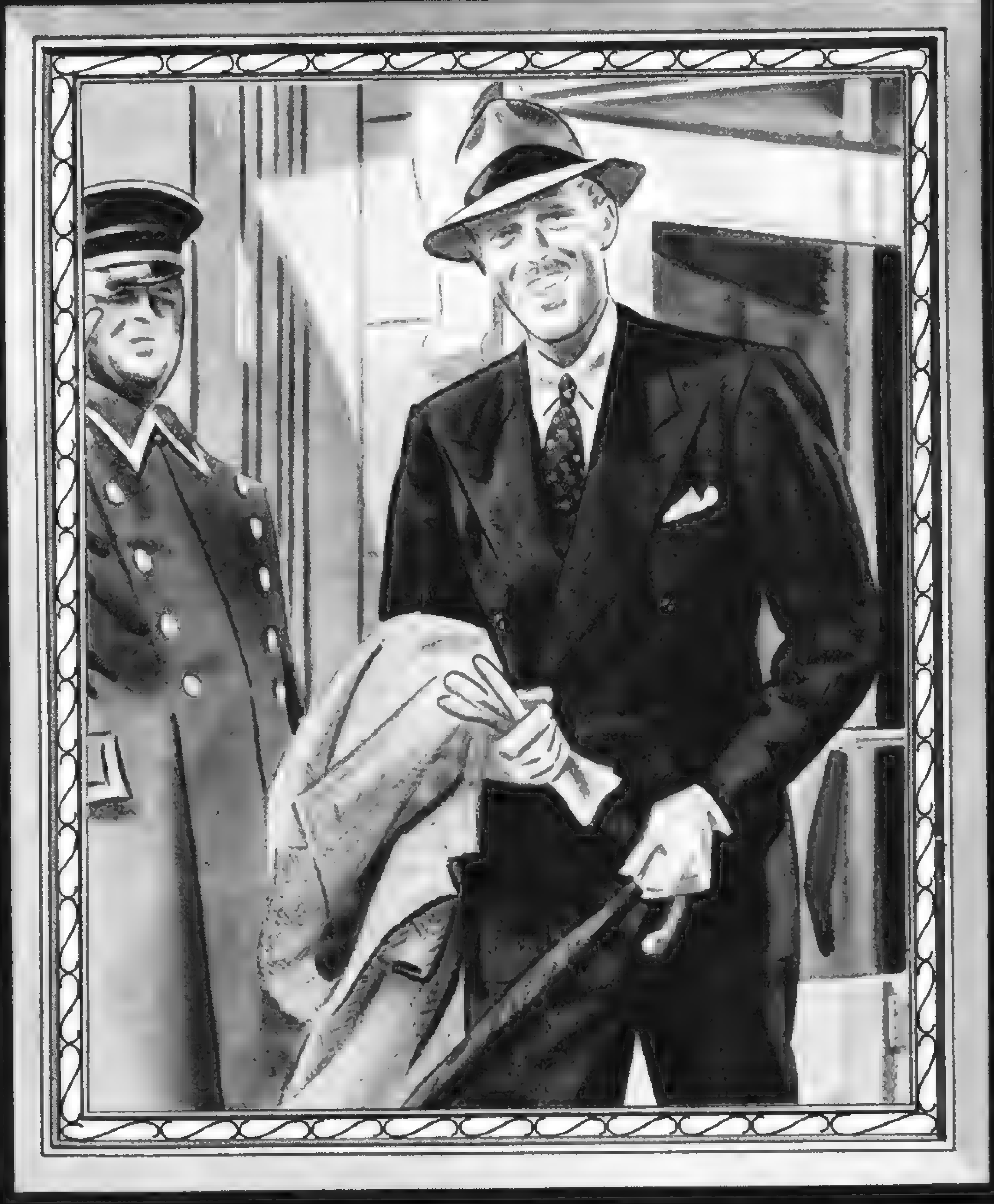

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SHORT CUT TO KNOWLEDGE. Not enough that a guy struggles through a semester, cramming his cranium full of facts and stuff. The present mania for "quiz" games carries mental acrobatics into social life. So if you want to be the bright boy who can explain "the origin of the igneous rock," or "name the man who invented the idea of aircraft driven by a propeller with rotating blades" . . . a peachy reference book condenses 12 volumes of encyclopedias into one. Well organized, concise, with an excellent cross index, the volume contains 21,000 articles. The fine arts section even includes the plots of 63 leading operas. The literature section describes 39 different literatures of the world; gives authors' pen names, stories from mythology and about 1600 descriptions of literary characters or plots. The whole thing liberally interlarded with good pictures.

SERAPE FOR STADIUM. A Mexican shop here in town is selling serapes for football robes. In one of these handwoven coveralls that the Mejicanos wear on all occasions, you'll feel like Heap Big Chief from Chicago, and his Purdue Papoose. Serapes can be found in various college colors . . . Princeton-ites will find that one of the Mexicans' favorite color combinations is orange and black; or red and black, or blue. You can leave the slit in the middle of the serape and wear it over your shoulders like a poncho for a windbreaker, or sew up the slit and use it for a rug for your nether extremities. After the game you can return your colorful covering to a proud place on the wall of your room, or use it for a throw for your table.

MORE MEXICANA. Some hosts are using those Mexican tin dustpans to hold popcorn, pretzels and such tidbits. A fine thing at cocktail parties . . . long handle for passing, and no can break. Tin bird cages can be commandeered for ivy plants or flowers. And Mexican pottery can be used as a sizzling platter . . . will withstand flame or oven, and is decorative when brought right to the table. You have probably succumbed to the habit of wearing Mexican huaraches (just sneeze and say war-atcheese and you have the pronunciation for these handy peasant shoes with their low heels and loose heel straps). Handwoven strips of leather, they are cool, comfortable and properly casual for wear around the house or at beach resorts.

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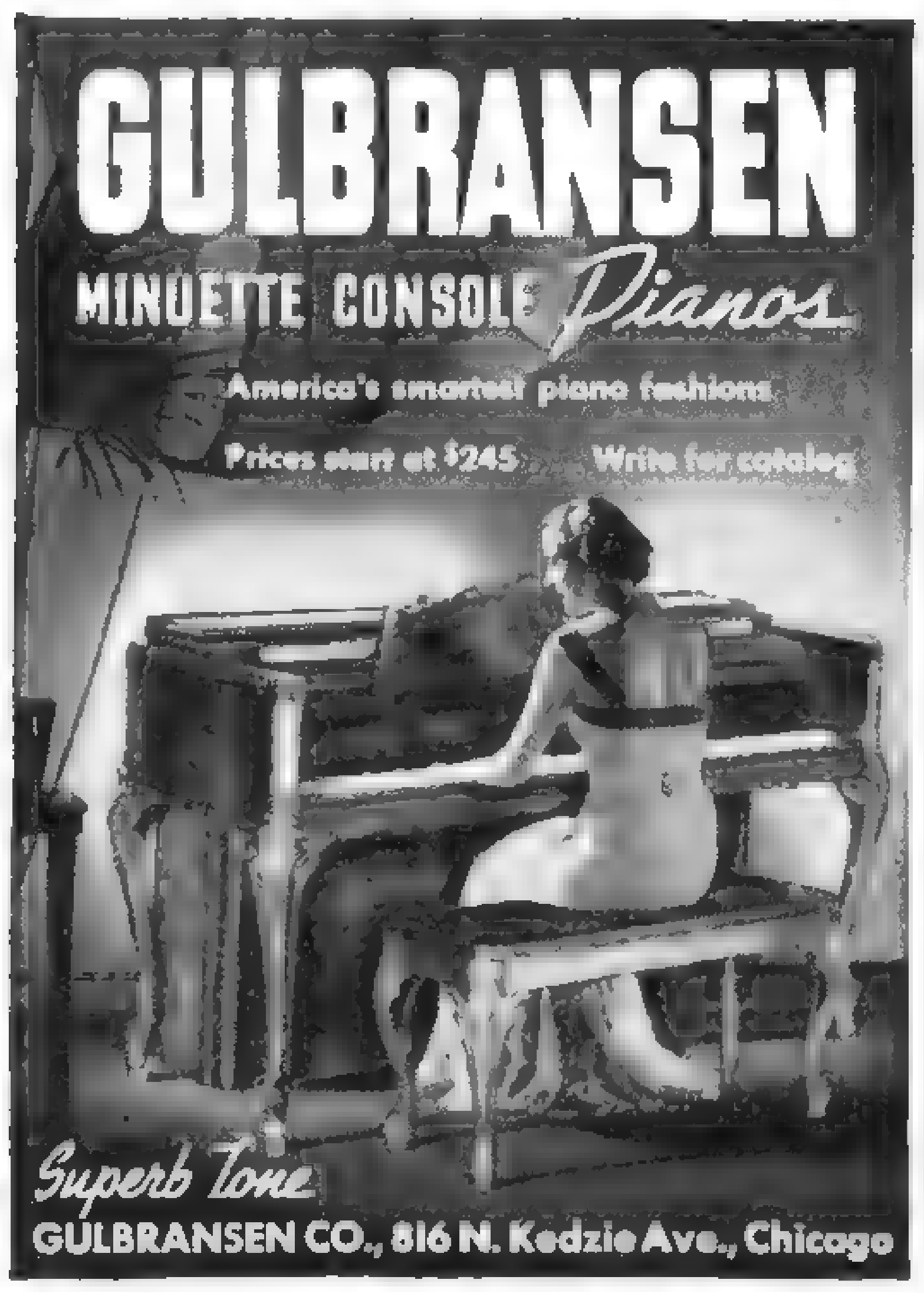

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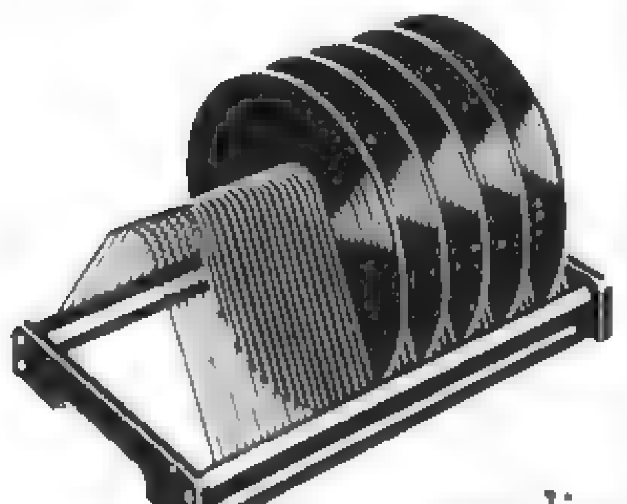

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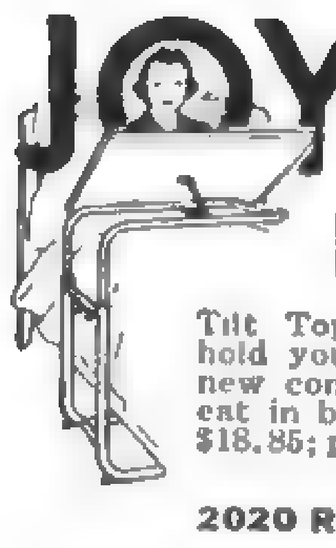

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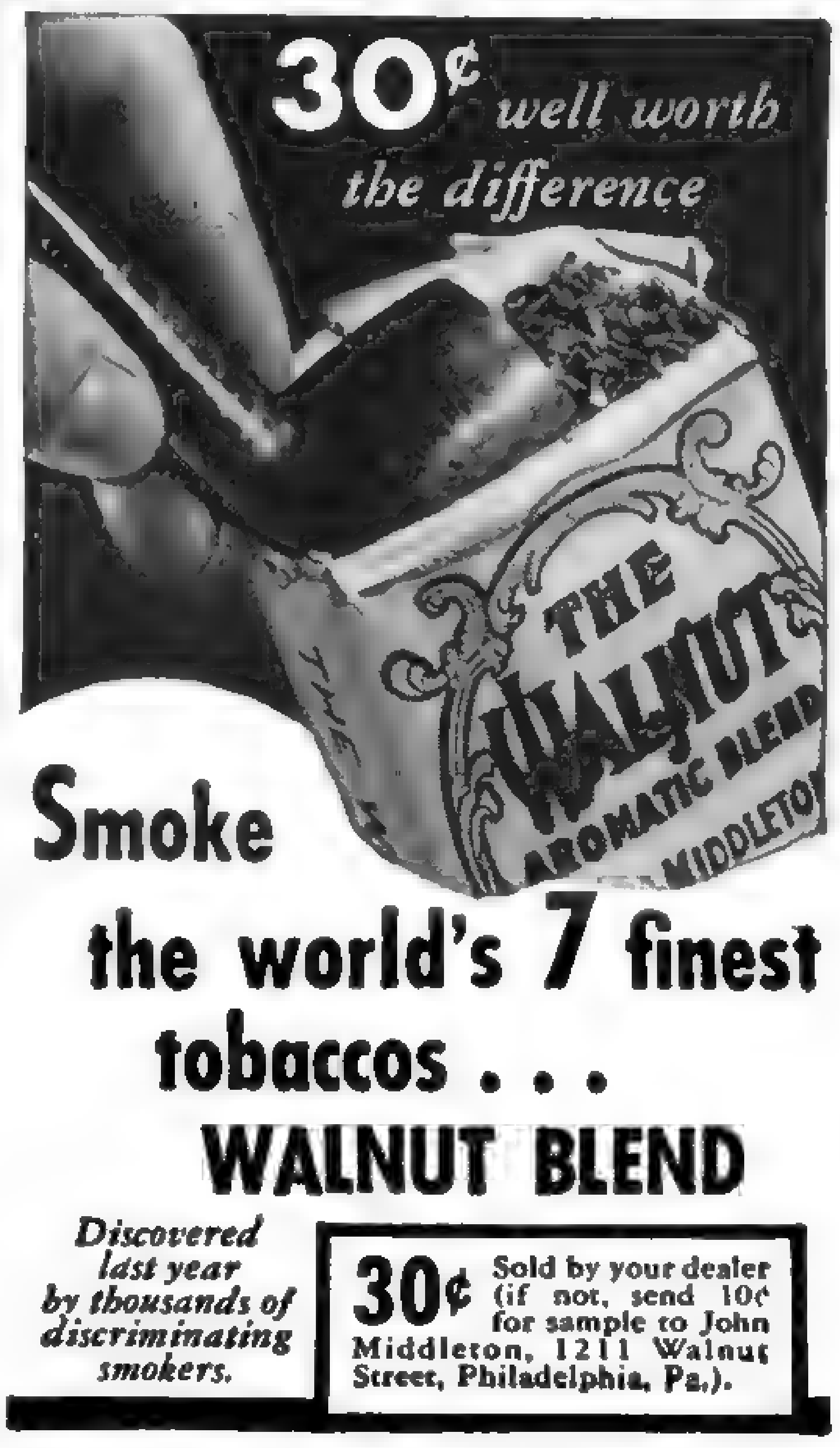

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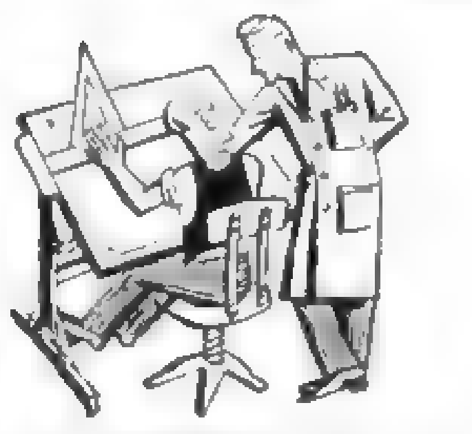

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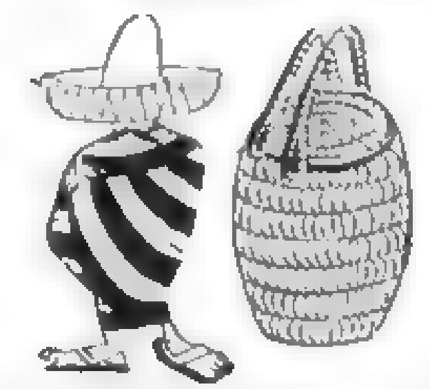

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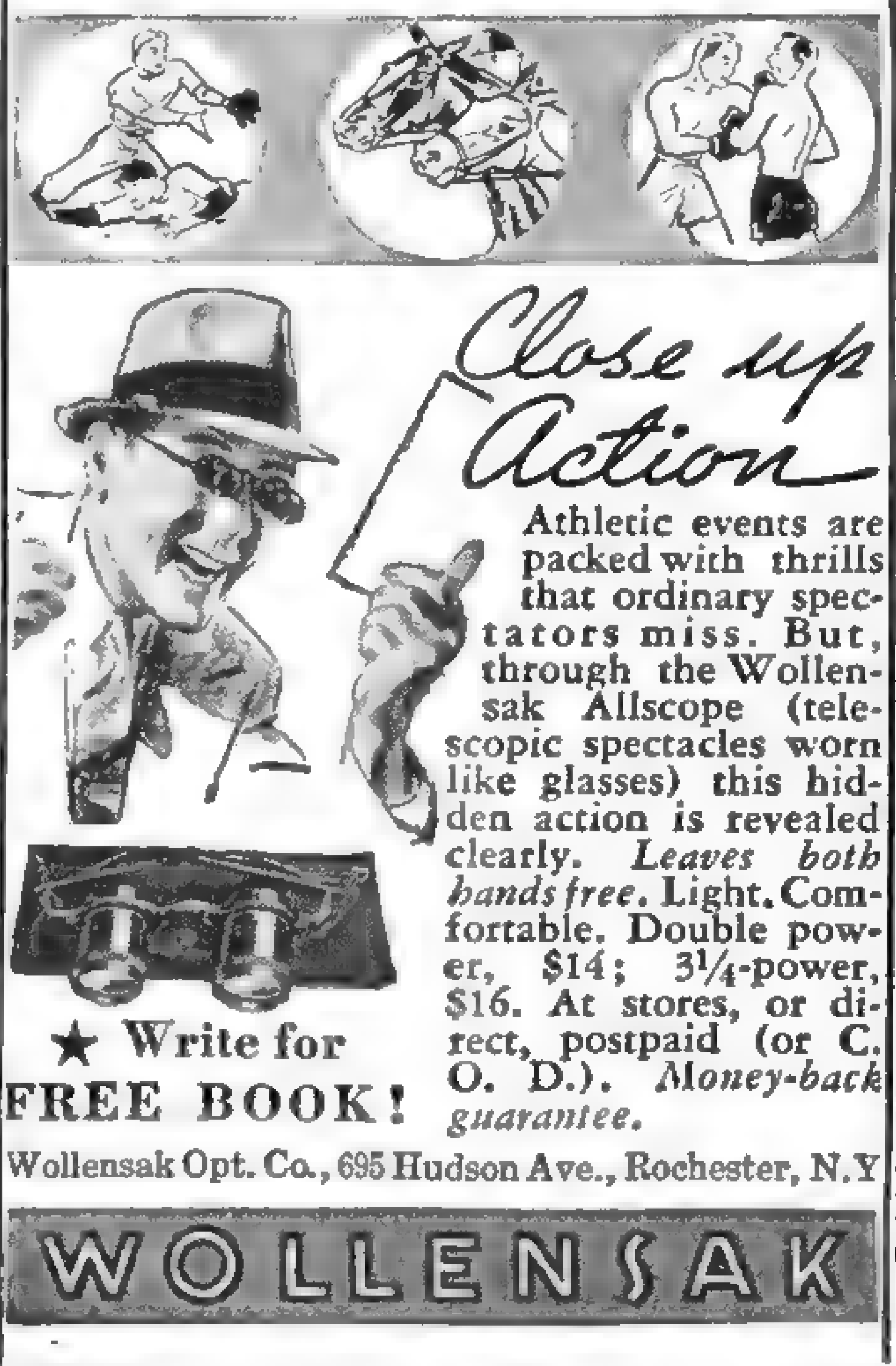

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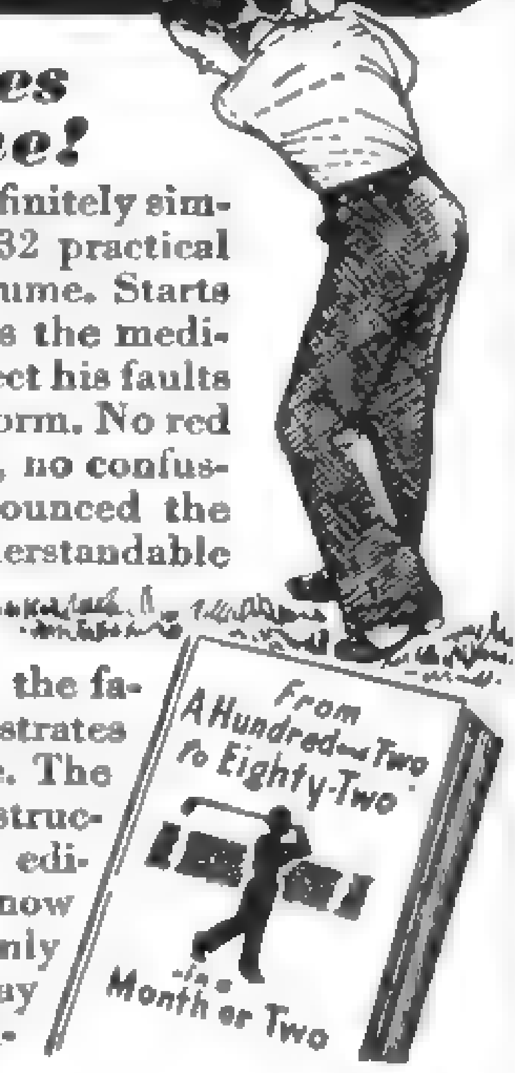


Professional
GOLF SECRETS

Really Teaches You The Game!

Actually tells you how—definitely simple. An amazing series of 32 practical lessons in one concise volume. Starts the beginner *right*, enables the mediocre player to quickly correct his faults and play in championship form. No red tape, no mystery, no bunk, no confusing technical terms. Pronounced the simplest, clearest, most understandable golf instructor ever written. Highly endorsed by Donald Mackay, the famous golfteacher. Fully illustrates every position, every stroke. The only truly *scientific* golf instructor on the market. Revised edition, fully illustrated, now ready. Price complete only $2.00 postpaid. Order today and see your game improve marvelously.

GOLF SECRETS, P. O. Box 464-K
Springfield, Ohio.

Skill Counts!

The circus seal will prove this fact:
It's skill that counts in every act;
And skill in making perfect blends
Has won for Calvert countless friends!

"It's blended, Bob, for better taste"

BOB: "My compliments, Major—you certainly know how to pick a whiskey! What's your system?"

MAJOR: "Very simple, young fellow—I always trust my taste. You see, there's a whole lot more to good whiskey than the age and proof you see on the label. For one thing, there's the matter of blending. Take this Calvert, for instance...it's a *specially* fine blend."

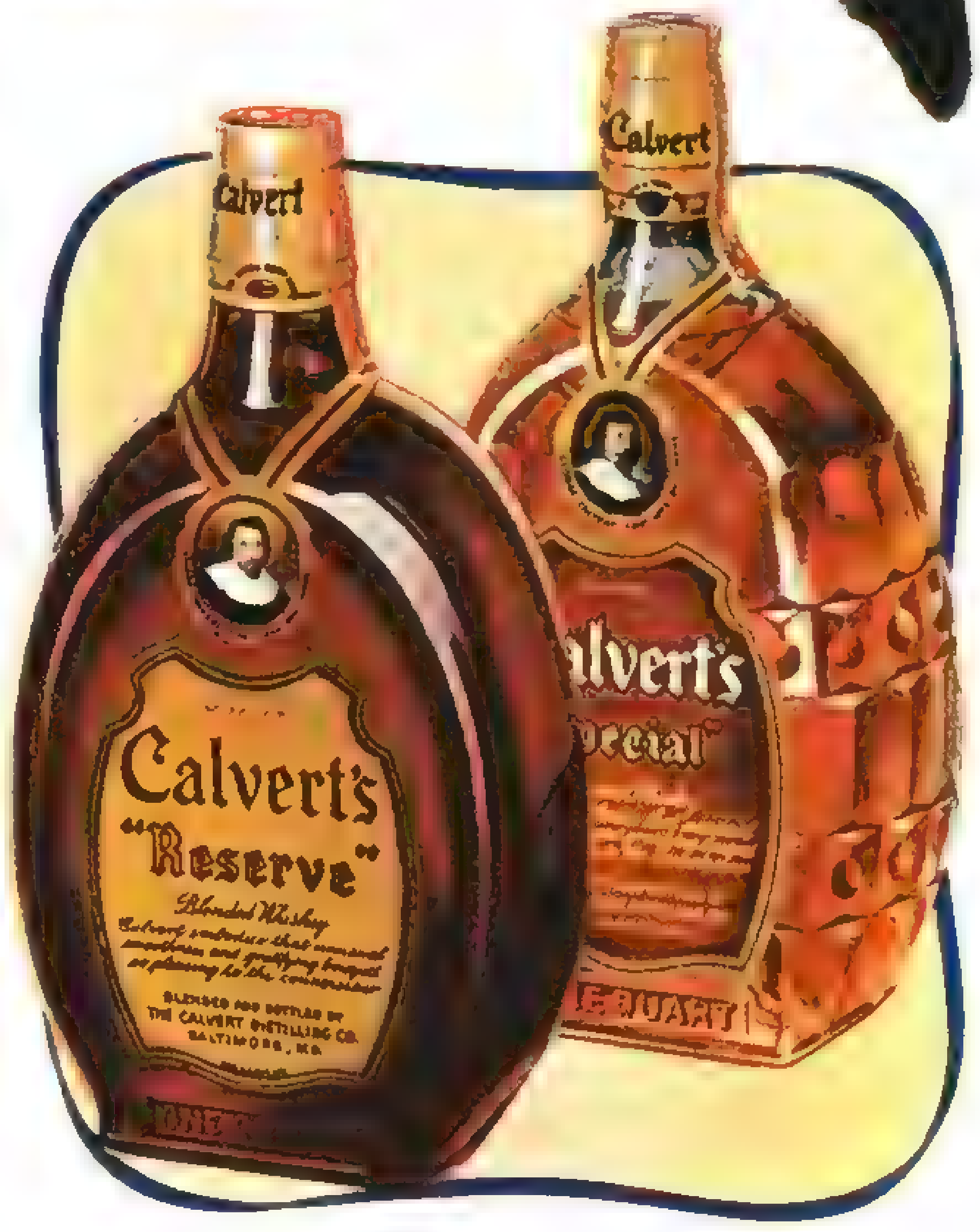
BOB: "Blending, eh? Never knew *that* was so frightfully important, Major."

MAJOR: "Certainly is, Bob! When you get a whiskey that tastes as smooth as Calvert, you can be sure expert blending had a lot to do with it."

BOB: "Thanks for the tip, Major. From now on I'm trusting *my* taste, too!"

YOU WILL FIND Calvert a truly noble whiskey...blended by master craftsmen to give you the utmost in flavor and bouquet. That, we believe, is why Calvert is so overwhelmingly the choice of men who *trust their taste*—and buy better whiskey.

TRY CALVERT DISTILLED GIN
... for a marvelous Martini, a smoother rickey or Tom Collins!



Call for **Calvert** *The Whiskey of Good Taste*

Copr. 1938 Calvert Distillers Corp., Distilleries: Baltimore, Md., and Louisville, Ky., Executive Offices: Chrysler Bldg., N. Y. C. Calvert's "Reserve" Blended Whiskey—90 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert's "Special" Blended Whiskey—90 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert Distilled Gin—90 Proof—Distilled from Grain Neutral Spirits.

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

NEWS FOR SHAVERS . . . LITTLE AND BIG. Manufacturers are certainly doing their best to make the daily grist of mowing the map an easier and quicker performance. Blade users will welcome one of those little box-like sharpeners which will condition any double edged blade for at least a couple of hundred perfect shaves. All you do is slip the blade into the container, slide the case up and down the cord a few times, and you have straight, keen cutting edges, sharp and true. The patented action of the box works the blade both up and down and sideways across scientifically constructed hones.

SELF-SOAPING SHAVING BRUSH. England produces a shaving brush which discharges its own lather. You unscrew the top of the handle, insert a cartridge of shaving soap, dip the brush in water, turn the screw and a fine lather appears like magic on your brush. You can buy *medium* lather for sensitive skins or *strong* lather to be used with hard water.

PRETTY WELL LIT. Throwing a little more light on the shaving subject, there's a small electric light attachment which fits onto your electric razor as neat as can be. As you move your razor over the beard, the attachment throws a light on your face. If you've always had a secret yen to be in the spotlight, this is your dish. They now have electric razor racks. These safe and secure holders for razors are made of chromium and can be fastened to wall, door, etc. For quicker, closer electric shaving, there's a liquid preparation which not only conditions the skin—reduces the possibility of irritation—but causes the hair to extend out further from the face . . . result, a smoother, faster shave.

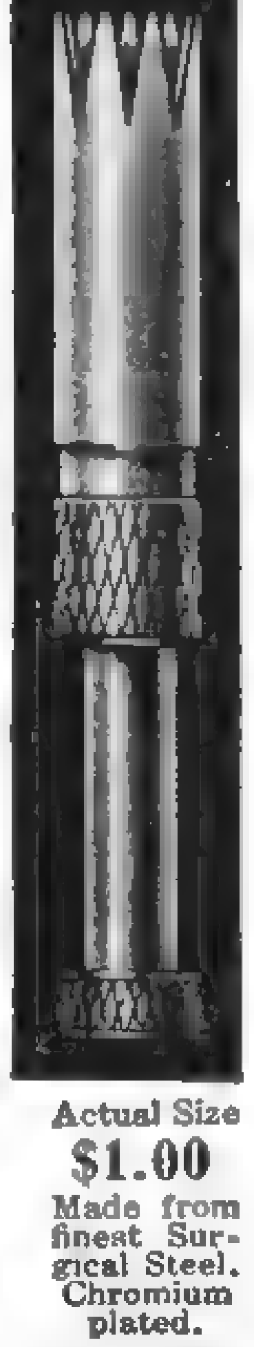
PINE SHOWER. When women take baths, they lie in luxury in water scented with alluring scented bath oils, salts, etc. Most men, however, take showers. Now a man is entitled to a good pine-smelling ablution. For him, there is a special chrome plated unit which can be easily attached to any standard shower fixture. A small tablet is placed in the appliance and the water showers through with faint scent. Tablets dissolve slowly, so that you can linger under the spray for about 15 minutes, having your manly torso sprayed with refreshing pine or other masculine scents.

BRUSH AND COMB ALL IN ONE. Latest contribution toward speedy efficiency is a gadget that brushes and combs at the same time. The comb slides into a grooved, narrow brush whose bristles are so staggered that, as the teeth of the comb separate the hair and feed it to the bristles, the hair is thoroughly cleansed, and the scalp stimulated. If you don't want to work the comb and brush together, you can use them separately. Whole gadget is about 5 inches long and a little over an inch wide . . . easily slipped into your vest pocket.

COMB . . . AND BRUSH. You will note that often after you have combed your hair, your coat is in need of a good whisk broom. Unfortunately George the porter is not always at hand, but you can buy a comb which folds up into a black case which has efficient little bristles at one end for brushing purposes. Comb is full length, but folds up to half its length for convenience.

Ranger

Don't PULL HAIR FROM NOSE!
May cause fatal infection
use
KLIPETTE
NEW INVENTION



You can cause serious infection as a result of pulling hair from nose. The use of scissors is also dangerous and impractical. There is *no* better way to remove hair from nose and ears than with *Klipette*, ingenious new invention. Works on clipper principle—smooth, gentle, safe and efficient. Cannot cut the skin.

So Simple!
Just insert into nostril and revolve cylinder. Surplus hair comes out easily and gently. Never pulls.
Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back

Actual Size
$1.00
Made from finest Surgical Steel. Chromium plated.

Hollis Co., 207 Market St., Newark, N. J., Dept. 115
Enclosed is $1 for KLIPETTE. If I am not entirely satisfied, I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded.
NAME____________________
ADDRESS____________________

Mothersills
SEASICK REMEDY
RELIEVES STOMACH DISTRESS WHEN TRAVELING
5

Benjamin AIR PISTOLS With Lever Hand Pump

WRITE TODAY

Now you can use Benjamin Genuine Compressed Air Pistols with New Multiple Lever Hand Pump Anywhere—for Target - Hunting - Camping. Guaranteed - Economical - Practical - Accurate - Safe. Single Shot BB Air Pistol with smooth barrel $8.50; cal. 177 or 22 Single Shot Air Pistols with rifled barrel $8.50; BB 8-Shot Air Pistol with smooth barrel $10.00; Holster $2.00. We also make a complete line of **Benjamin Genuine Compressed Air Rifles** for BB and cal. 177 or 22 pellets and darts. No license required to purchase from dealer or prepaid from factory. **Write today for complete specifications & free targets. Benjamin Air Rifle Co., 898 Marion St., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.**

STOP WORRYING ABOUT SMOKING TOO MUCH!

GET A
ZEUS
. . . the one and only filter-holder backed by official laboratory tests proving
70% NICOTINE REMOVAL!

JOIN THE MILLIONS of men and women who now smoke all they like with the Zeus Cigarette Holder. But be sure "ZEUS" is on the holder you buy—for *nothing else eliminates nicotine and tar like Zeus.* Remember, nicotine is colorless, and only laboratory tests can prove its removal. Only Zeus has this proof backed by official laboratory reports. Get a genuine Zeus at any of the better stores—$1 for the standard model, $2 for the deluxe Zeus.

U.S. PATS. D-109,605 AND 2,101,127.
OTHER PATS. PEND.

NOW WITH AN EJECTOR

L. & H. STERN, INC.
61 Pearl St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Economy Size 75¢
Trial Size 25¢
dri *Shave Set*
at dealers everywhere
For quicker, closer shaving with an electric razor . . .

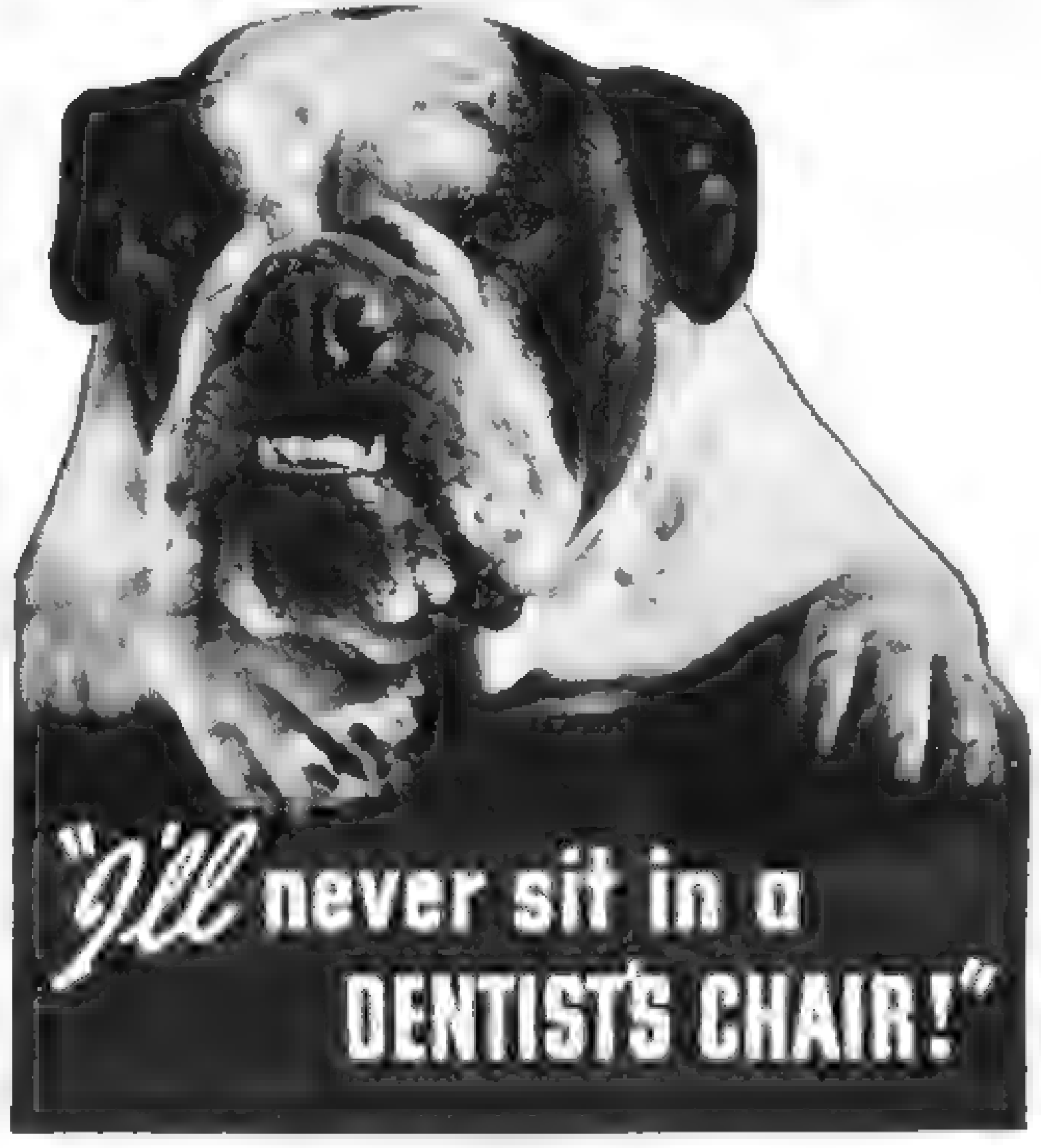
For Cool Summer Shaving
•
Leaves face fresh and invigorated
Abbey Products Corp., Port Chester, N. Y.

KAN-U-GO

New! Original! CROSS WORD CARD GAME
Exciting . . . Absorbing . . . Sweeping the Country! 2 to 7 players, or solitaire. 60 card deck...secret of KAN-U-GO'S fascination.
4-Color Gift Box . . . At Stores Everywhere
50¢
Sole Dist. U. S. A.
A. A. BURNSTINE SALES ORGANIZATION
200 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.

Don't Drive **WRONG ROADS!**

How often have you found yourself on the wrong road? You know how annoying it is to retrace your way when you are in a hurry. The Hull Auto Compass always shows the direction of travel, saving you miles, money, worries and delays. Only $2.95 at your dealer. Two-piece model $1.95. Write for circular.
Hull Mfg. Co., P.O. Box 246-G6, Warren, O.



YOUR dog can't have his teeth "filled" the way you do. So guard him against tooth trouble! Include Red Heart Biscuits in his diet . . . to harden gums and remove tartar; provide gnawing exercise; supply abundant Sunshine Vitamin D.

This splendid food contains 24 wholesome ingredients . . . many of which are not found in other foods of this type. Convenient . . . economical.

Three delicious flavors for taste variety . . . beef, fish, and cheese! Heart-shaped or kibbled in 11 oz. box or 28 oz. cellophane bag. John Morrell & Co., General Offices, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Tune in Bob Becker, NBC Red Network, Sundays 1:45 to 2 P. M., E. S. T.

RED HEART
THE 3 FLAVOR
DOG BISCUITS

SAVES TIME AT THE START

Why fasten your trousers with *five* fastenings—when you can now have the ease, speed of the TALON trouser fastener?

WHY FEEL THIS WAY?

Say good-bye to fastenings that pop off your pants. The TALON trouser fastener is *permanent*—never gets loose—never comes off—never has to be sewn on!

SURE OF YOURSELF

No trouser gaps "hit the eye" when you have the TALON fastener. You're always well-groomed—always *sure* your trousers are properly closed.

"Say! Who started this swell Idea for Pants?"

It's time we answered this interesting question for the millions of men who now insist on the **TALON** *trouser fastener.*

WE'RE human enough, Mr. A. M., to enjoy admitting the idea was ours. But let's skip on to a more interesting story.

Did you know that the TALON fastener on your trousers is different from all other slide fasteners? It is perfected *expressly* for trouser-use.

Notice how small, flat it is. Yet it will not be damaged—no matter how often your trousers are pressed or cleaned.

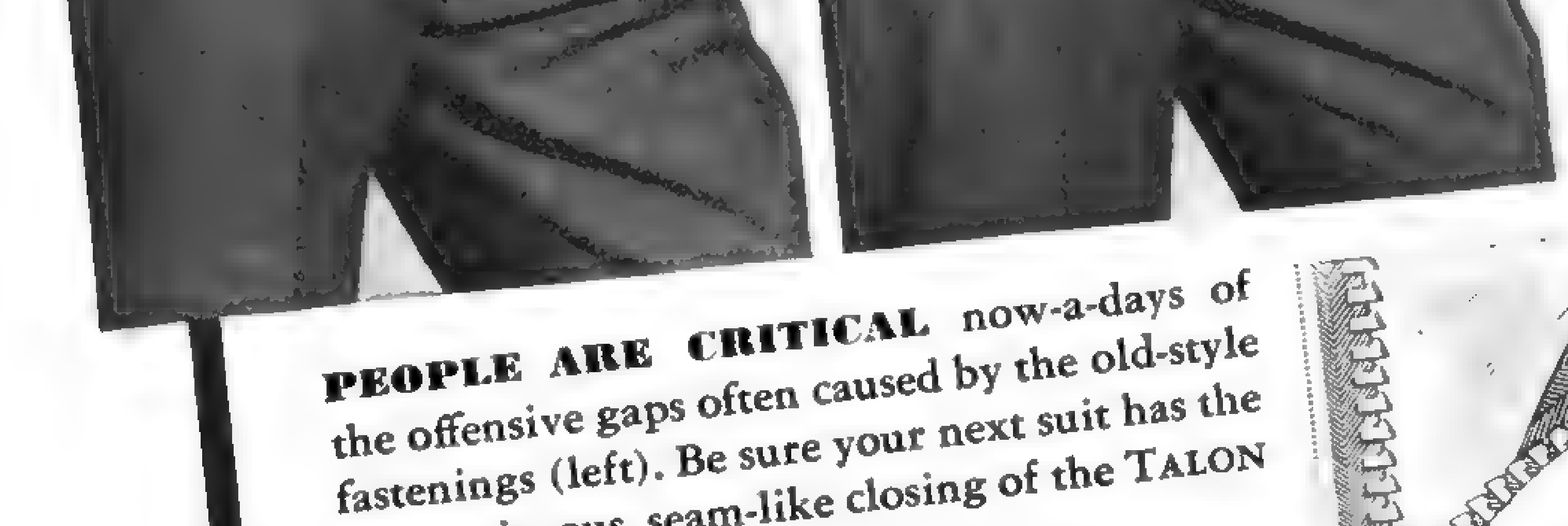
Bend it. It's as flexible as fabric. Yet it will outwear your suit many times.

Will it slip open by accident? No.

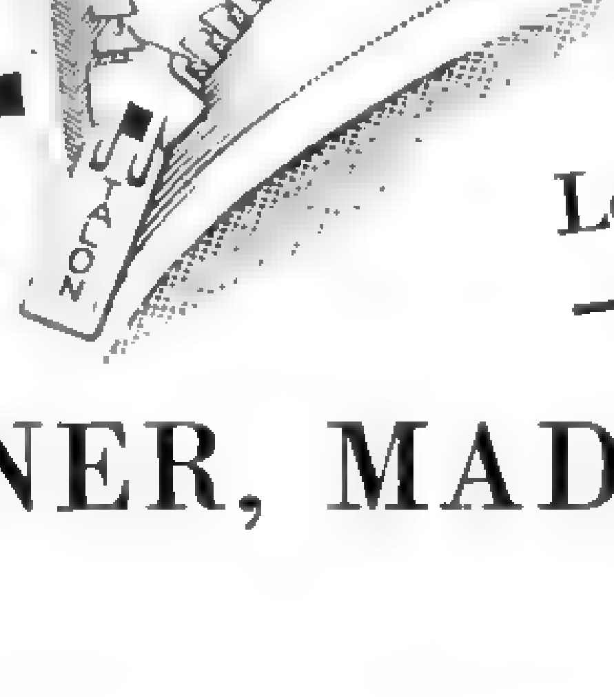
Does it jam? On the contrary, the TALON fastener *always* works smoothly!

Introduced in expensive clothes—today the TALON trouser fastener is worn by millions of men in better-made suits and slacks of all prices.

TALON, INC. MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA



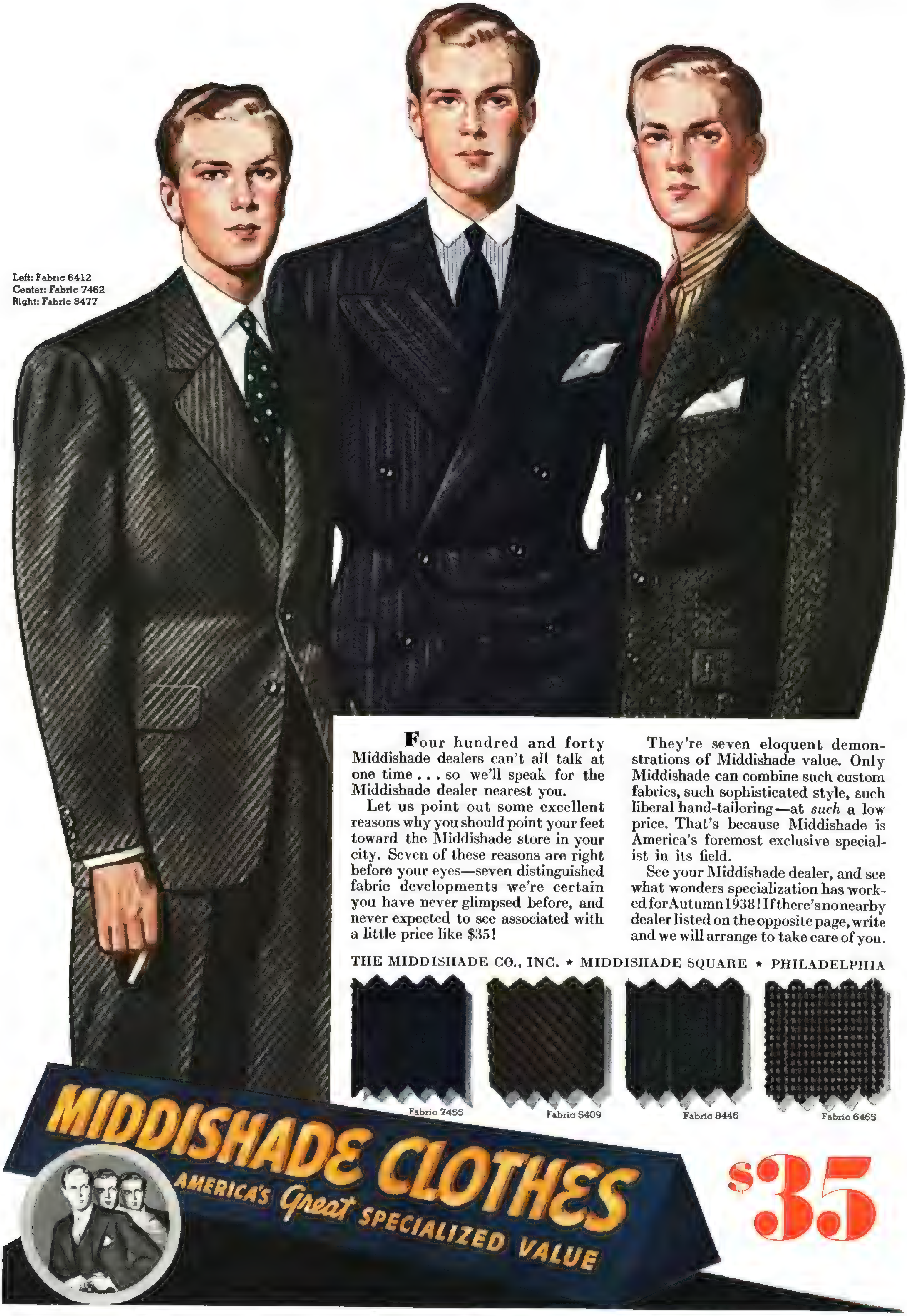
PEOPLE ARE CRITICAL now-a-days of the offensive gaps often caused by the old-style fastenings (left). Be sure your next suit has the inconspicuous, seam-like closing of the TALON trouser fastener (right).



Look for the name **TALON** on the pull tab —the trouser fastener that **ALWAYS WORKS**

TALON TROUSER FASTENER, MADE BY TALON, INC. **ORIGINATORS OF THE SLIDE FASTENER**

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Left: Fabric 6412
Center: Fabric 7462
Right: Fabric 8477

Four hundred and forty Middishade dealers can't all talk at one time . . . so we'll speak for the Middishade dealer nearest you.

Let us point out some excellent reasons why you should point your feet toward the Middishade store in your city. Seven of these reasons are right before your eyes—seven distinguished fabric developments we're certain you have never glimpsed before, and never expected to see associated with a little price like $35!

They're seven eloquent demonstrations of Middishade value. Only Middishade can combine such custom fabrics, such sophisticated style, such liberal hand-tailoring—at *such* a low price. That's because Middishade is America's foremost exclusive specialist in its field.

See your Middishade dealer, and see what wonders specialization has worked for Autumn 1938! If there's no nearby dealer listed on the opposite page, write and we will arrange to take care of you.

THE MIDDISHADE CO., INC. ★ MIDDISHADE SQUARE ★ PHILADELPHIA

We, the Undersigned

PARTICIPATE IN MIDDISHADE'S NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION OF VALUE AT $35

ALBANY, N. Y..................Steefels
ALTOONA, PA.........W. F. Gable Co.
ATLANTA, GA..........Parks Chambers
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J...........Peat's
AUGUSTA, ME..........J. B. Farrel Co.
BALTIMORE...................The Hub
BINGHAMTON, N. Y........Sisson Bro.
BIRMINGHAM, ALA...The Parisian, Inc.
BOISE, IDAHO......C. C. Anderson Co.
BOSTON................Kennedy's, Inc.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.......Meigs & Co.
BUFFALO, N. Y..........Kleinhans Co.
BUTTE, MONT............Bouchers, Inc.
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CHARLESTON, W. VA....Frankenberger
CHATTANOOGA, TENN.
Fulmer Reeves & Ware
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CLEVELAND..........B. R. Baker Co.
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CUMBERLAND, MD......Schwarzenbach
DAVENPORT, IOWA
Syndicate Clothing Co.
DAYTON, OHIO....The Metropolitan Co.
DENVER, COLO..Denver Dry Goods Co.
DES MOINES, IOWA...Garfield Clo. Co.
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FORT WAYNE, IND.
Patterson & Fletcher
HARRISBURG, PA.....London Clo. Shop
HARTFORD, CONN...........Kennedy's
HOLYOKE, MASS...........A. T. Gallup
INDIANAPOLIS.......L. Strauss & Co.
KANSAS CITY, KAN...Shepard & Foster
KANSAS CITY, MO..........Paul Felix
LANCASTER, PA........Watt & Shand
LEXINGTON, KY...Paritz. Clothes Shop
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LOS ANGELES....Broadway Dept. Store
MEMPHIS, TENN.......H. Halle & Bro.
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OGDEN, UTAH...W. H. Wright & Sons
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OMAHA, NEBR...........Berg Clo. Co.
PHILADELPHIA.........Frank & Seder
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PITTSBURGH.......The Rosenbaum Co.
PORTLAND, ME...A. H. Benoit & Sons
PORTLAND, ORE......Faturos & Green
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PROVO, UTAH........Taylor Bros. Co.
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READING, PA........ ....Epstein Bros.
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BEAVER FALLS, PA.....L. T. Miller
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BROOKLYN, N. Y..Phil's Fash. Cl.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.....I. Snider Clo.
BROOKLYN, N. Y...............Spencers
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BURLINGTON, VT..Hayes & Carney
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KELSO, WASH....Mottman Dpt. St.
KENEDY, TEX...Bennetts Dept. St.
KENOSHA, WIS........Iserman Bros.
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KILGORE, TEX..Weinberg's Mn's Sh.
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LANSFORD, PA.......The Hub Store
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LAREDO, TEX...............I. Alexander
LAWRENCE, KAN.....................Carl's
LEHIGHTON, PA...Cohen's Dpt. St.
LIMA, OHIO...Harry's Men's Shop
LOCK HAVEN, PA...Weaver-Probst
LOMPOC, CAL.....Moore Merc. Co.
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Jack Seidel
LONGVIEW, WASH.
Columbia River Mercantile Co.
LOWELL, MASS.....J. A. Desrosiers
LUBBOCK, TEXAS................Walton's
LYNCHBURG, VA.....S. H. Franklin
LYNN, MASS...................Kennedy's
MADISON, WIS...........Albert Dizon
MAHANOY CITY, PA.......Bohorad's
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MANCHESTER, N. H.....Emerson's
MANSON, IOWA........Foley Clo. Co.
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MARQUETTE, MICH..J. Rose & Sons
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MCKEESPORT, PA....Kalchstein Son
MEADVILLE, PA......T. K. Williams
MEDFORD, MASS......O'Brien & Sons
MELROSE, MASS.......Aleck Levine
MELROSE PARK, ILL...Rubins Mfg.
MENASHA, WIS.........Frank Grove
MENOMINEE, MICH..............Lloyd's
MERCEDES, TEX...................Baum's
MERIDAN, CONN...O. Gross & Son
MIAMI, FLA...Everglades Mens Sh.
MILLVILLE, N. J..E. J. Fath & Bro.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.......Stock Bros.
MILWAUKEE, WIS...Robert Winter
MINEOLA, L. I., N. Y...........Saul's
MINOT, N. D.....Sgutt Mens Store
MISSOULA, MONT...Miss. Merc. Co.
MITCHELL FIELD, N. Y...Kaplan's
MONTGOMERY, ALA...........The Hub
MONTPELIER, VT..A. D. Farrell Co.
MORGANTOWN, W. VA...J. Johnson
MT. VERNON, N. Y.
Gramatan Men's Shop
MUNISING, MICH...S. Marks' Sons
NAMPA, IDAHO.......C. C. Anderson
NANTICOKE, PA..Al's Clothes Shop
NEWARK, OHIO..R. Emerson, Est.
NEW BEDFORD, MASS.
S. Mechaber Company
NEW BEDFORD, MASS..N. Y. Clo.
NEW BRITAIN, CONN.
Tomikowski & Dawson
NEWBURGH, N. Y.......Myer Rider
NEW CASTLE, IND.......Lloyd Beall
NEW CASTLE, PA..The Winter Co.
NEW LONDON, CONN..Tarny's Tog.
NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.
Bloom & Bloom, Inc.
NEW YORK, N. Y...Pat. Arcomano
NEW YORK....Bryant Fashion Co.
NEW YORK, N. Y.....A. T. Harris
NEW YORK, N. Y...John Forsythe
NEW YORK, N. Y.......Jos. Hordes
NEW YORK, N. Y.....Johnstreet's
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A. M. Schwartz
NEW YORK, N. Y..Seidman & Sons
NEW YORK, N. Y.......Soling Bros.
NEW YORK, N. Y...........J. Trakis
NEW YORK, N. Y..White & White
NEW YORK, N. Y...Charles Young
NEWTON, N. J.....L. F. Trapasso
NIAGARA FALLS............Silberbergs
NORRISTOWN, PA...B. E. Block Br.
NORTHAMPTON, MASS.
Harry Daniels Associates
OCALA, FLA.........Rheinauer & Co.
OGDENBURG, N. Y.....L. Friedman
OIL CITY, PA...........Michael Potts
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The House of McNamara
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Browning-Fearnside Co.
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PATCHOGUE, N. Y..Swezey-Newins
PATERSON, N. J.......Louis Levine
PAYETTE, IDAHO....C. C. Anderson
PEEKSKILL, N. Y.............Oxman's
PERTH AMBOY, N. J..L. Briegs Sons
PERU, ILL...............Frank Vlasnik
PETALUMA, CAL.......The Wardrobe
PHOENIXVILLE, PA.
Martin & Martin
PIQUA, OHIO............Neth & Stelzer
PITTSFIELD, MASS..J. J. Pender Co.
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PLYMOUTH, PA...A. Plessett & Son
PONTIAC, MICH....Bird & St. Louis
POPLAR BLUFF, MO..........Miller's
PORT ARTHUR, TEX..Roos & Forst
PORT CHESTER, N. Y.
Goldberg & Sons
POTTSTOWN, PA.......Morris Miller
POTTSVILLE, PA........Bohorad, Inc.
POTTSVILLE, PA..G. F. Moyer & Son
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y..Schwartz Co.
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PUEBLO, COL..Crews Beggs D.G.Co.
QUANTICO, VA.....A. M. Bolognese
REDLANDS, CAL.....Levine-Chestler
RENO, NEV.............George Parker
RICHMOND HILL, N. Y.
M. Kaufman's
RIDGEWAY, PA.........John A. Lund
RIPON, WIS...............Spence-Vieth
RIVERSIDE, CAL......Allen & Kearne
ROANOKE, VA......Brotherhood Co.
ROCKVILLE, CONN..House-Murphy
ROSELLE, N. J..Levine's Men's St.
RUTLAND, VT.....Carbine Clo. Co.
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SALEM, MASS.................Kennedy's
SALEM, ORE.........Miller Merc. Co.
SAN BERNARDINO, CAL.
Joe Goldberg
SAN DIEGO, CAL................Worth's
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SANFORD, ME..Thayer-Diggery Co.

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SAN MATEO, CAL...Loewe & Zwier
SAN PEDRO, CAL.
Hime & McDaniel, Ltd.
SANTA ANA, CAL...Hill & Carden
SANTA MARIA, CAL..W. Haslam Co.
SELBYVILLE, DEL..C. L. McCabe Co.
SHAMOKIN, PA..............Sam Dluge
SHARON, PA.........Shontz & Myers
SHENANDOAH, PA.......Y. M. Shop
SOMERSET, PA...G. W. Schenk Co.
SOMERVILLE, N. J...C. Schwed Co.
SPENCER, IOWA............Wm. Flindt
SPOKANE, WASH..Bradford Clo. Sh.
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ST. LOUIS, MO.........Schien. Quick.
ST. MARYS, PA.....Smith Bros. Co.
ST. PETERSBURG, FLA..A. Johnson
STILLWATER, OKLA..Katz Dept. St.
STOCKTON, CALIF......Phil Kramm
STROUDSBURG, PA.
DeVivo & Quaresimo
SUNBURY, PA........Student Klothes
SWEETWATER, TEX.......Levy Bros.
TAFT, CAL.......................Smith Bros.
TALLAPOOSA, GA.......The National
TARRYTOWN, N. Y.........M. Cohen
TAUNTON, MASS.
Goodnow-Morse-Brooks Co.
THE DALLAS, ORE...Maier & Krier
TIFFIN, OHIO............Leiner & Son
TOLEDO, OHIO..Damschroder-Berry
TORRINGTON, CONN......F. H. Joyce
TRENTON, N. J..............Haveson's
TRENTON, N. J...........Jahos Bros.
TROY, N. Y.......Thomas McBride
TUCSON, ARIZ.........................Levys
TULSA, OKLA.......Hyland Clo. Co.
TWO RIVERS, WIS. Schroeder Br.
UNION CITY, N. J.....Fred Servo
UNIONTOWN, PA..........Julius Levy
VALLEY STREAM, L. I., N. Y.
Frank Suprina
VENTURA, CAL..Great Eastern Co.
VINELAND, N. J.....C. C. Mattioli
WACO, TEX.....Goldstein-Migel Co.
WAHPETON, N. D..R. C. Rubertus
WALLA WALLA, WASH..White Hs.
WASHINGTON, N. J...Cohen's Sons
WATERTOWN, N. Y.
Clark & Knowlton
WAUSAU, WIS..Helling & Groff Co.
WELLSBORO, PA......Jos. Abramson
WENATCHEE, WASH.
Wenatchee Dept. Store
WEST CHESTER, PA........Margolies
WESTERLY, R. I...Tarnys Toggery
WESTFIELD, N. J........J. Yannuzzi
WEST NEW BRIGHTON, N. Y.
Tompkins Dept. Store
WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.
Anthony & Son
WHITEHALL, N. Y..Carbine-Cooke
WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.......O. Levy
WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.........Stone's
WILLIAMSPORT, PA..The Hub, Inc.
WILLIMANTIC, CONN..J. F. Carr Co.
WILMINGTON, DEL..J. T. Mullin Sons
WILMINGTON, DEL.
Papperman & Jarrell
WILMINGTON, DEL..J. W. Toadvine
WOONSOCKET, R. I.........P. Auger
WORCESTER, MASS.....Kennedy Co.
YONKERS, N. Y.........L. Carmasin
YORK, PA..........Griffith-Smith Co.
YORK, PA.......McFall & Son, Inc.
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO
G. M. McKelvey Co.

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HILO, H.........E. N. Holmes, Ltd.
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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Paul Annixter

PAUL ANNIXTER is married to Jane Levington Comfort, a novelist. They spend their summers writing on the estate of Mabel Dodge Luhan, in Taos, New Mexico, their winters in Southern California. He was born in Minneapolis, and went to school in Fargo, North Dakota. He worked his way through high school and a year of college, bell-hopping evenings in Fargo's largest hotel. Then he took to the road. working as a pearl diver, a pot washer, a wood cutter, a sign carrier, a barker, a feeder of pythons in a sideshow, a busman and a carpenter. Eventually he took up a claim in the wilds of central Manitoba, proved up on it and sold it. Then he took up a timber claim in northern Minnesota, which he later sold. It was there he began writing animal stories from first-hand experience. He has published one book, *Wilderness Ways*.

•

MANUEL KOMROFF says he has a novel on the kitchen fire, cooking slowly. And he is collecting all his New York stories, that is stories having the city of New York as their background, hoping to have a nice volume ready for next year and the World's Fair. He hopes to get back to the West for a long visit, for, "In New York, we feel ourselves close to Europe and to the political intrigue of the old world. We feel a sense of history, which really is only a kind of poison and bad fiction. But in Arizona one feels far away in a world that is drenched with sunshine and the evil of the past burnt out and purified. What is a little rattlesnake compared to the poison of a biography of Bismarck or Napoleon. And so I think that would be a nice place to dig in and finish a book."

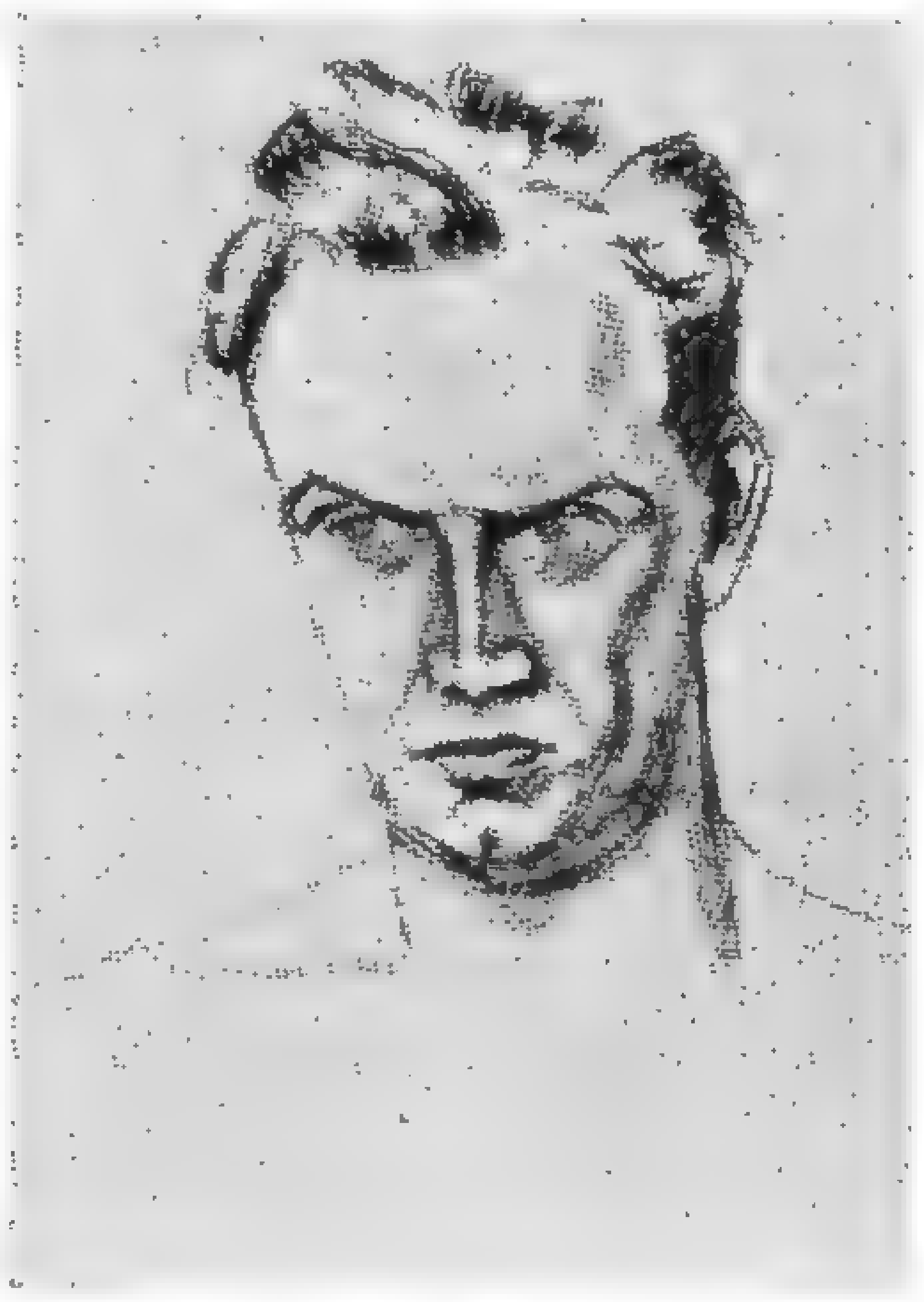
Manuel Komroff

•

PARKE CUMMINGS, who tells *How to Publicize a Football Team* on page 57, says that the first time he wrote his hotobiography was for a freshman English theme at Harvard. He got an E minus, and since then he's been kind of chary about such things. So he says: "All I'm admitting is that I was born, live in Connecticut, write for Esquire when the editors are willing and that my favorite avocation is having fun."

•

JAMES FINAN, author of *Vanishing Americans*, says: "I am a retired newspaper man, twenty-eight, a native and a resident New Yorker. I am a chronic though incipient playwright and have written for the *Cleveland Press*, *Akron Times Press*, *New York Post*, and *New Yorker* magazine. In my indiscreet youth I was a life guard, rice salesman, Latin tutor, movie gagman, and lecturer. My first job as a life guard was to help rescue two truck horses from drowning when a sandbank crumbled, and my last was to salvage the log book of the German War ace, Kurt Stollwerk, when he fell to his death in the sea off Long Beach. My career as a rice salesman ought decently to be counted in kernels rather than carload lots, and my series of lectures ended abruptly with the first, in which I chose to address a school of dentists on the subject of Werewolves and Vampires—a subject interesting to me at the time, although the director of the school thought it was somewhat far afield."



James Finan

•

LANGSTON HUGHES sent us *Air Raid: Barcelona* upon his return from a six months' stay on the Loyalist Front in Spain.

•

MILT GROSS started cartooning on New York newspapers working for various syndicates, and for nine years for the *New York World*, during which time originated *Banana Oil*, *Nize Baby*, and *Count Screwloose of Tooloose*. Now he is with the *Daily Mirror* and Bell Syndicate, doing *Grossly Exaggerated*. He has written articles and short stories for *Cosmopolitan*, *Liberty*, *Vanity Fair* and *Smart Set*. Last year he wrote a musical for 20th Century-Fox and his play, *Men the Dogs* will be produced on Broadway this fall.

•

CHARLES R. ROSENBERG, JR., has a phobia for photographers, so he took his own picture in one of those dime-in-a-slot places. He says he left a peaceful and respectable job as English instructor to enter the World War. Ten post-War years as advertising writer and business analyst convinced him that the advertising business was too cockeyed for sanity; whereupon he entered the conservative and "stabilized" legal profession. He has been practicing law during the flattest years in the history of the Bar, and thinks the law needs to sell itself to the people through educational publicity. He—and his wife—have had eight children—four of them in sets of two. And he recently wrote an article denouncing birth control, which he claims is a record for preaching what you practice.

•

RALPH BATES was born in 1899 in a small industrial town in the West of England, the son of a railway mechanic and a village baker's daughter. His first job was boiler cleaning in London. He was sacked for crowning a boilermaker over the head with a coffee can, the boilermaker having previously drunk the coffee. He entered the British Army at seventeen, and became a lecturer on defense against poison gas. After the War, he ran away to sea. It's a tough life, he says, where a lot of sunlight has to do for bad wages and many bad heads. He worked in Barcelona docks, and took part in strikes without knowing exactly why. After he had published two books (one of them, a novel, *Lean Men*) he decided writing was easier than heaving wheat sacks, and he settled in a little Spanish fishing village. He wrote *The Olive Field* in between going to sea as a fisherman and a lot of hard talking in the village taverns. In 1936 he was chairman of The International Congress of Writers in Defense of Culture in London. He returned to Spain to write a novel, but the war interfered. He joined up with the Abraham Lincoln Brigade as an officer. By the time you read this, his latest book, *Iberia* will probably be published.

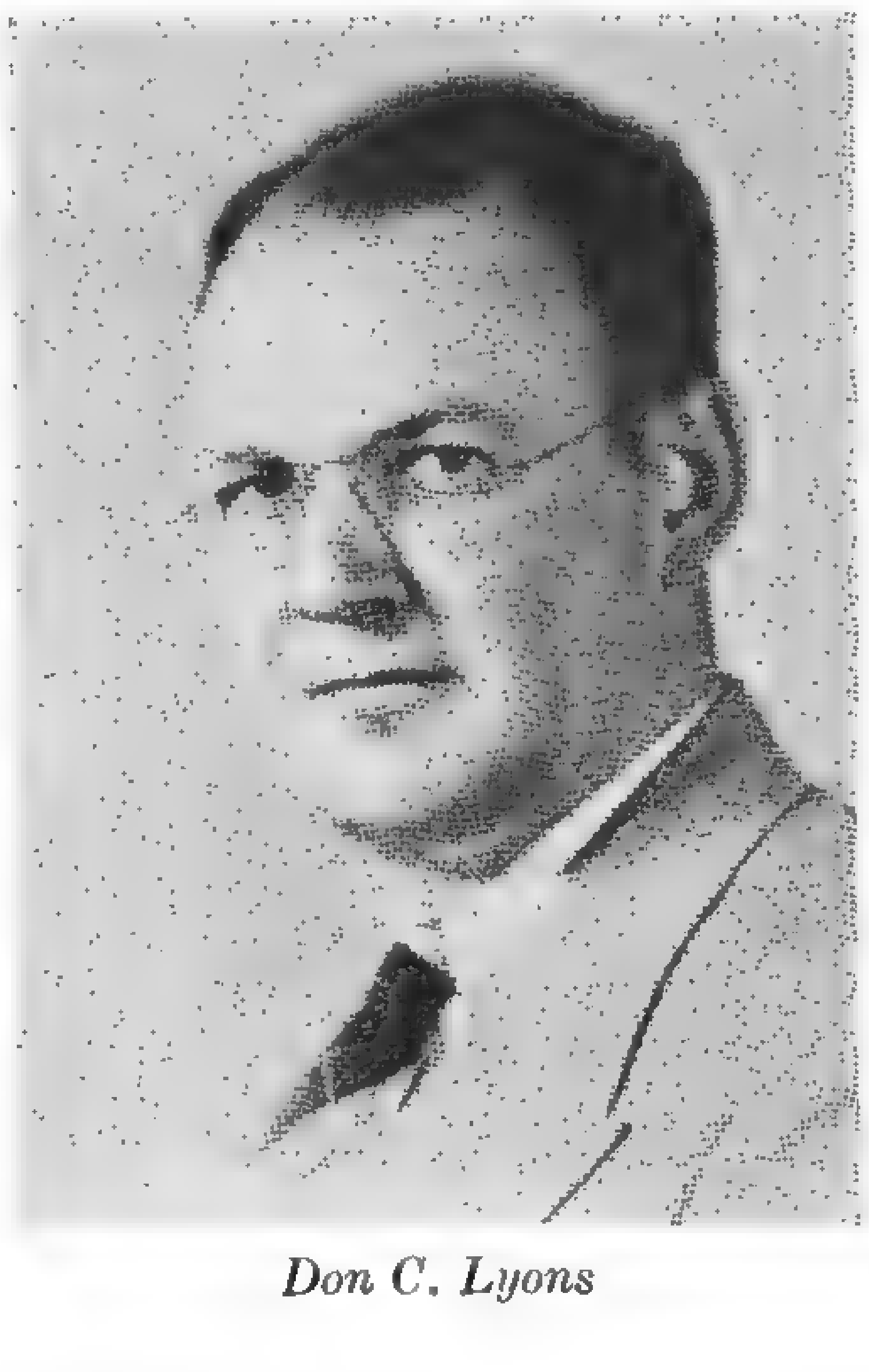
Charles R. Rosenberg, Jr.

•

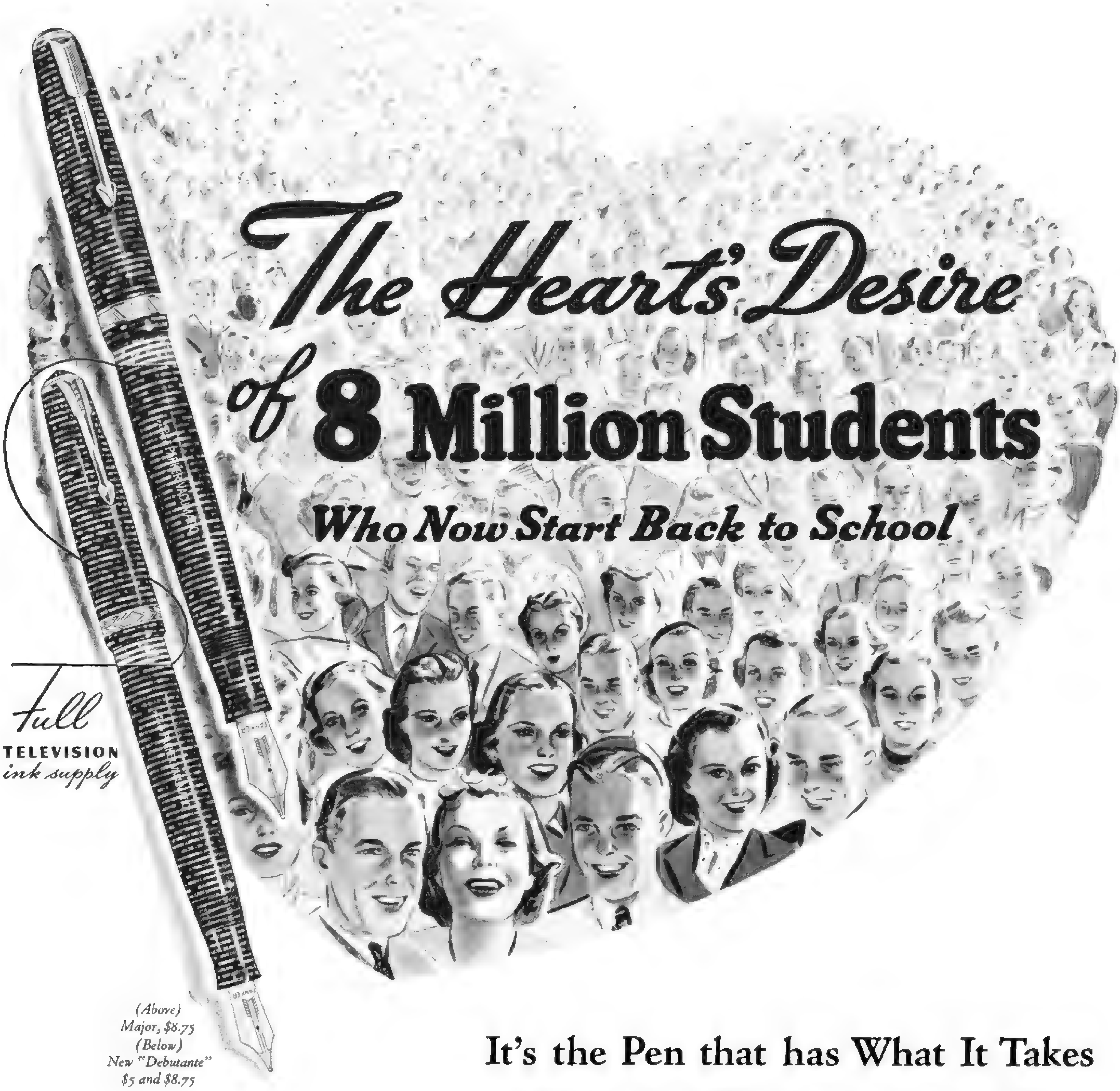
JOHNNY GOODMAN may not have worked at it (see his contention on page 66) but last year he beat Ray Billows two up, to win the 41st Annual Tournament and the U. S. Amateur Golf Championship. He also won the open title in 1933, at the national tournament held in Glenview, Illinois. He is one of five amateurs in all history to score in that event. Aside from that, he sells insurance in Omaha, Nebraska.

•

DON C. LYONS was born, and still lives, in the state of Michigan. But he gets around the country quite a lot, on vacations and lecturing. He attended the University of Michigan, did graduate work there, and at the Mayo Foundation and Michigan State College. He has a Ph. D. and other degrees in bacteriology and chemistry. He has written many scientific articles and some popular science pieces, as well as stories of hunting and fishing. He does a weekly syndicated news column, and is collaborating editor of a scientific journal.



Don C. Lyons



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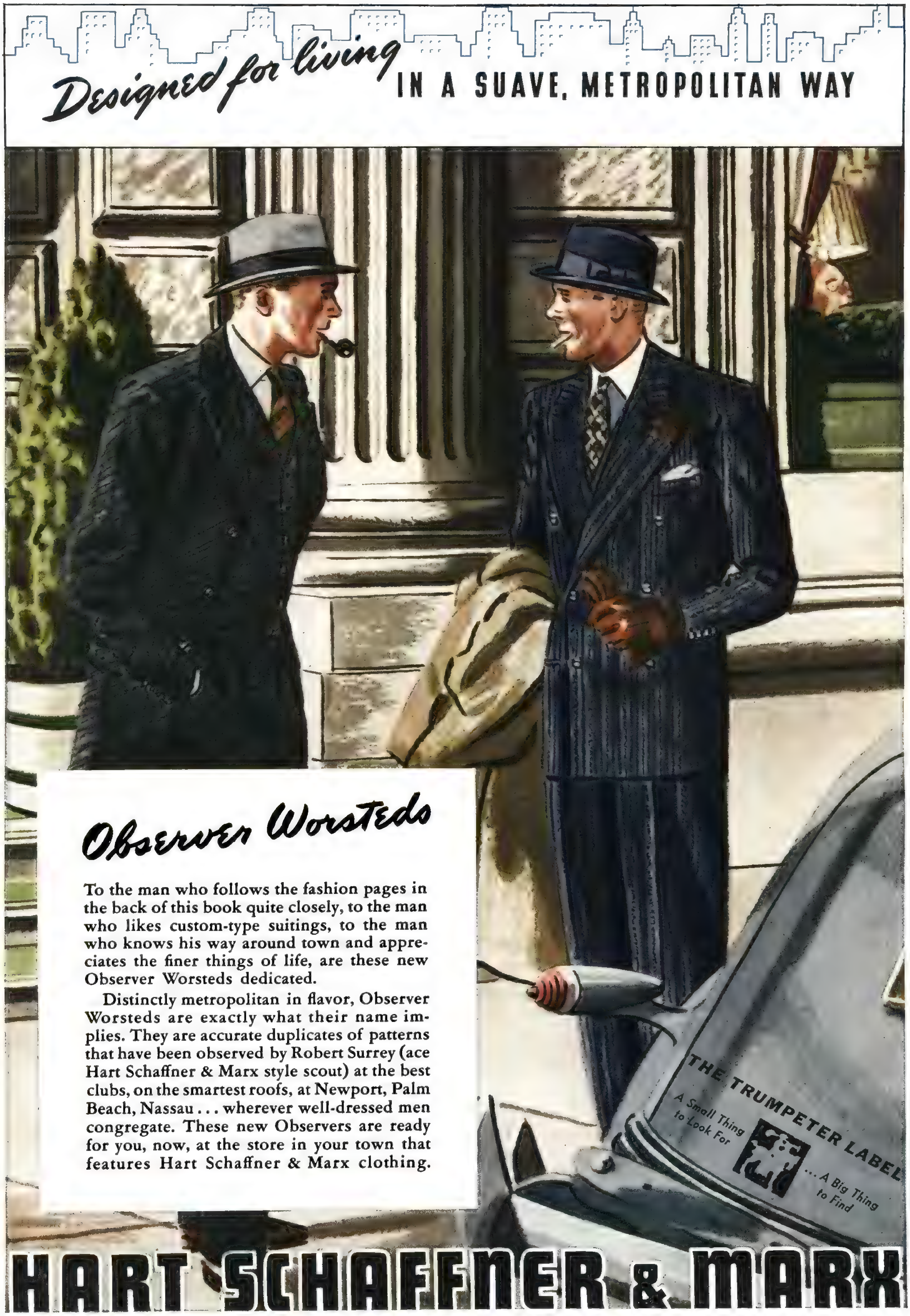
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HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

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To the man who follows the fashion pages in the back of this book quite closely, to the man who likes custom-type suitings, to the man who knows his way around town and appreciates the finer things of life, are these new Observer Worsteds dedicated.

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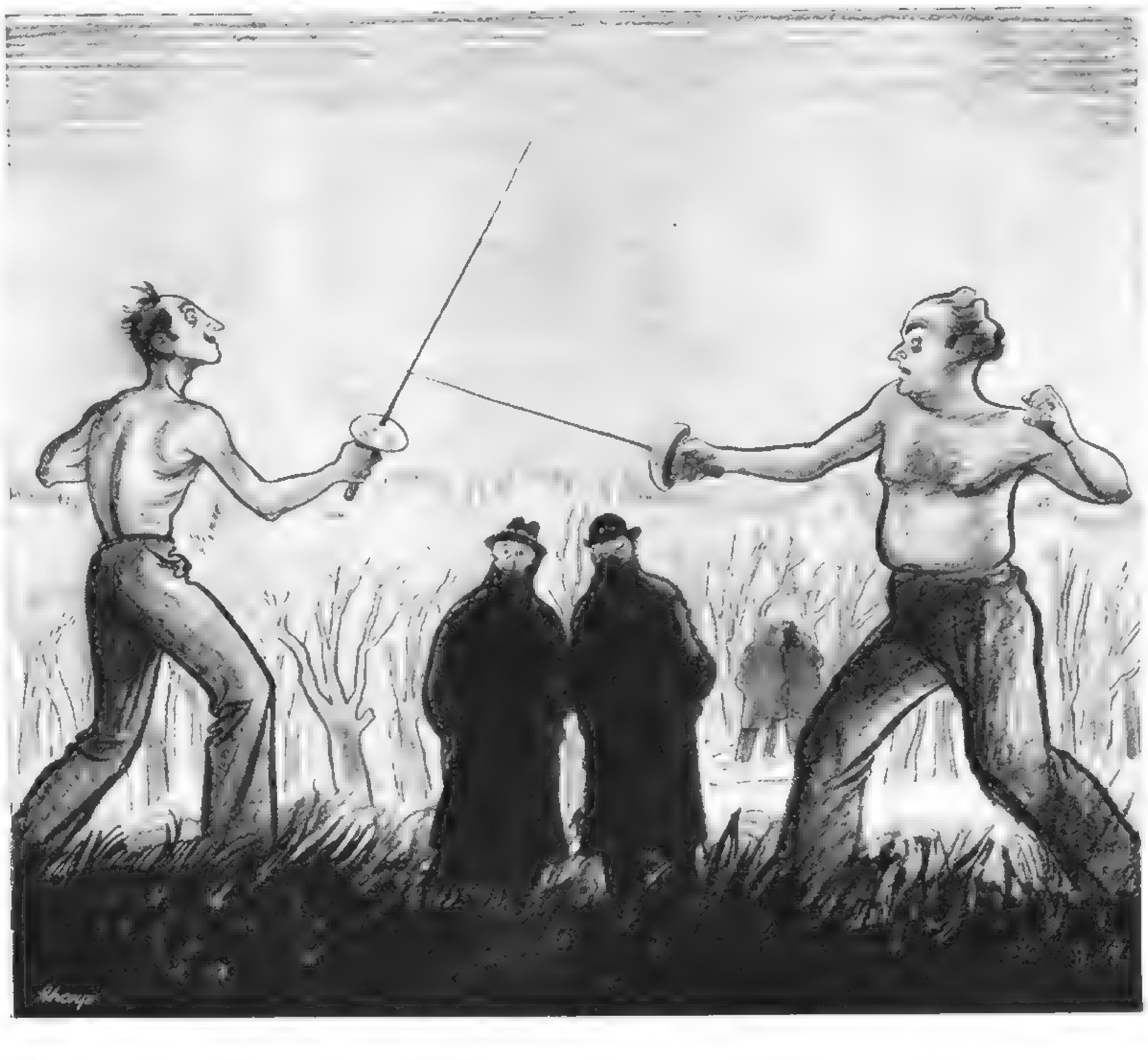
Etiquette of the Duel

Continental gentlemen never argue with their fists; they insist on rapiers as being more refined—and less dangerous

by ALDO NADI

• EDUCATION •

THE possibility of being challenged to a duel in the United States seems to be quite remote in these days. I am glad of that. For, as I understand it, the traditional American duel was decidedly a dangerous business. The American duellist went to the ground with the serious expectation of killing his opponent, or being killed by him. And the mortality rate in American duels of the past would appall a veteran European duellist, if he knew about it. He doesn't know about it, of course, any more than the average American knows about the European duel.



In Italy and France the duel is not uncommon today. But this duel is not to be confused with the grim affair called by the same name in America. It is a ceremony surrounded by delicate niceties, enwrapped in glamorous tradition, and seldom —oh, very, very seldom!— marred by the unfortunate death of a participant.

There are no precise figures available. But, in the dozens of duels which I directed or witnessed in these two countries, I saw nobody killed. I saw nobody even seriously wounded. My friend and pupil, Signor Nino Lo Savio, has been that important official, the direttore, of ninety-odd duels. In none of them was anybody killed. This is, by no means, a phenomenal record.

Indeed, the only duelling fatality of which I know personally—and, as fencing master, I heard the duelling news of two countries—was the unfortunate case of Felice Cavollotti, who, in his twenty-sixth duel, was run through, poor fellow, and killed, an occurrence which deeply shocked duelling circles and must have stunned his opponent, Count Macola. This happened before I was born, but it was still something of which to speak sadly when I directed my first duel.

In the one duel in which I was a duellist, not a direttore for a change, I had a very bad fright. My opponent came at me in a determined simple disengage. I parried with a contre de sixte, and, in that moment when his blade was sliding harmlessly by my shoulder, I automatically made a swift riposte toward my opponent's head. The point darted straight toward his eye, and, in that split second, he slipped, his head jerked with the slip, and my blade just touched his upper cheek, without penetrating the skin.

It was, for me, an alarmed moment, this flash in which I saw my point race toward his eye and was powerless to stop it. The thrust had been purely automatic on my part. The last thing I wanted to do was to kill my opponent. From a purely selfish standpoint, I would have been the loser in the case of a fatality. I would have had to flee the country or go to jail.

In France and Italy the law is inclined to look forgivingly upon duellists. But not on duellists who kill their opponents. That is different. That is murder. It is not to be confused with fine old tradition. It is something for which to send a man to jail for a long time.

People have died of infections or hemorrhages in tonsillectomies—medical accidents. So, too, have people died of duels in France and Italy—duelling accidents. But, generally, it is quite safe. If you, a stranger, are challenged to a duel in either of these countries, it would be rather silly to rush out and find a lawyer, and put your house in order and say good-bye forever to your wife or sweetheart. You'll be back. Perhaps a little high on champagne, perhaps sporting a red-stained bandage on your elbow. But you will be back!

The essential difference between the American and European duel is this: In America, the victor is the one who kills or wounds his opponent. In Europe, death and wounds mean nothing—except trouble, perhaps—to the one who inflicts them. And they are quite beside the point. They are incidental to the duel, rather than the results.

Let us assume that this is the case, that you, an American, visiting Italy, suddenly find two grave-faced gentlemen at your door. They bow, silently. They present, also silently, their cards, and a brief note, saying in substance: "This is to certify that I have placed my affairs in the hands of Signor A and Signor B." It is signed by, say, one Pietro G——. Perhaps you have a vague memory of a few unpleasant words with Pietro G—— last night. But, whatever your memory or conscience tells you, there is only one thing to do. You must bow back to the gentlemen, and say, "Thank you. I will do what is necessary."

To say anything else at this moment is unthinkable. To say, "What is this all about?" or "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to hurt his feelings," or "I'll be happy to give that so-and-so the pleasure of meeting me anytime!"—to say anything like that is like slapping your wife in public. It's unspeakable manners. It simply isn't done. It would be indelicate—and the European duel is a highly delicate affair.

So you bow out the seconds, for that is what they are. And you set out forthwith to find seconds of your own.

Being a stranger, you know practically nobody in this community. Definitely nobody who could serve as a second. That is all right. You simply obtain an introduction to two army officers, which can always be done. They will be your seconds. They've got to serve. It is an army duty, the reason for which is lost in the dimness of old tradition. Down through the changing times, through the passage of laws strictly forbidding duelling, this duty of army officers to strangers has remained an honor which cannot be declined.

The army's view on duelling is rather peculiar, anyway. It is strictly against military regulations for an officer to duel. It is also a strict rule that he must duel when the occasion arises. So, when challenged or insulted, the army officer duels. Having duelled, he is tried, found guilty and sentenced to military imprisonment—usually for a short enough term. If he refused to duel, he is

Continued on page 170

Enemies at Democracy's Table

Totalitarian groups are always loud in their demands for tolerance until they succeed in displacing their opponents

by EDWARD HUNTER

• ARTICLE •

False friends have brought about the sorry plight of Democracy all around the world. Where it has been crushed, we find it the work of trusted leaders who had sworn to uphold it. Where it hasn't already been replaced, we find it is struggling against extinction, or exists in name only.

Each new attempt to preserve democratic principles seems only to provide aggressors with more time in which to present the world with *faits accompli*, that final argument in totalitarian diplomacy. Everywhere, from Europe to Asia, I have been hearing the blame put on the blunders of statesmen, the ineptitude of diplomats, and the inefficiency of politicians. But the facts are blacker than that.

It was none of these frailties, for example, that brought King George II back to Athens, and converted the Greek Republic into a dictatorship. The Venizelos uprising provided a convenient excuse. "Please cable to America that the government is fighting to preserve the Republic," the suave Maximos asked me, fresh from his post as Foreign Minister and Governor of the National Bank. He expressed indignant amazement over proclamations in which Venizelos was telling his followers that this was their last chance to prevent a government conspiracy to overturn the Democracy.

"We shall continue our fight for the maintenance of popular freedom," declared Premier Tsaldaris, and this became the battle cry under which General Kondylis led the troops. Once the opposition was crushed, however, all pretense was dropped, and the throne restored.

Spain was a close parallel. In similar fashion, Madrid called out its army in 1934 "to preserve the Republic." The excuse at that time was a general strike that followed a shakeup in the cabinet. Republican leaders who had called the strike declared that they did so only because the new cabinet was framed so as to restore dictatorship and bring back King Alfonso.

The Civil Governor who threw me into jail at San Sebastian for trying to get to Oviedo to see the fighting was loud in his protestations that the military suppression and wholesale arrests were solely for the protection of Democracy. Yet, these were the individuals whom I found leading the Civil War a couple of years later to make Spain a dictatorship. No, these men weren't inefficient; they were only too efficient.

It is by swearing allegiance to Democracy, and receiving high positions of trust, that its enemies within are sapping the foundations of democratic states until they collapse in internal strife. This was the strategy used by Dollfuss and Schuschnigg in Austria, only instead of the plum falling into their own hands, it fell into Hitler's.

Schuschnigg was an avowed monarchist. Officially, he opposed the return of Archduke Otto. Unofficially, he gave every assistance to the monarchists. All that prevented him from bringing the Hapsburgs back was opposition from abroad.

When visiting the French Riviera shortly after becoming Chancellor, Schuschnigg frankly told foreign correspondents that Otto's return already had been decided on, with only the date remaining unfixed. When foreign nations protested, it was a simple expedient to say that he was misquoted.

Austrian diplomats were never so active as when in behalf of a member of the royal family. When a Hapsburg Prince was indicted in Paris for embezzlement in connection with a plot to overturn the Austrian Republic and restore the Monarchy, it was the Austrian Embassy that intervened in his favor. It even facilitated his flight from France.

The monarchists, fascists and Nazis succeeded so well in weakening the Republic that when the test came, Austria didn't raise a finger to save its independence.

We find this same sort of strategy being used in France. Despatches from Berlin and Rome have long been referring to an expected fascist *coup d'état* at Paris. Germany and Italy even have framed their foreign policy with this in mind. The situation at Paris is considered similar to that of Rome, Vienna and Madrid, prior to the totalitarian putsch in those capitals. This isn't based on speculation, either.

Royalists and fascists have inveigled themselves into French Government posts, maintaining an espionage service against their own country. The subsidies that French newspapers and newspapermen receive from Germany and Italy have been amply proved.

André Tardieu admitted in a court of law that when he was a Cabinet Minister, and even as Premier, he arranged for the government to finance the fascist leader, Colonel François de la Rocque.

The Republic thus gave de la Rocque the money with which to hold practice mobilizations of his fascist battalions at key points throughout the nation. This was at a time when he was preparing to overthrow the Republic, and publicly proclaiming the approach of the hour "H" to followers who gave him the fascist salute.

Tardieu's exposure was a bit of Gallic revenge against the French fascist chief for getting cold feet and not throwing his regiments into the bloody riots against Parliament in February of 1934. This would have been sufficient to add France to the totalitarian states.

That subsidy, too, like the resort to arms in Greece in 1933, and in Spain in 1934, was explained as intended to preserve the Republic.

Henri de Kerillis, a Deputy in the French Parliament, was the Duce's most enthusiastic spokesman in France during the Italo-Ethiopian War. As editor of the widely-circulating *Echo de Paris*, he concluded a lengthy interview with the Italian Dictator by expressing the hope in print that France, too, would soon come under the sway of a Mussolini. Yet, to become a member of Parliament, he had to swear to be loyal to the French Republic.

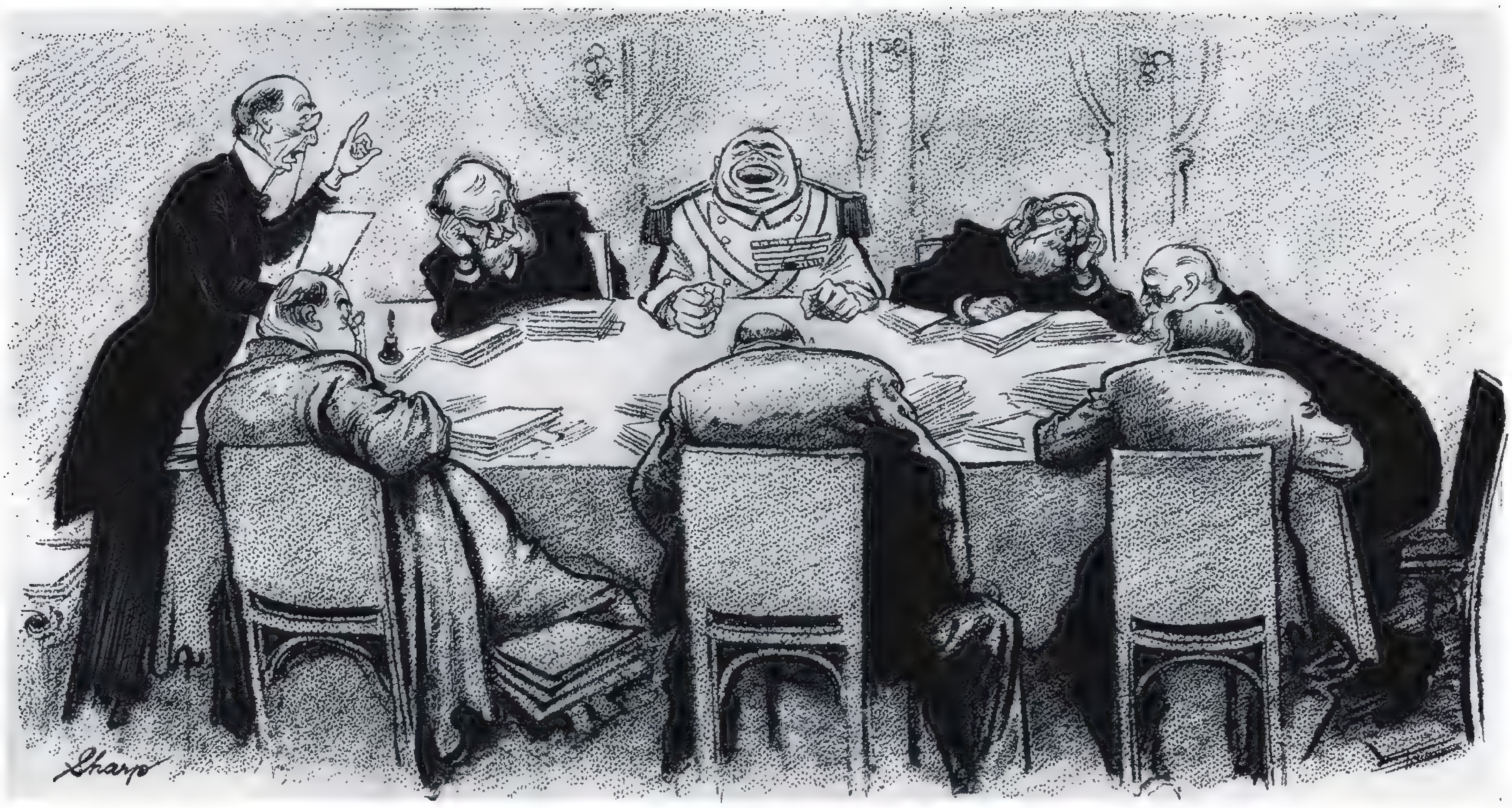
In England, I came up against this same situation. Government sources secretly assisted the fascist movement there under the same pretext of defending Democracy. Although matters of that sort aren't aired in court in that country, as in impulsive France, they do leak out. One of the men who helped the British blackshirts get a start told me how it was done.

While attached to the Intelligence Service of the British army, he had been summoned to London and informed that the government wanted to smoke out the communists, who were becoming active underground. He was instructed to stage a demonstration for the blackshirt movement that was then just being organized. "It'll bring the reds out of their holes," he was told.

He was a soldier and obeyed orders, receiving a broken shoulder blade for his pains. As a soldier, he didn't inquire whether this was just foolhardiness, or a deliberate tactic by men who were fascinated by the strong-arm methods of a Hitler or a Mussolini.

This sympathy among influential, upper-class Englishmen for the rough-rider tactics of dictatorship is no secret. Only the aristocratic West End of London, for instance, applauded the newsreels that showed German labor regimentation being viewed by the Duke of Windsor. It was certainly not the dethroned King who was being applauded.

The most powerful of these British protagonists of fascism is not the wavering Sir Oswald Mosley, who officially heads the movement, but the enormously wealthy Viscount Rothermere, with Ward Price as his Man Friday. As publisher of the *Daily Mail*, the influence that Lord Rothermere wields cannot be measured by the usual yardstick, for in addition to the many millions reached by his newspapers, he is a power in the British upper classes, which supply the men who govern England. He publicly came out for the blackshirts until a falling circulation forced him to soft-pedal the movement.



It's more than a coincidence that in every grave international crisis since Mussolini figuratively marched on Rome, Viscount Rothermere has supported the position taken by the Duce. Never once in an international crisis has he not supported Hitler. He holds the same unbroken record in regard to Japan. It is not to defend Democracy in England that he consistently pleads for the restoration of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. Yet, this is the man who has been entrusted with such influential government posts as Secretary of State for Air.

All this is done, too, in the name of preserving the Englishman his liberties.

One of the most vivid examples of a double-crossing given to Democracy was the trust that Republican Germany put in Col. Franz von Papen. This former Military Attaché to the United States, who was expelled for intrigue, took advantage of his post as Vice-Chancellor of the German Republic to stab the Weimar Constitution in the back and grease the track for Hitler's assumption of power. As is customary in such cases, he was rewarded with high office after the Republic was overthrown.

The Embassies of the totalitarian nations are propaganda bureaus that have the advantage of being immune from search and seizure because of their diplomatic status. When I edited an English-language newspaper in Peiping, China, I discovered that one of my reporters was collecting a salary at the German Legation for getting out a so-called independent news service that was being supplied to me!

These nations recognize no borders except their own, which they demand be hermetically sealed. Only after Switzerland unexpectedly put its foot down, for instance, was Germany forced to return a refugee journalist named Berthold Jacob, who had been lured from France, seized on Swiss soil by Gestapo agents, and then kidnaped into Germany. This case was unusual only because the victim was returned to Switzerland and the blame for the snatch officially admitted.

Everywhere that Democracy has been weakened and then overturned, the same tactic was pursued of demanding all the privileges of Democracy, even while accepting foreign money and following foreign instructions. This demand for tolerance by intolerant groups, until they have succeeded in displacing their opponents, is part of every totalitarian campaign for power.

That is how it worked out in unhappy Danzig. Only yesterday it was the Nazis of Austria. Now it is the Nazis of Czechoslovakia who are the loudest in employing this tactic. The governments of many smaller countries, such as Switzerland, have fully exposed this strategy.

Yet, it is just as prevalent in bigger nations, although more concealed. In every foreign country, adherents of dictatorship insist on participating in all democratic functions, especially the right to hold office in the civil and military services. The opponents of Democracy proceed everywhere on the theory that this is a period of war, and that all is fair in war.

II

The same dismal story permeates all international relations. Our widely publicized international conferences have not only failed, but advanced the cause of fascism. Each time, the reason was the same. Sabotage of democratic principles.

Everything the League does shows this influence. In every deed, the League has tried to conciliate its dictatorial members, making concessions that have resulted in one democratic surrender after another. Yet, these same diplomatic formulas and "points of procedure" remain the pet resort of foreign offices such as the British. Each time, just so much more of Democracy's remaining strength is chiseled away.

Before the Commission of Inquiry formula to end the Manchurian warfare was tried out, for instance, the territory had already been detached from China. Danzig also was the recipient of one of the British formulas to preserve Democracy, and now there's no more Democracy left to preserve in Danzig.

Each of these formulas is alike in evading the issue. When England persuaded the League to let Poland and Germany reach a settlement between themselves in Danzig, the vital fact that both states entrusted with safeguarding a democratic regime were already totalitarian was tactfully ignored. Simultaneously, Sean Lester, the League's High Commissioner, was dismissed for trying to maintain democratic principles at Danzig, and replaced by a man who, like the three Chinese monkeys, speaks not, sees not and hears not.

A beautifully phrased formula was evolved to prevent interference by foreign powers in the Spanish Civil War. Humiliating concessions were made to Italy, Germany and Portugal to induce them to join. This was the signal for intervention by foreign nations to become more pronounced than ever, with greater supplies of men, airplanes, munitions.

The world was reminded of this betrayal of Democracy by Anthony Eden when he was Foreign Minister. He told the House of Commons that there were many members of the League "who want General Franco to win." While Democracy was trying to ignore it, the fascist countries were proceeding on the theory that the Spanish civil strife was an ideological war in which there were only two sides, fascist and non-fascist.

Yet, democracies keep devising diplomatic formulas which can only succeed if put into practice in accordance with democratic principles. Compromises then are made to persuade the fascist states to participate. The half-truths that result are more dangerous than complete lies, for they fool so many people.

An investigation into how Democracy has been immobilized in international affairs, where it hasn't been suppressed, reveals a

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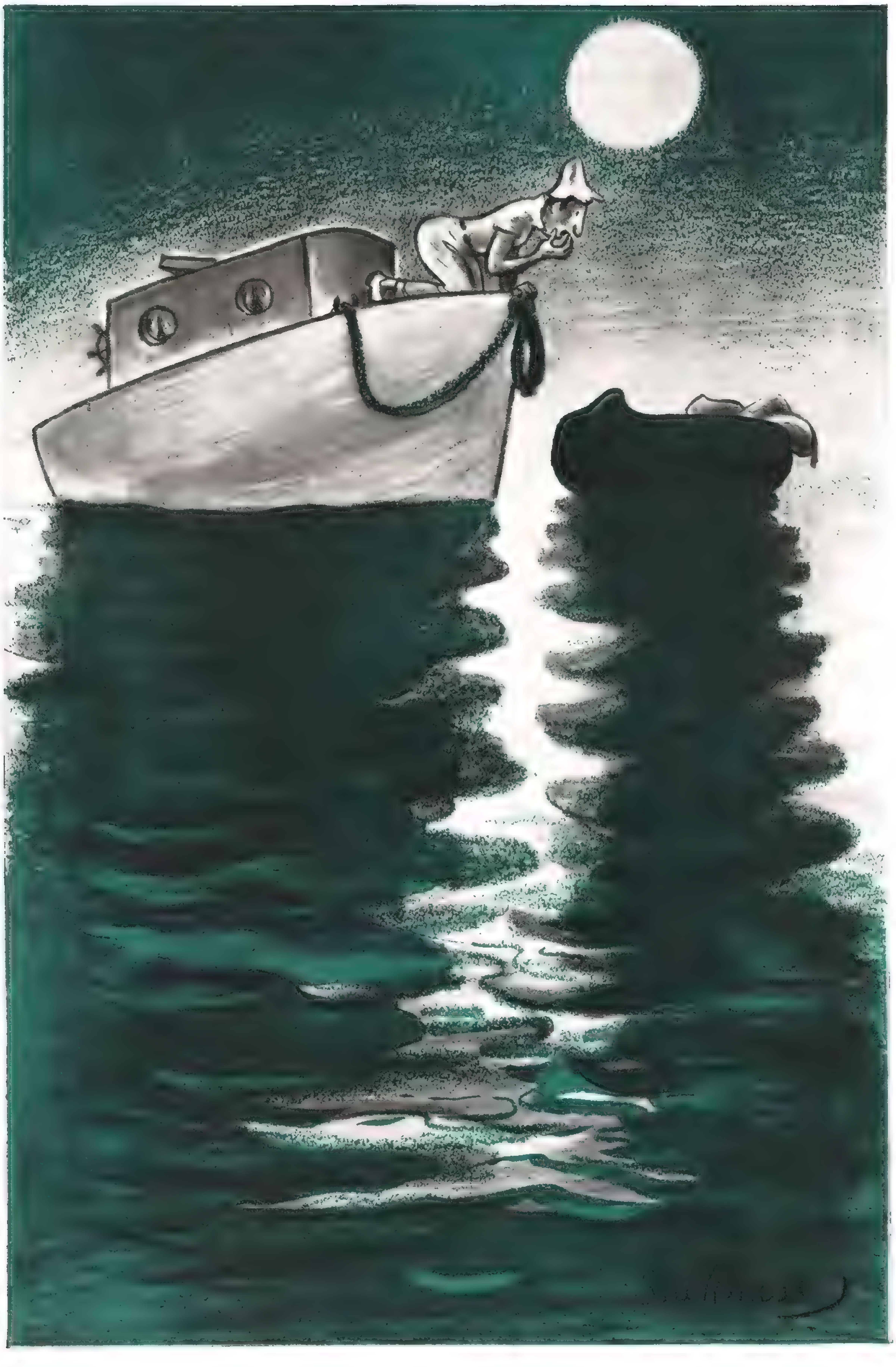


"Oh pardon me—I thought this canoe was adrift!"

Artistic Integrity

The hard-boiled bartender had to admit there were two writers left in Hollywood a man could respect

by MILT GROSS & MAXWELL SHANE

▪ SATIRE ▪

CAST OF CHARACTERS
Jim Figgis . . . *A Free Lance Writer*
Larry Pewtree *Another Free Lance*
Eddie Godge . . . . *A Bartender*

Figgis: Hya, Pewtree. What're you drinking?

Pewtree: I don't know. You just ask for Scotch and this is what you get.

Figgis: Make mine the same. With lotsa soda. REAL soda. Not the stuff you make with those little bullets in the back room, Eddie.

Bartender: Here, pour it yourself.

Pewtree: What're you working on, Figgis?

Figgis: An original.

Bartender: Oh, YOU'RE on a layoff, too.

Figgis: Who said I was on a layoff? I'm doing one for Crawford.

Pewtree: Gee, that's swell.

Bartender: What are they paying you?

Pewtree: That's right. What ARE they paying you?

Figgis: Well, I got a special arrangement with the story editor.

Bartender: Yeah. She promised to read anything he writes.

Figgis: I don't know why I drink in here.

Bartender: Any time you want to pay this bill, you can stop.

Figgis: Got YOUR original sold?

Pewtree: My agent thinks it's a honey.

Bartender: Well, that's ten per cent of the battle.

Figgis: What's your story angle?

Bartender: Wait a minute! You got it registered?

Pewtree: Sure. Listen to this. A guy's driving a cab, see—

Bartender: He's really a G man, only WE don't know it, huh?

Pewtree: Hey, did I tell you this before?

Bartender: No, but I saw it twice on a double bill at the Drive-In Theatre last week.

Pewtree: Yeah, but this has a twist. The guy gets plugged by gangsters and his head falls over on the horn button and it keeps blowing. Get it? Dead Man Calls For Help. That's Box Office!

Figgis: That's terrific!

Bartender: De Maupassant did it.

Pewtree: Not THIS way.

Bartender: No, they didn't have autos then. Might make a B for Twentieth Century-Ratoff.

Pewtree: What's the Crawford yarn, Figgis?

Figgis: Well, Crawford's working in a Five and Ten Store. This millionaire walks in to buy a collar for his cat.

Bartender: A character!

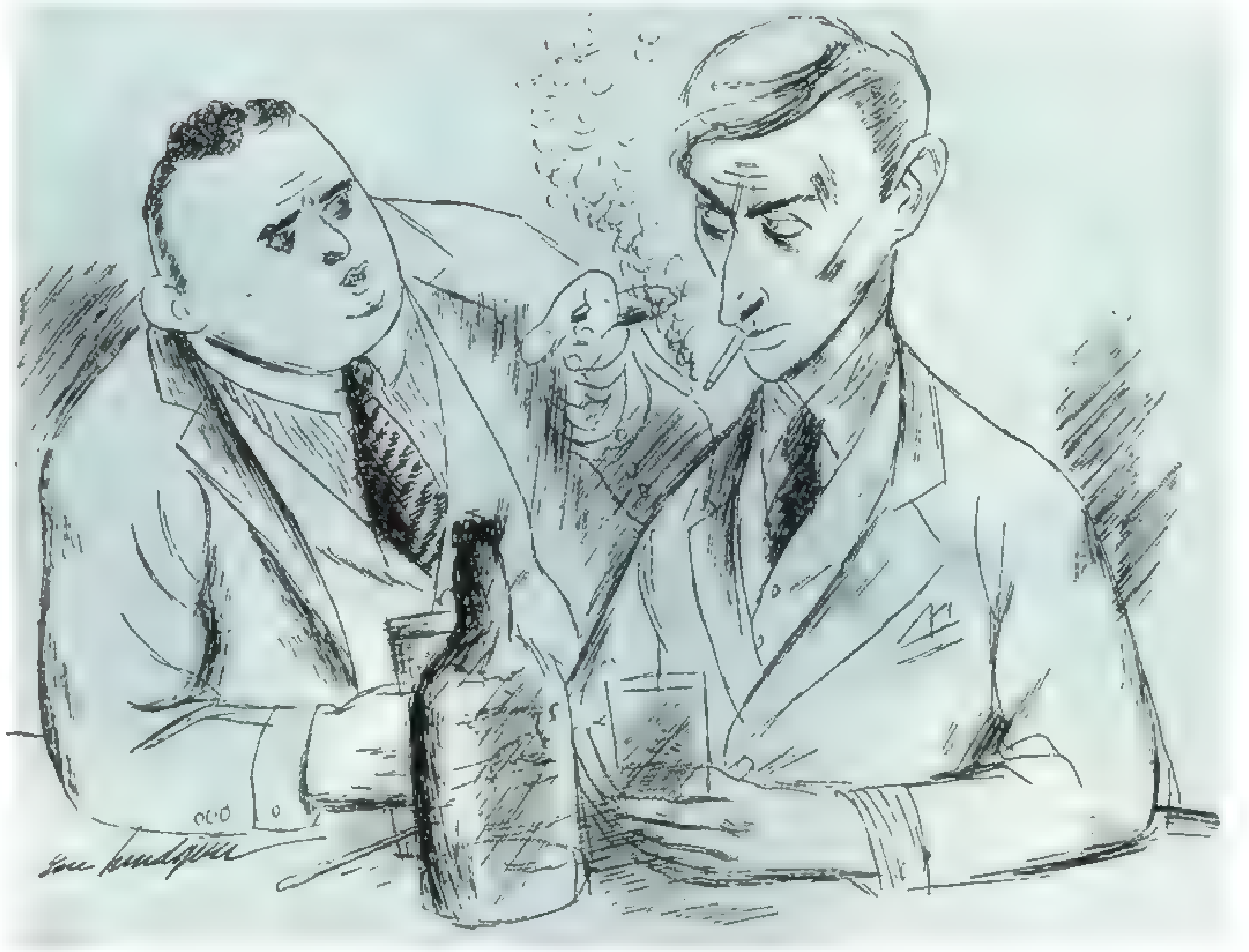
Figgis: So he sees Crawford and he buys one of everything from her.

Bartender: Then he dates her up, huh?

Figgis: Sure, but we got a twist. He decorates his penthouse with all the trinkets he bought from Crawford.

Pewtree: Let's see. Didn't McDonald do that in *Butterfly?*

Bartender: Only that was with vegetables.



Figgis: He gets her up to the penthouse. She don't know what he's got in his mind.

Bartender: But we do.

Figgis: Well, after some terrific complications, which I'll work out later, she slaps his face and that makes him realize what a heel he is.

Bartender: The Guild touch!

Figgis: And then comes the clincheroo.

Bartender: That's good enough for Crawford.

Figgis: You bet it is. As long as they pay off, I'll give 'em their Boy Meets Girl stuff.

Pewtree: No use giving 'em anything new. They wouldn't know what to do with it.

Figgis: Nah. No place for artistic integrity in this business.

Bartender: All right, Artistic Integrity, what'll you have? I got overhead on these glasses. Can't have 'em standing idle.

Pewtree: Stop talking like a producer. Two more Scotches.

Figgis: Yeah. What's wrong with artistic integrity?

Bartender: You tell me what it is, and I'll tell you what's wrong with it.

Pewtree: I'll tell you what it is. It's holding on to an idea like I'm doing. There ain't enough dough in Hollywood to buy this idea. Why? Cause they'd mutilate it, ruin it, butcher it, and prostitute it. Well, they're not going to do that to this story. This is one I'm SAVING!

Figgis: You're not the only one. I got one I'm saving, too. And none of these producers will ever get their hooks into this one to dumb it down for the Bank Night fans.

Bartender: What's wrong with Bank Night? What do you think drags in the baboonery to see those triple features of yours?

Pewtree: That's not the point. Here's one they won't drag anybody in to see cause they're not going to get it to make. Why, Schenck stopped right in the middle of a rumba and dragged me out behind the Troc begging me to tell it to him

Figgis: I wouldn't tell MINE to no producer.

Pewtree: Did I say I TOLD him? I said, "Joe, there ain't enough money in the Chase National Bank to buy this one. Pictures ain't advanced enough for it. It requires a new medium."

Figgis: Television!

Bartender: Nah. The actors come out blue.

Figgis: That's good, you didn't tell him.

Pewtree: What? Tell THAT story to a producer? They couldn't sweat it out of me in the back room of a police station.

Figgis: Me, too. If they let me produce this story of mine myself, and promised me La Cava in the director's chair, they couldn't get it. I'm saving it.

Bartender: You're not saving that glass, are you?

Figgis: All right. Fill 'em up. What are you calling yours?

Pewtree: How's THIS for a title. Dogs and People. Heroic, huh?

Bartender: Allegorical!

Pewtree: It's all about a dog. Hey, wait a minute! Listen—this is strictly between us!

Bartender: Masonic!

Figgis: Under the hat.

Pewtree: Understand, not a word to a soul.

Bartender: Who, me? I live way up in Laurel Canyon. I never see anybody.

Pewtree: Well, this dog disappears for twenty years.

Bartender: That's got zoompf!

Pewtree: Well, this dog—

Figgis: That's good. Now mine is about a—

Bartender: Hey—sh—Listen, boys! Re-

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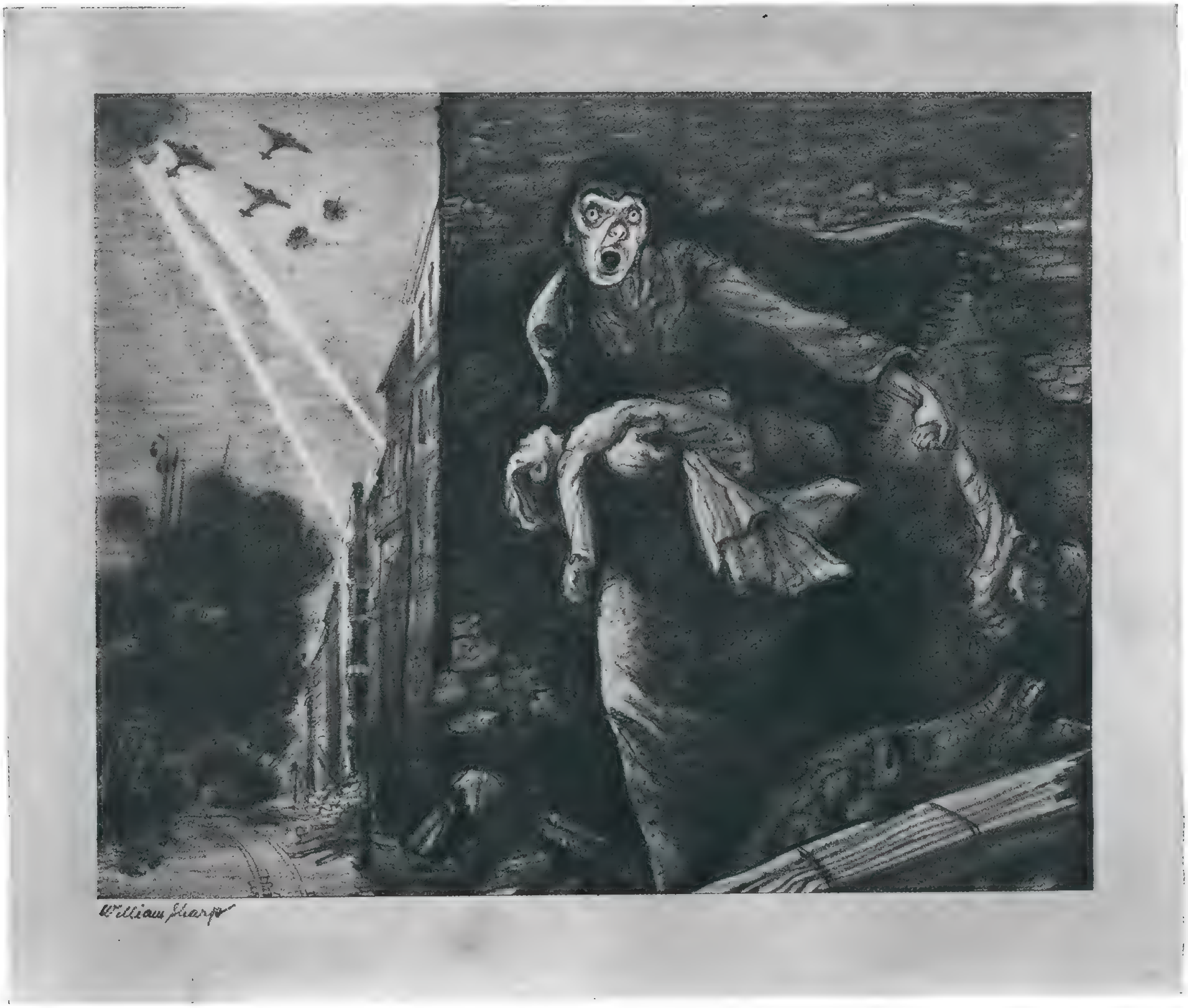


Air Raid: Barcelona

by LANGSTON HUGHES

LITHOGRAPH BY WILLIAM SHARP

Black smoke of sound
Curls against the midnight sky.

Deeper than a whistle,
Louder than a cry,
Worse than a scream
Tangled in the wail
Of a nightmare dream,
The siren
Of the air raid sounds.

Flames and bombs and
Death in the ear!
The siren announces
Planes drawing near.
Down from bedrooms
Stumble women in gowns.
Men, half-dressed,
Carrying children rush down.
Up in the sky-lanes
Against the stars
A flock of death birds
Whose wings are steel bars
Fill the sky with a low dull roar
Of a plane,
two planes,
three planes,
five planes,
or more.
The anti-aircraft guns bark into space.
The searchlights make wounds
On the night's dark face.
The siren's wild cry
Like a hollow scream
Echoes out of hell in a nightmare dream.
Then the BOMBS fall!
All other noises are nothing at all
When the first BOMBS fall.
All other noises are suddenly still
When the BOMBS fall.
All other noises are deathly still
As blood spatters the wall
And the whirling sound
Of the iron star of death
Comes hurtling down.
No other noises can be heard
As a child's life goes up
In the night like a bird.
Swift pursuit planes
Dart over the town,
Steel bullets fly
Slitting the starry silk
Of the sky:
A bomber's brought down
In flames orange and blue,
And the night's all red
Like blood, too.
The last BOMB falls.

The death birds wheel East
To their lairs again
Leaving iron eggs
In the streets of Spain.
With wings like black cubes
Against the far dawn,
The stench of their passage
Remains when they're gone.
In what was a courtyard
A child weeps alone.

Men uncover bodies
From ruins of stone.

The Clever Grandma

When the World War broke out, the old countess was serene, for she had hidden away the family jewels

by SÁNDOR HUNYADY

• FICTION •

The old countess was a little, thin woman, small as a moth. She had cross-eyes, a limp, rheumatism, of years more than ninety-nine; and still she was incessantly smiling, drawing her eternal mirth from some unknown stratum of the human soul.

The garden was full of summer scents; the red and white striped awning of the terrace glared in the sunshine; wasps were flitting above the breakfast table around the cream, the sugar, the butter.

Dressed in her black alpaca summer habit, with the ageless health of thin old people, the old countess fidgeted at the head of the table. In her eyes, on her mouth a slyly mysterious, joyful smile.

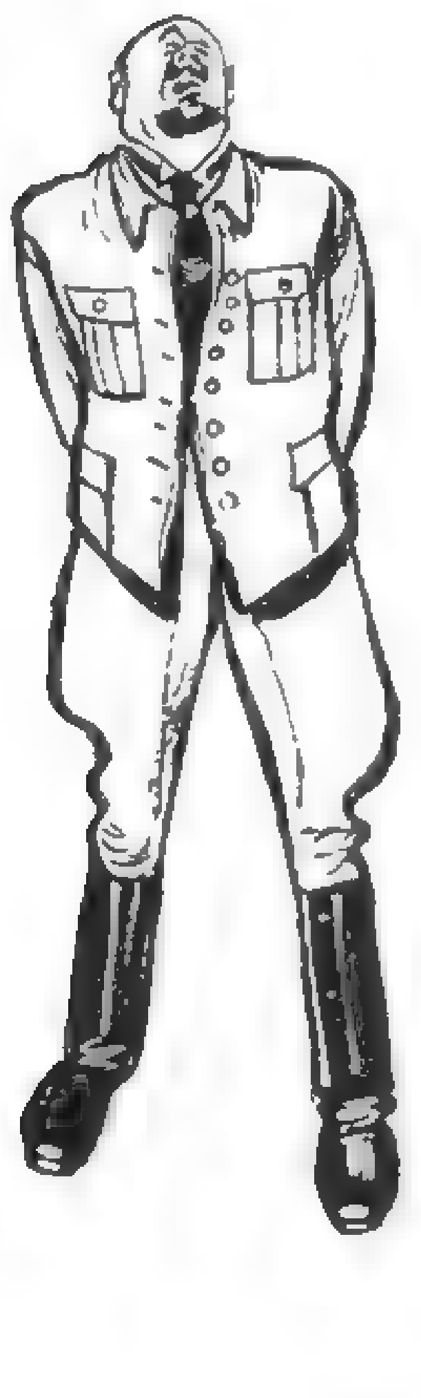
Some member of the family remarked:

"Grandma is certainly in good fettle today."

"I am. My legs don't hurt me, and the dentist has sent back from town my mended teeth—" said the old countess.

And with her gleaming ridges of porcelain teeth she grinned at her sons, daughters, sons-in-law, daughters-in-law, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, at the bucolic long table, amid the scent of flowers, coffee and honey, with the wasps humming in and out.

To be quite frank, there was nothing in particular to be joyful about on that morning. It was August, 1914; the War had already started. Three of the men wore uniforms. The eyes of three young women were red from crying. And the eighteen-year-old Count Tibor had announced to his father his irrevocable decision to volunteer for army service.



Of course, the old countess knew that there was a war. Only she didn't know exactly the significance of the war. What it meant to her family. With the queer, illogical stubbornness of senility she kept on harping on a wild tale of her youth. It had happened during the War of 1848. The invasion of the Russian armies. It was terrible! All of a sudden they heard the trumpets. The Cossacks rode wildly into the court. The bellies of their hairy little horses were foamy with sweat. A bearded Cossack officer with six soldiers jumped down from the saddle. They went into the castle. Through the salon, through the dining room, directly into Aunt Emma's bedroom. And there, as if they had known the layout of the whole place, they walked straight up to the desk. They pried the drawer open. There, in a silver box, were all the family jewels of Aunt Emma. The officer put the box under his arm. The squadron drenched their horses: they rode away. They never saw so much as a ring of the loot again. The communal heart of the family was still aching because of this loss. Well, this time no such thing will happen. In the mind of the old countess that occurrence constituted the gravest danger that war had to offer. And the reason that the old lady was in such an extraordinary manner satisfied with the world on this sunny August morning was that she was satisfied with herself. At daybreak she had hidden away in a safe place the last ruby-set brooch of the family jewels, which rightfully belonged to her. She, as the senior of the family, kept the whole hoard in her dresser in a steel box. The old countess had no clear conception of the possibilities of modern warfare. She was afraid of the enemy. Who knew which of them would come this time? Perhaps the French. Perhaps the English, or even the Russians. If their armies overran the castle, the soldiers would find the steel box empty.

The treasure had been hidden away in all sorts of sly places. Every single piece of it, from the quarter-million pearl necklace to the golden ducats of old Kanut de Rábafö.

The old countess did not mention her cleverness. What she had done, she had done for her family. Why boast about such things? A secret remains a secret only as long as no more than one person knows about it. She remained silent. Rather let her achievement remain unapplauded.

From her red-rimmed old eyes, long since faded from blue to grey, she looked playfully at the family as if she were just saying to herself:

"Well, well. Just chirp, you light-headed fledglings. Don't you worry! I am here. I'll take care of our property!"

* * *

Three years had passed. The War was approaching its end. Life was beginning to be restive. Even in that sweetly, mildly hilly Transdanubian landscape where the old countess was presiding over three generations of her family.

Count Kelemen, himself a man of fifty, tenderly sat aside with the old countess.

"Dear Grandma, please give me the valuables. This is a troubled world. We ought to put the jewelry in some safe place."

Grandma's old eyes shone triumphantly.

"Don't you worry. I hid everything away three years ago myself."

"That's very nice, Grandma. Thank you very much, but now it's time that we took it out from the place where you hid it. The best place for it is in Budapest in the safe of some bank. Where did you put it, Grandma? Please tell me. Please give the things to me. Can't you see I'm all in from worry?"

Grandma fell a-thinking. She blinked with her small chicken eyes. Then she burst out crying, wringing her hands:

"I *did* hide it away. But I don't know *where*. In the lamp. In the garden. Under the rug. Some of it I even buried. But I have forgotten."

Count Kelemen began to beat his forehead with his fists. Why had he been so stupid and irresponsible as not to take charge of the family treasure in time? But she was laughing gleefully again. She made little clucks like a hen. She liked the story. She had hidden away all those jewels, and

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You Can't Trust an American

Charnelhouse Mice Poison, Limited confidentleh expected to find the Amedican mouse more or less naïve

by LOUIS PAUL

• SATIRE •

The Gentleman's Club in Twiddenham is a restful place. Its appointments, if not lush, are pleasant. One drops in at eleven for an eye-opener; from twelve to two, lunch with Peterson-Jones, who has little to say—a capital fellow. Later one may come upon Lord Broadknoll, young fifth Earl of Chisham, in the clubrooms above. Major (Sir Robert) Mawkley, R. A., D. M. Ret., is bound to be about. When Mawkley joins us at our table we resignedly order another bottle apiece and settle back to listen. Ransome, an Epsom Downs bookie, comes in to take a wager or two. He remarks, "The *Standard* man puts Barbary Coast down as the favorite in the Nobnerry Stikes, milors."

"I fahncy Soap Eraser, sir," snorts Mawkley. "Barbary Coast is an Amedican runnah."

"An Amedican runnah?" says Lord Broadknoll "What's wrong with an Amedican runnah?"

"Why, you cahn't trust an Amedican, you know."

"Cahn't one, rilly, Mawkleh?" Thus Lord Broadknoll.

"A sorry lot, the Amedicans."

"This is a norse, milors," protests Ransome. "A norse is different as folks, beggin' yer pardon, S' Robert. A norse ayn't got no notions o' nartionality."

"Completeleh untrustwarthy, the Amedicans," Mawkley insists. "Sometime subsequent to the Woah I'd found it necessady to junny to Amedica. Business. One did this sort of thing at the time. It was rahther the fashion for a fellah to engage in some mannah of trade deurin' the post-War deckit. The farm in whose employ I found myself was cold Charnelhouse Mice Poison, Limited. One went about ahskin' people to buy ower Mice Poison—an extrodnry invention, I may add. One simpleh put up arsenic in gay-lookin' bottles and cold it Charnelhouse Mice Poison."

A NORSE AYN'T GOT NO NOTIONS O' NARTIONALITY!

"Devilishleh intrestin," Lord Broadknoll grunts, his eye roving toward the whisky bottle.

"The scientific thiddy upon which the invention was based was marely this. Ower chemists added bits of bread upon the thiddy that the mice would take these back to the nest as food and in one fell swoop destroy the entah nest of mice.

"Unfortunateleh, the caddiermouse, as ower professional jargon had it, invadibly gorged itself and dropped dead befoah it could return to the nest with its deadleh budden."

"It was the Amedicans whom you called untrustworthy, Mawkley, old fellah," murmurs Peterson-Jones.

"A norse, milors, is different as folks."

"I shall come to the Amedicans presentleh," says the major. Seeing his tumbler empty he absently fills it three-quarters full of Scotch and adds a quick dab of soda.

"Fascinatin' creachahs, mice," Broadknoll observes. "Ower cahstle in Broadknoll-cum-Chisham-on-Tyne is veditableh overrun with the blahstid things. The Man in Possession tells me they've eaten the portrits of the farst and second Earls but simpleh won't touch the thard. That was Henry, you know, the one who contracted the Italian disease in Paddis in Seventeen-nineteh. Completeleh astonishin' creachahs, mice. What!"

"As I say," says Mawkley, who dislikes dialogues—they interrupt his train of thought—"as I say, my farm was cold Charnelhouse Mice Poison, Limited. One went about ahskin' people—"

"You told us that part, Major," says Peterson-Jones gently. Broadknoll has gone back to his favorite pastime, the capturing of flies beneath his whisky glass. "In what instance did you discovah the Amedicans to be untrustworthy?" Peterson-Jones adds.

"The late Sir William Courtney-Llewellyne was ower Directah and chief shareholdah. A veddy monstah of intellect was Sir William. The most far-reachin' commercial intelligence on either side of the watah. In the presence of Sir William one absoluteleh felt crushed by a sense of one's own insignificance. He was simpleh one vahst brain surrounded by a body. One day Sir William cold me into his presence and ahsked me to have a chair. With all his commahndin' parsonaliteh ower Directah was a man of extrodnry democratic instincts. He invited me to have a chair. 'Mawkley, old fellah,' he began. 'Charnelhouse Mice Poison, Limited, is in a deucedleh tight spot. The facts of the mattah are simpleh these, Mawkley—we're losin' money. The demahnd for arsenic has increased a round nine and a hawf percentum in the lahst fiscal piddiod. Ower farm is teeterin', dammit, on the veddy edge of a precipice. Ower position on 'Change is an unenviable one. Ower competitahs have had it noised about that the mice simpleh will not follah the instructions printed on the labels of ower product. Needless to obsarve, Mawkley, my boy, that something drahstic must be done. Most of ower shareholdahs are widows and orphans. Dammit, Mawkley, don't sit there like a, ah, a bump on a log. Have you no constructive suggestion to offah?'

CHARNELHOUSE MICE POISON
RODNEY

"My mind," Mawkley continues, "had wandered off, as it will at times. I was somewhat knocked up for the moment by Sir William's employment of the crude Amedicanism, 'like a bump on a log.' I concentrated my entah faculties in this new direction. Suddenleh it came to me like a flahsh from the blue. 'The Amedicans!' I exclaimed. 'What about the Amedicans?' marmured Sir William, puzzled no end by my strange excitement. I was litralleh dumbfounded at the originaliteh of my ideah. 'The Amedicans!' I repeated helplessleh. 'Come, come! I take it you are somewhat off your top, old fellah,' said Sir William. 'What's all this about the Amedicans?'

" 'Sir William,' said I, and I repeat my veddy remahks wahd for wahd. 'Sir William,' said I, 'there is no race on arth quite so consistentleh gullible as the Amedicans.' 'Grahnted, Mawkley. Every citizen in His Majesty's kingdom will grahnt you that. But just what, may I enquah, does the gullibiliteh of the Amedicans have to do with ower unenviable position on 'Change?' 'Sir William,' said I, and I confess that I trembled in my excitement, 'I simpleh ahsk you to incorporate a brahnch of ower farm in Amedica and place me in charge of its faciliteh.' Sir William pondered my suggestion for hawf an hour or so. Then he shook his noble head. 'A warthy thought, Mawkley, old chap. A veddy warthy thought. But there is this to be said against it. It is the mice to whom ower product must appeal, you know, not the Amedicans.'

"I then played my trump. 'Sir William,' said I, 'May we not rahther logically asseume that the Amedican mouse is quite as gullible as the Amedican individual? Here in England we may more or less be expected to produce a somewhat supidior type of rodent.

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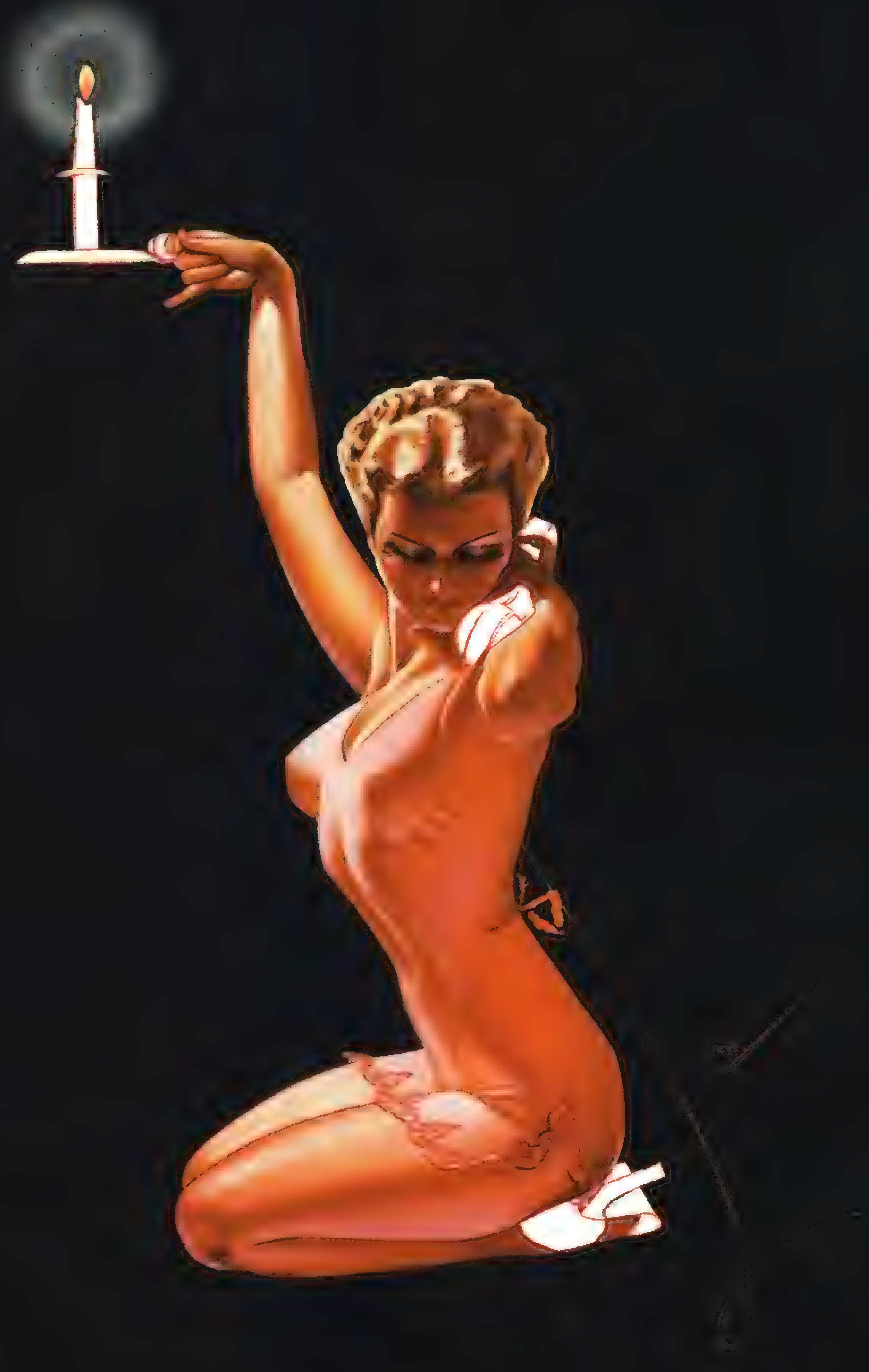
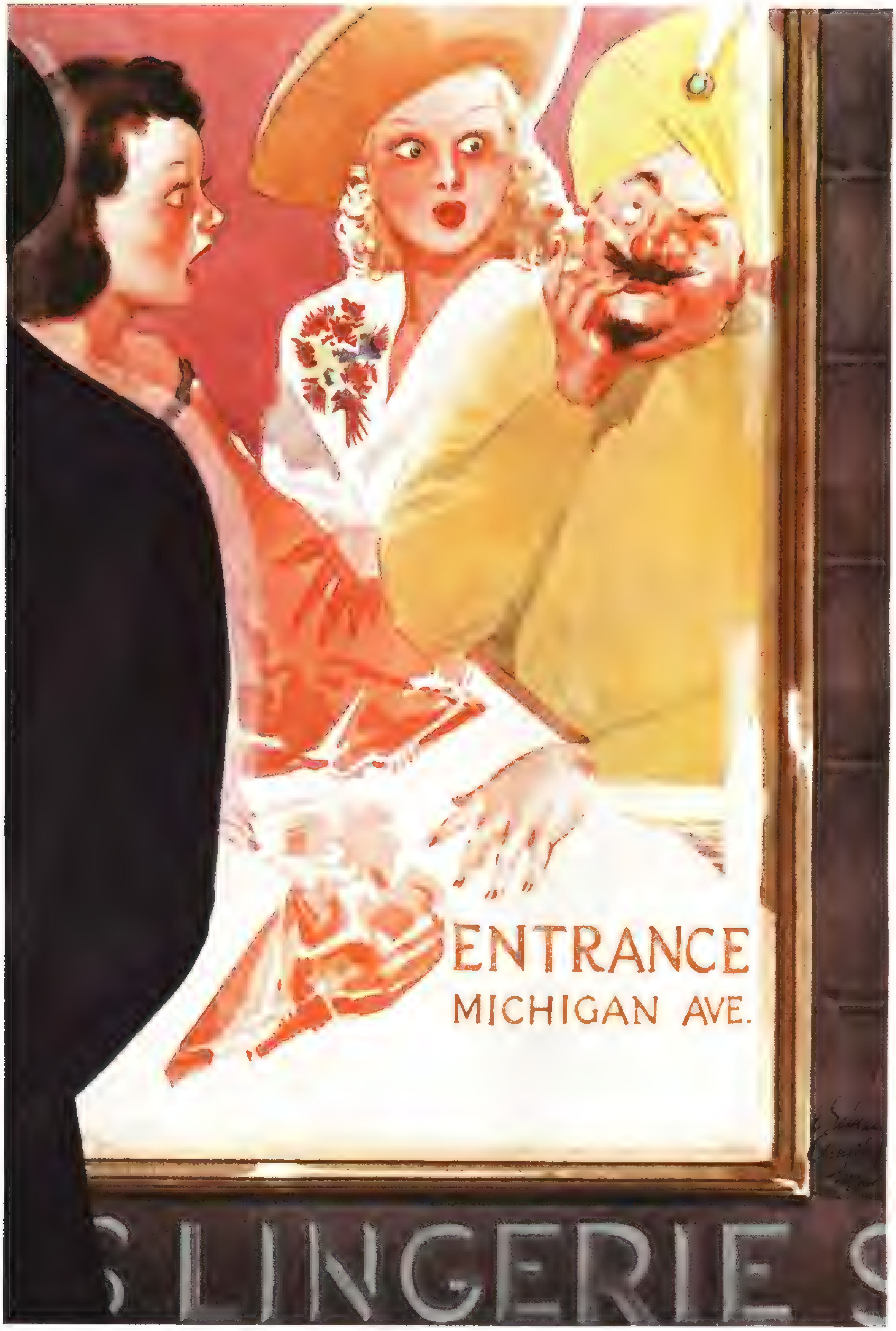


"I just told the electric company where to head in"


ENTRANCE
MICHIGAN AVE.
LINGERIE

"Twenty-one step-ins and 6—7—8—better make it 9 foundations"

A Dog from Nowhere

Why did the creature keep turning about in such joyous circles when there was no one outside the door?

by MANUEL KOMROFF

▪ FICTION ▪

"Go away!" I cried. "Go away!"

The cur stopped again and looked up into my face! His tail was between his legs. He seemed to understand the words that I shouted but he would not go away.

I would like a cocker spaniel or a wirehair or any sort of a dog at all if it only looked like a dog. But this miserable creature, homeless, dirty, with one eye running soft and one eye hard, a matted coat covering only partly some red sores on his hide, a lip cut or split showing a bad row of teeth, one ear up and one down and all over dirty grey, the color of a floor rag! What a creature! Has God no mercy? Must such things live?

"Go away! Go home! Stop following me!"

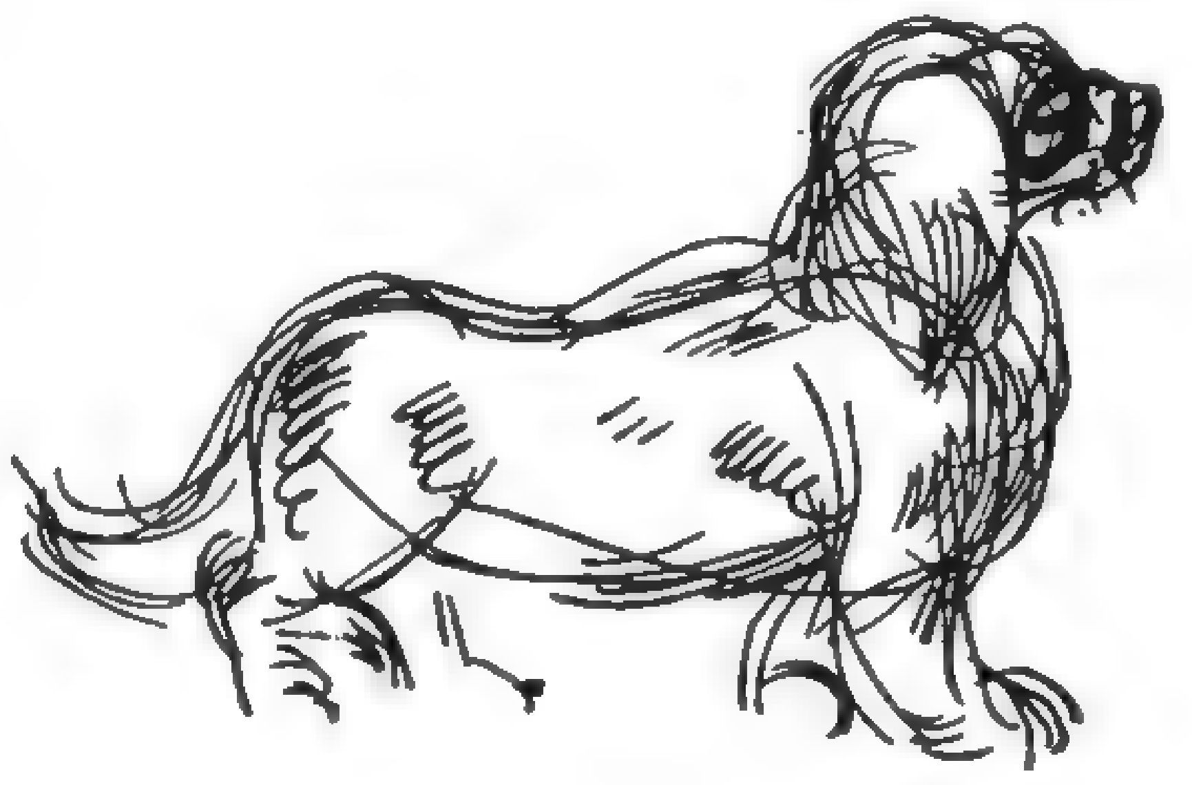
For a whole hour the dog had been walking behind me. When I shouted at him he would stop and he would wait. Then when I was about half a street away he would start and soon, in less than five minutes, this four-legged twist of canine wretchedness was again at my heels.

"Go away! Don't follow me!"

Why should such creatures live? Would not death be a warm soothing kindness? Where is the animal society that picks up these stray homeless dogs and puts them quietly out of their misery? How has this creature escaped?

These are questions that I ask! And there are more that come to my mind.

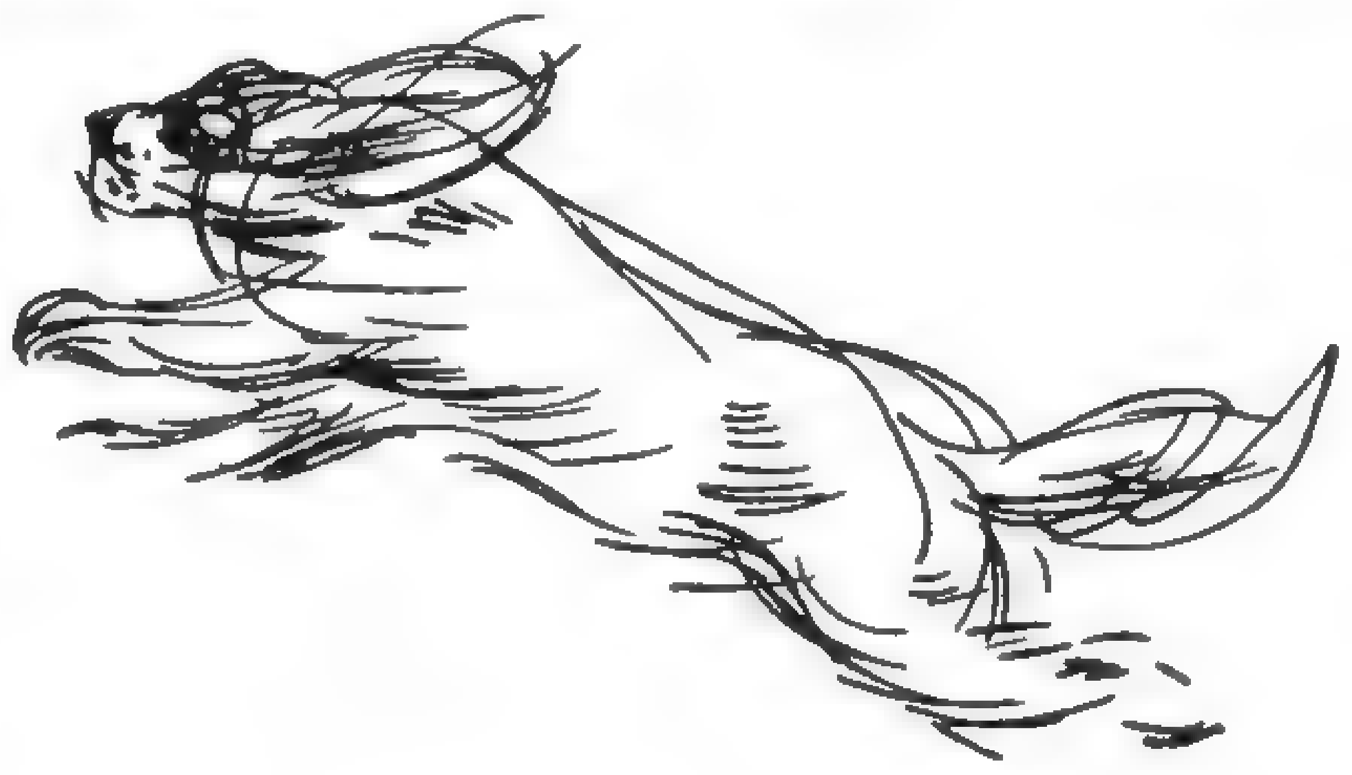
Does nature preserve the ugly, the useless, the diseased? Must wretchedness reproduce itself so that more things of this sort may continue to crawl on the surface of the earth? Is this the lovely nature that the world is built of? And must the young and beautiful and pure . . . Why must these die and the others live? Can science reply or should such an answer come direct from the great airy blue above?



And how strange that on this day it was exactly six months since the death of lovely Lydia. Her hands were white, her face was white and the long illness, the wearing days and fevered nights had weakened her so that the passing, the end, the last moment was gentle and quiet; without shock and with only a smile. At least the crossing over from this world to the other was merciful. What other!

I could raise my fist to heaven and cry out against such great injustice! What powers there are, I could curse and wish them damned! Why? Why! Why should so innocent a creature, so lovely and radiant, so full of life and so beautiful . . . Why did she have to perish and miserable mangy creatures on two legs or four—these wretches rewarded with life. Why! I cry out against nature and this evil world. Why! Who will answer?

We were happy in a world that was riddled with war and suffering. And is happiness a crime? We loved while the world around us was consumed with hatred and envy and spite. And races pitted themselves against each other. And nations and classes fell apart and a black chasm opened between them. And perhaps love was a crime, and for this we were punished with death. And happiness was rubbed away as though it were a scarlet stain.



"Go away!" I cried. "Don't follow me!"

And on this day it was exactly six months and in half an hour . . . That will be the hour. Oh Lydia! Why should this have been necessary?

It would be best to walk into the woods and sit there for half an hour. The leaves will unfold a green lace against the sky. The trees . . . Arms that stretch to heaven and roots deep in hell. The mold of dead leaves rotting in the soft ground will also be a symbol of something. And then perhaps in a pathless place between brush and trees it may be possible to lose that filthy, stinking, four-legged, pus-running, cowardly, he-bitch a dog!

"Go away! Stop following me!"

I thought perhaps this had done the trick. He could not find his way through the woods and at last I lost this persistently tagging cur. All was quiet and the silence seemed to speak magic words that do not exist in any language. There are words that tell of things beautiful and far away and yet they are not words at all.

But suddenly there was a slight sound as though something were stirring through a bush. I turned about. Nothing was to be seen. And then at that moment there was a sharp pain in my heart as though a pin had scratched it. It passed quickly. I looked at my watch. How strange! This was exactly the moment six months ago. How strange? And putting my watch back into my pocket I looked down at the ground and there before me was the filthy dog.

He looked at me and expected me to shout out and drive him off. But when I did not do so he wagged his tail and after a moment he sat down before me and waited.

All right. Have it your way. You want to follow me, then follow me.

"Come!" I called aloud. "Come. We are going home."

The dog jumped up with a bound. His tail shook with joy.

He ran ahead of me, behind me and around me and he led the way through the woods.

"That's right. We are going home."

Was I a man or a flabby fish to allow a low creature to have his way? From this day on would all have power over me? Would I become the weak victim of every persistent fool? No! I had a plan.

"Come! We are going home."

But I knew very well that the moment I got through the door I was going to telephone to the animal society. The wagon would arrive and the men with gauntlets on their hands would put him into a wicker basket and take him to the pond. And he would never again . . . Never. Never. Never.

"Come!" I called.

He wagged his tail and ran on joyously with a hop and a side-step. He seemed to understand my words. And perhaps he knew more.

He ran to the end of the street and waited. He waited to see which way I would turn. But he seemed to know the direction. And what is more he stopped and sat down at the gate of the house.

How did this creature know the house? Was it through his power of scent? Or did he know it through some other power; through some dark hidden force, a force secret and mysterious?

These questions came to my mind but I did not want to try to fathom them because I clung to a single idea and this thought I did not want shaken out of my mind.

I opened the door and said: "Come in!"

The creature stood on the step and hesitated. So much kindness he did not expect.

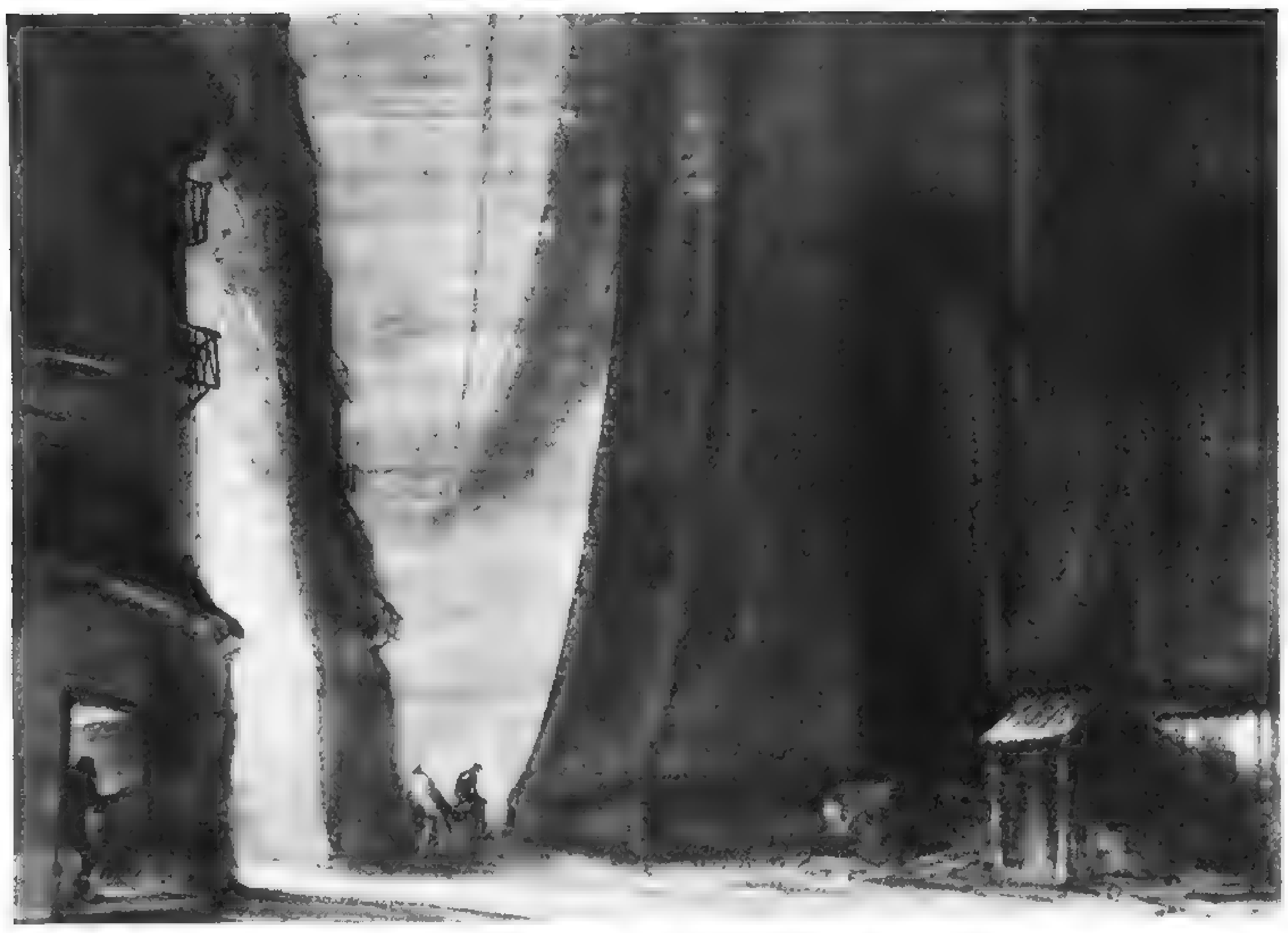
"Come in," I repeated.

His tail wagged weakly but still he hesitated. Warm shelter he had not known and only garbage scraps had been his food.

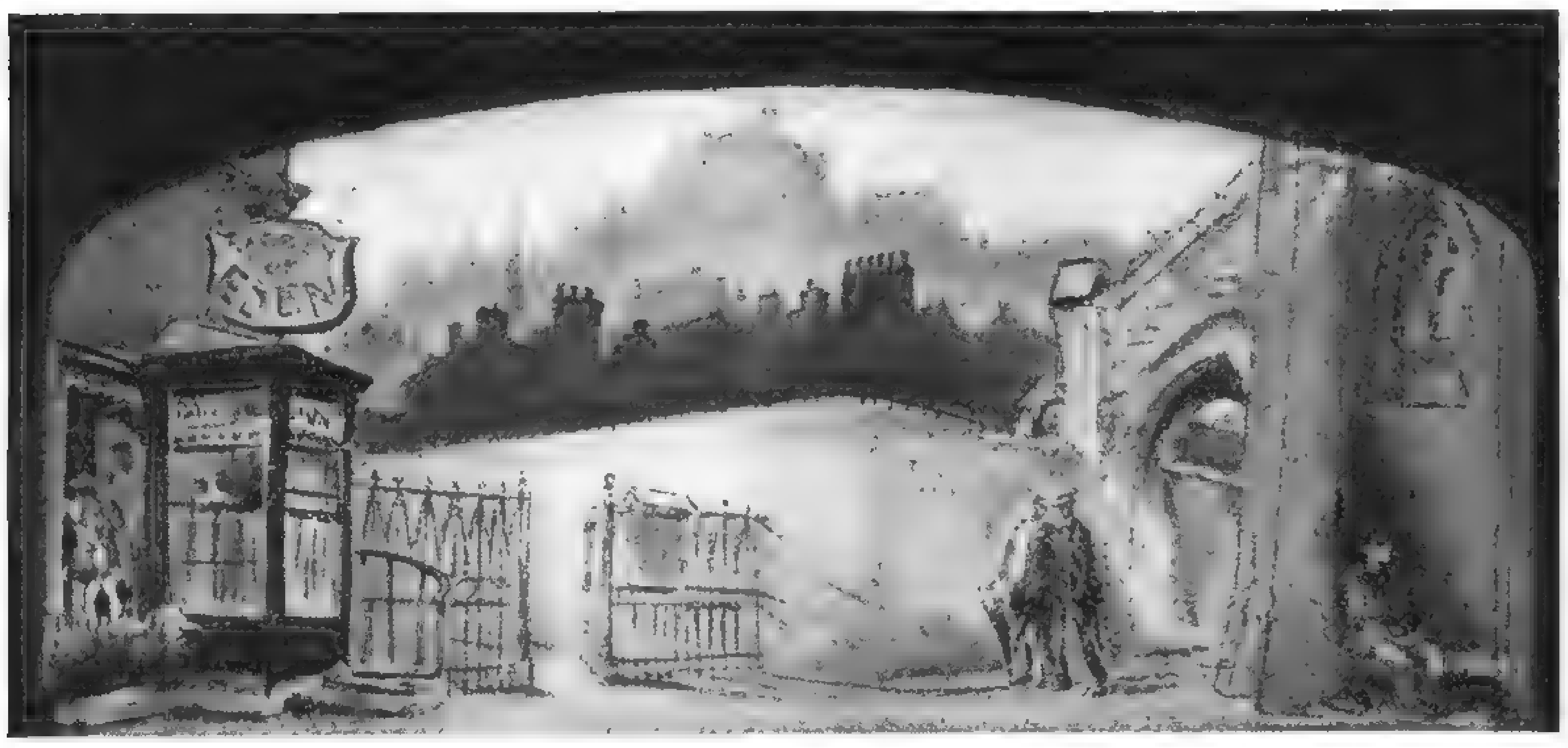
I held the door open and again I called, this time quite gently: "Come in."

He walked cautiously into the hall. His feet seemed to touch the rug lightly as though he feared to bring the stain of his wretched condition into a place clean, warm, protected.

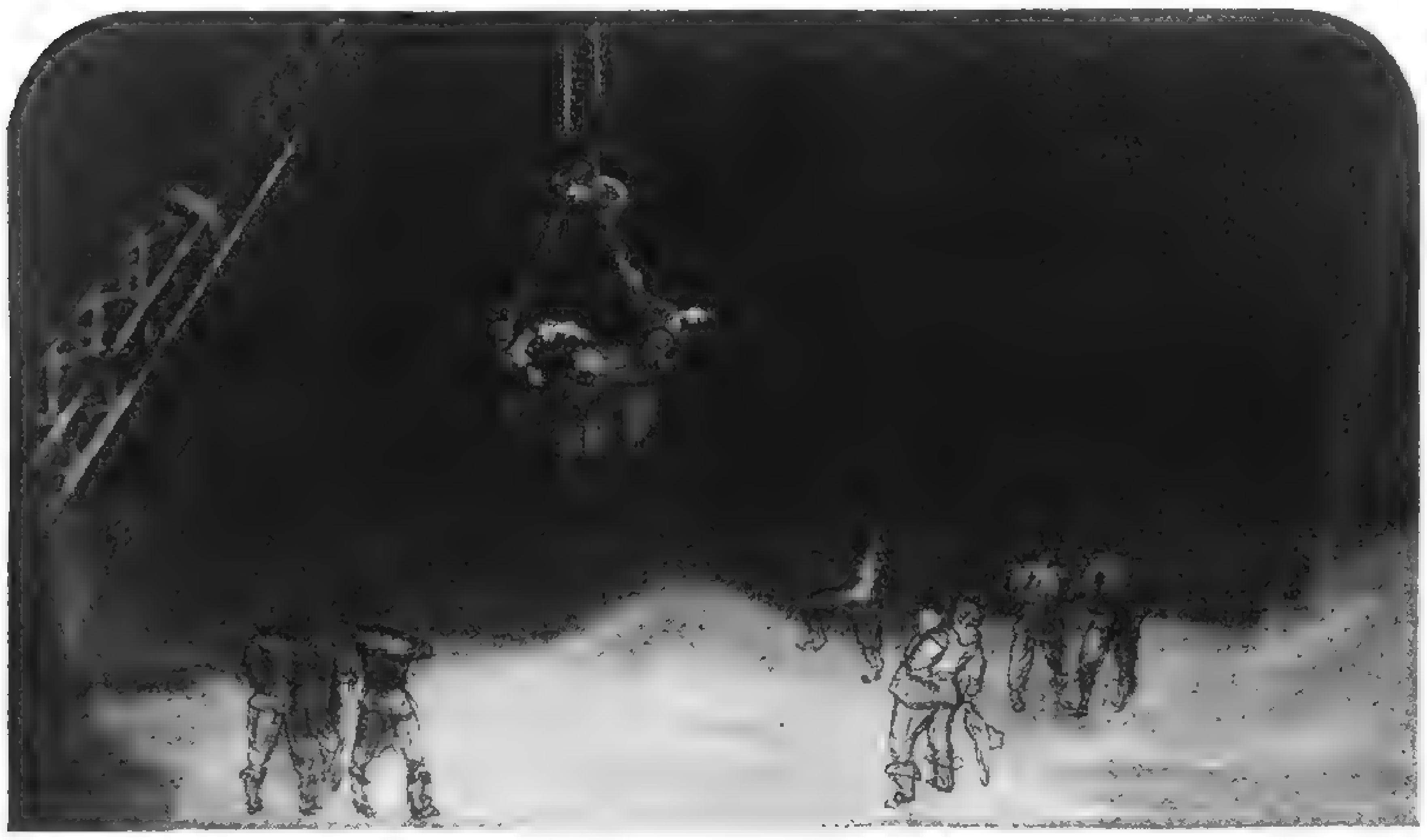
Continued on page 131



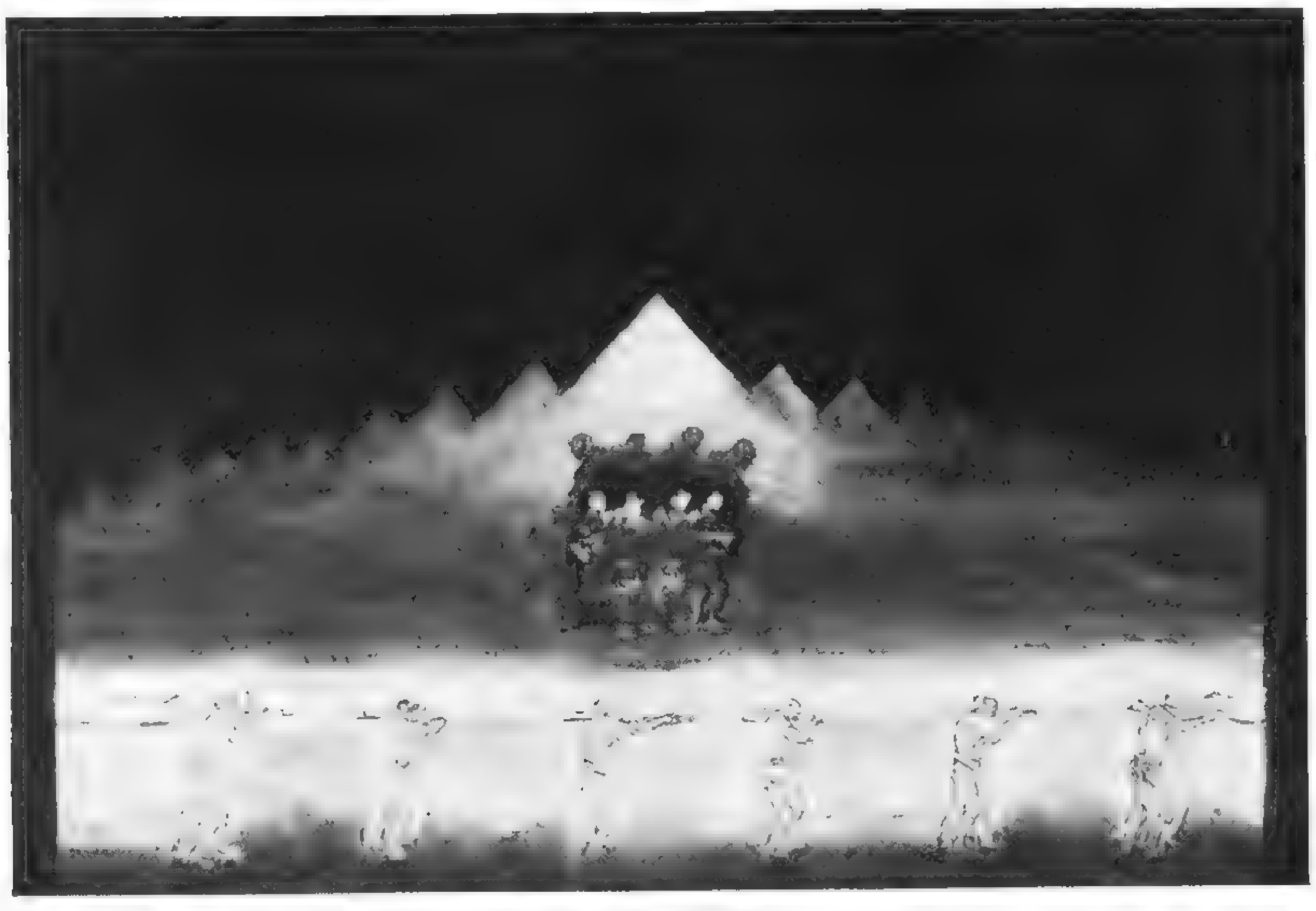
WINTERSET—UNDER THE BRIDGE—EXTERIOR (1935)



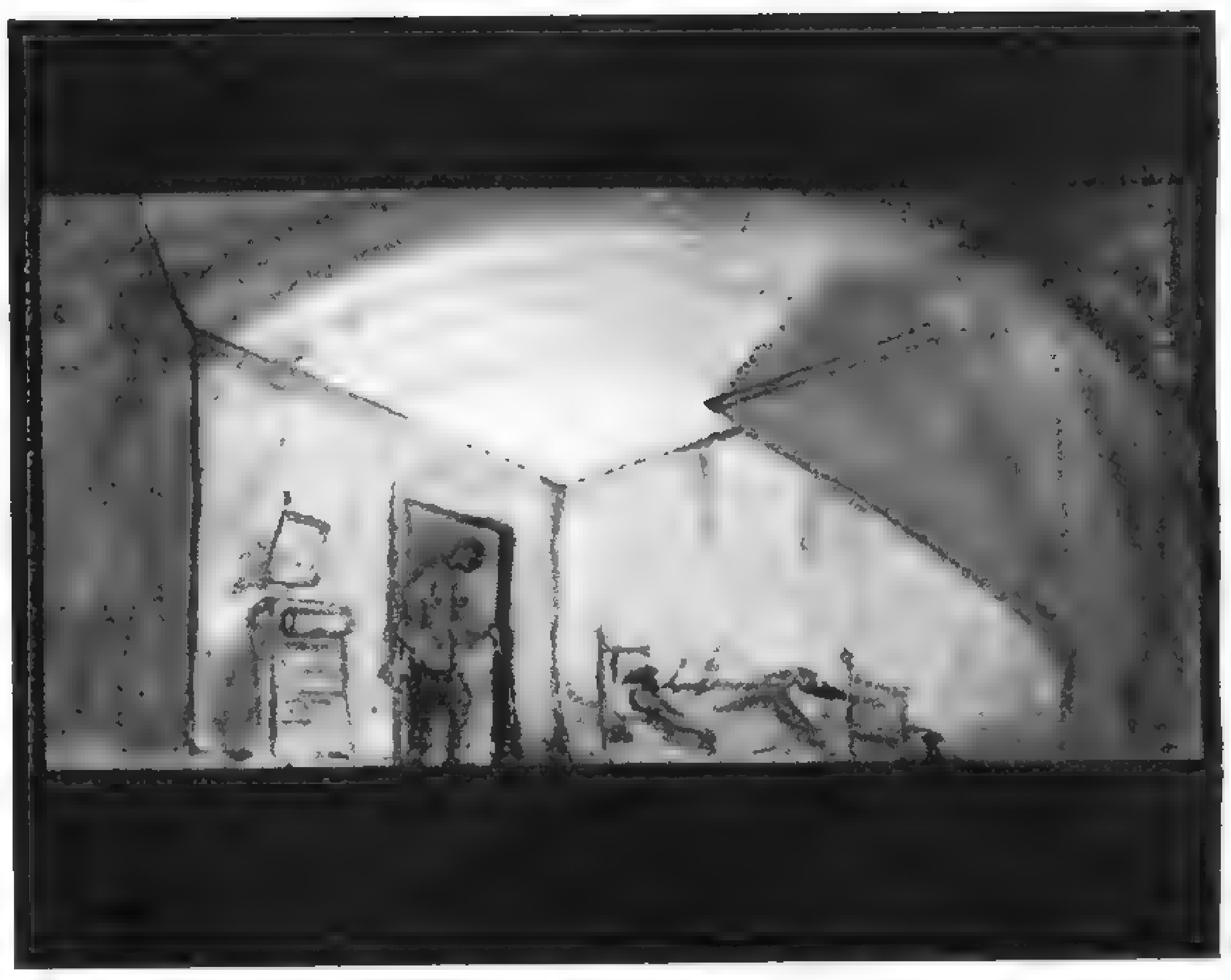
FATHER MALACHY'S MIRACLE—GARDEN OF EDEN (1937)



HIGH TOR—CRANE AND BUCKET (JAN. 1937)



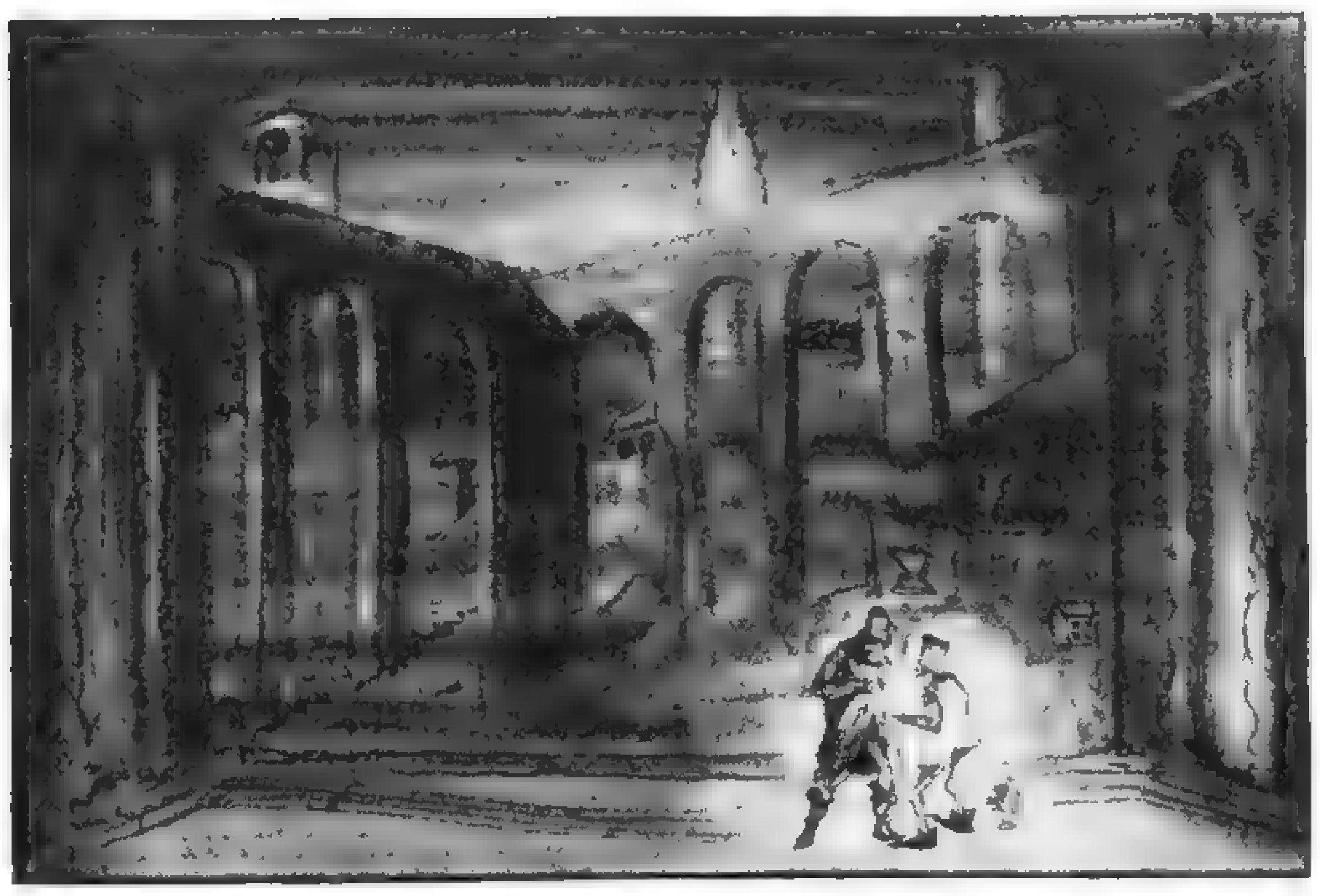
YELLOW JACK—PROCESSION (MAR. 1934)



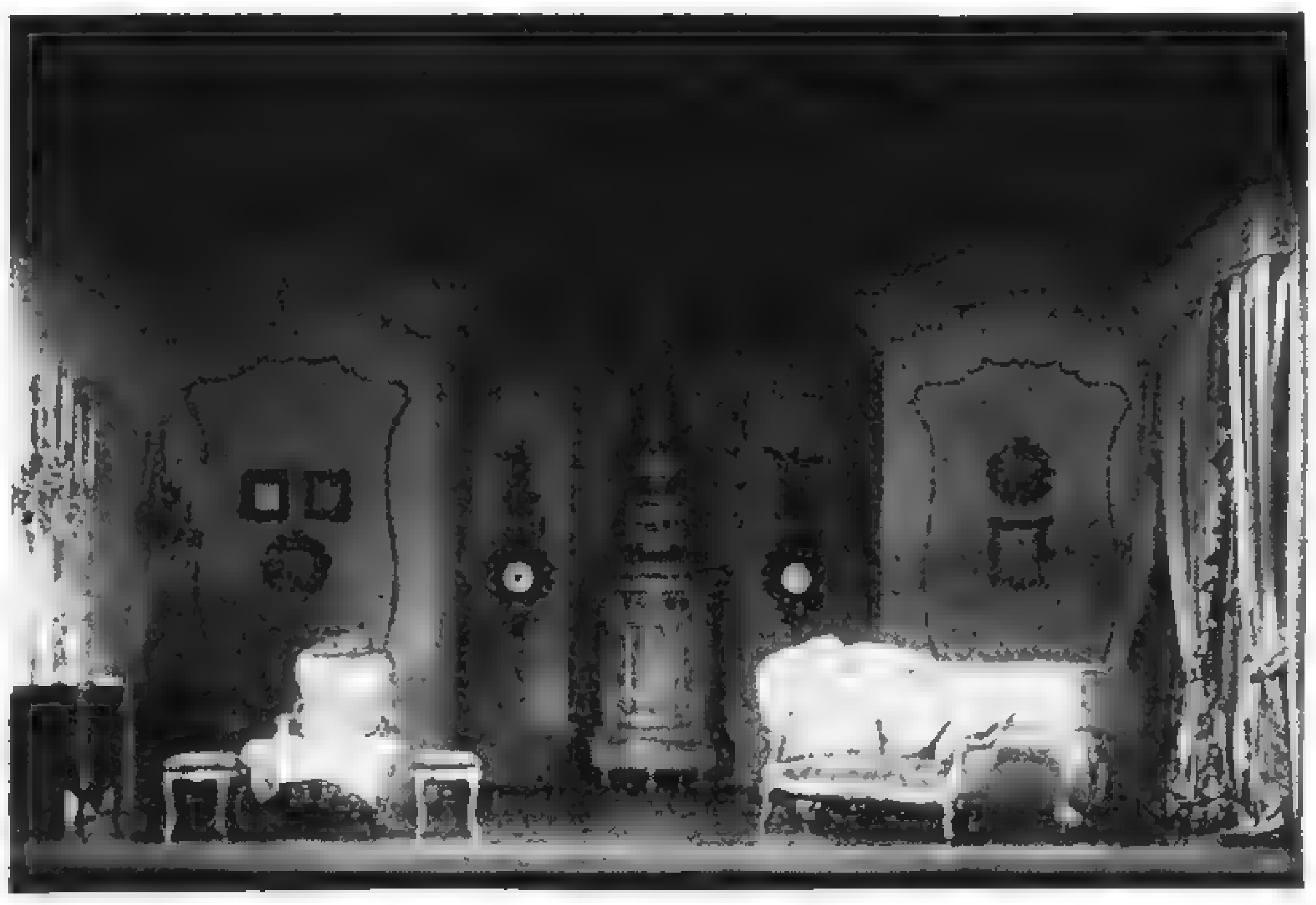
MOANIN' LOW—THE FIRST LITTLE SHOW (1929)

Eight Stage Designs

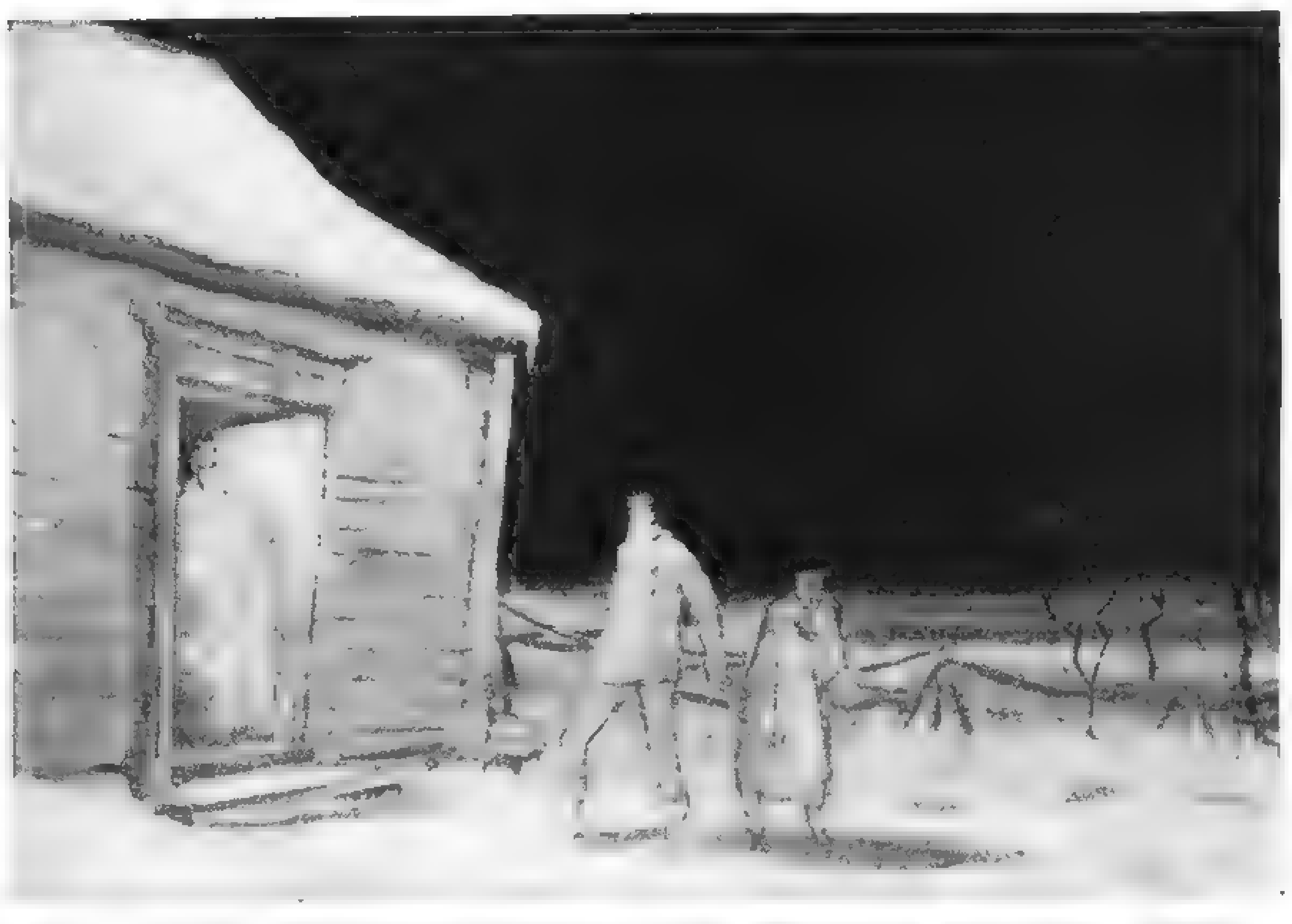
by JO MIELZINER



ROMEO & JULIET—MANTUA SCENE (DEC. 1934)



THE AFFAIRS OF ANATOLE—6th SCENE (1930)



ETHAN FROME—OUTSIDE THE FROME HOUSE (1936)

Broadway's Artist

Even in an era of plays without scenery there's plenty of room at the top for Jo Mielziner's magnificent stage settings

by JOHN McCARTHY

• ARTICLE •

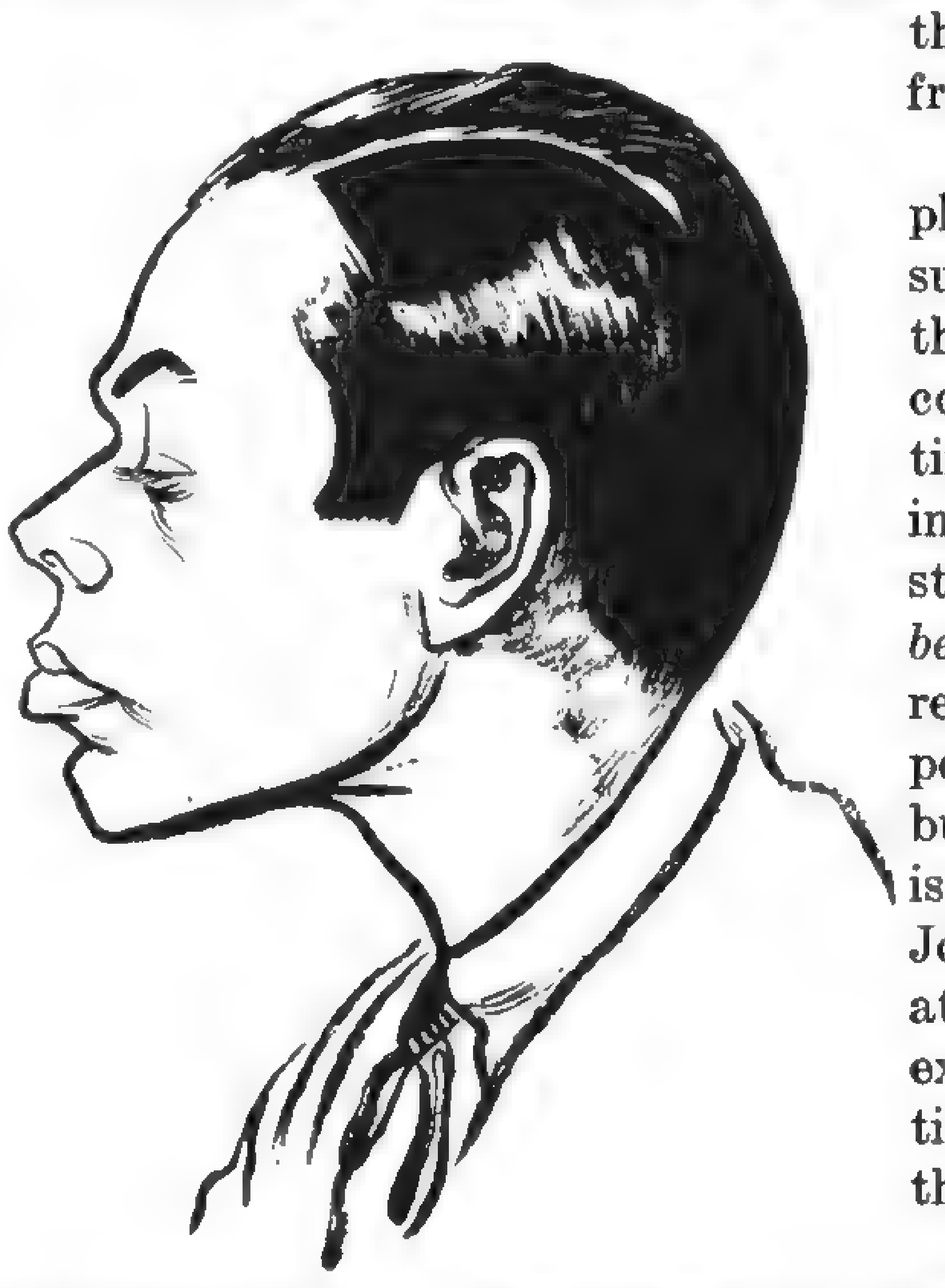
In the early nineteen-twenties, an artist, in the then Broadway parlance, was any performer on a vaudeville bill except the trained seals. Today, with vaudeville no more and plays and musicals not as plentiful as of yore, the term "artist" has a vastly different meaning. On present-day Broadway, it is most frequently and exclusively applied to Jo Mielziner. Authentic artist and designer extraordinary, the thirty-seven-year-old Mielziner has not been bothered by the dearth of New York plays and musicals. Instead, usually he has had as many commissions as he cared to execute. His past season's productions alone included the designing of the settings and the costumes for *Star Wagon*, *On Borrowed Time*, *Father Malachy's Miracle*, and *Susan and God*. For *The Women*, *Save Me the Waltz*, and *I Married an Angel*, he designed the settings of these 1937-1938 hits.

Beginning with *The Guardsman* in 1924, Mielziner, in his comparatively short career of fourteen years, has been responsible for the production of one hundred and six Broadway shows. Included in these have been many outstanding dramatic hits as well as sprightly, successful revues and musical comedies. For instance, *Street Scene*, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, *Uncle Vanya*, *First*, *Second and Third Little Shows*, *Doctor's Dilemma*, *Mr. Gilhooley*, *Saturday's Children*, *The Second Man*, *Crazy Quilt* and *Of Thee I Sing*.

Unlike Robert Edmond Jones, Norman Bel Geddes, and a host of other worthwhile stage designers, Mielziner has never been attracted by the tall lucre of Hollywood. Even though by accepting any one of the Hollywood offers frequently tendered him, Mielziner could quadruple his earnings immediately, he stays on Broadway. Here's why. In the large scale movie industry, the scene designer never has complete control of a production. The cameraman is the czar over the lighting and colors. Other experts tend to the costumes and the staging. In short, though highly compensated, a Hollywood art director is actually only a small link in the film production chain.

Consequently, Mielziner prefers to work on Broadway, even though he makes less money. Broadway understands and appreciates his many sided talents and tremendous resourcefulness. Such well-known producers as Max Gordon, Guthrie McClintic and Dwight Deere Wiman have such complete confidence in Mielziner that they invariably give him complete charge of the technical details of their productions—sets, costumes, lights, colors, etc. For these producers know that's how Mielziner likes to work and it's the way to get best results from him.

Don't get the impression that Mielziner is one of those temperamental, arrogant artists who needs coddling. He isn't. A comely, congenial, competent chap, Mielziner fits nicely in any producing organization, regardless of the divergent personalities involved. For example, he gets along equally well with two such opposite parties as Gordon and McClintic. Usually, after doing one show for a producer, chances are that he will do most of the others which said producer handles. For McClintic, Mielziner has done nearly all of the plays in which that producer's wife, Katharine Cornell, has been starred.



Besides the producers, Mielziner is popular with authors, the cast and the workmen backstage. Born and bred in a family of artists and writers, Mielziner knows how to deal with playwrights. And they applaud his perennially, sympathetic co-operation with their writing efforts. He understands the players, too. Upon the recommendation of his actor-brother, Kenneth MacKenna, Mielziner once served an apprenticeship as a thespian himself. As to the scene-shifters, painters, carpenters, electricians and the other lads backstage, they hail Jo as a grand guy who not only minds his own business but also as a fellow-union man in good standing. Jo belongs to the Brotherhood of Painters, Decorators and Paperhangers Local 829, Union of the American Federation of Labor.

As his experience indicates, Jo Mielziner realizes full well that a scene designer must be partly a director, partly an actor, partly an author, partly an audience, and above all, a discriminating technician. Furthermore, a Broadway scene designer has to be patient and good humored. Else he is likely to wind up quick at Bloomingdale or Bellevue. The tradition of the Street is never to think about sets and costumes until only a few weeks before the actual première of the show. That's when Mielziner is usually called in and ordered to work double-quick. He reads the scripts. Then follows long conferences with the author—anywhere and everywhere. Over drinks at the Ritz or in the back room of Tim Costello's Bar and Grill, Jo Mielziner listens hours on end to the author's conception of what the settings should and should not be. Though he always lends a greedy ear, Mielziner, ten times out of ten either adds to or changes what the playwright believes would be swell scenery.

Following his discussion with the author, Mielziner makes a drawing of how he wants a scene to look. Then he designs the lighting effects and costumes. Occasionally when hard pushed for time, Mielziner lets someone else take care of the costuming. After approval upon sketches of the scenes and the costume designs, he functions much in the manner of an architect. Mielziner makes blueprints for each set, specifies materials and whatnot, and then calls for bids on them from contractors.

Since most Broadway plays are produced on such short notice, most of these bids for sets and costumes require overtime. And overtime work in Manhattan with its strict union scales means *beaucoup* coin. Mielziner regrets this haste and expense but that's show business. Even though he is a union man himself, Jo's working hours begin at ten in the morning and extend right through until the very wee hours of the next morning.

In his own studio located atop of a Broadway office building, Mielziner designs sets and costumes in miniature, trying out everything under lights which are exact replicas of what will be used in the theatre. The costumes too are cut from the same cloth and in the very pattern worn by the players. Recently, when I was in his studio, Mielziner staged for me what was really a puppet-show version of a current production which he was developing. It was intriguing to see the meticulous care he took with each and every detail, particularly the lights, which he believes all important.

"The old idea" Mielziner explained to me, "was that all a designer had to do was to sit at a desk and design a scene, which then was built and painted, set up and lighted, under the direction of some unimaginative stage director with about as much conception of the artistic possibilities as a Congo Pygmy has of integral calculus. It was not understood that the properties and lights are what give life to a scene, not the background."

His strong feeling about lights and colors influences his opinion about the movies in color. He points out that until Hollywood can perfect a true three-color process, color does not really mean much in the films. The three primary colors of red, blue and yellow cannot as yet be projected on a screen or photographed together. On the stage, these primary colors can be delicately manipulated. Therefore, today color on the stage is a con-

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The Fellow With the Whistle

Describing some close plays where the boys in the bleachers differ with the referee, as told to Arthur B. Sweet

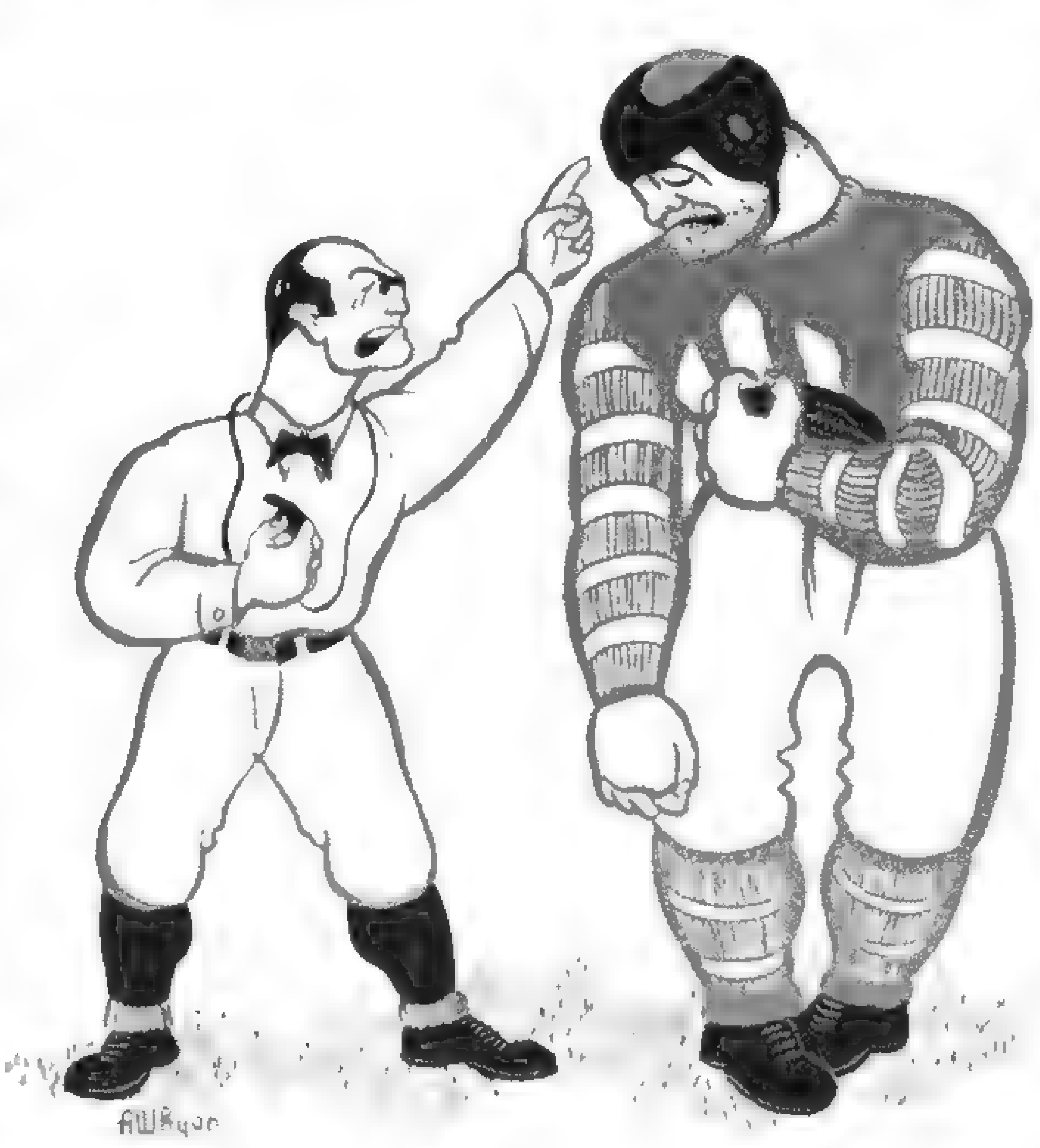
by BOBBIE CAHN

• SPORTS •

It was the day after a game between Brooklyn and Green Bay. Headlines in the *Brooklyn Eagle* screamed, "19,999 Fans Wrong, Cahn Alone Right." How well I remember that Sunday afternoon. What a jeering I got from the football-mad excited Flatbush fans. I was called every name under the sun for making a decision which, to me, was very fair. In fact, it couldn't have been called any other way by a competent referee who saw the play from the same position as I did.

It was fourth down and goal to make. Llewellyn of the Packers hit the line carrying the ball. As he reached the line he fumbled and Brooklyn recovered in the end zone. I was right on top of the play and saw clearly that the ball carrier had hit the line before he fumbled. I called the play a touchdown. And did Brooklyn yell. They figured it was a touchback, not a touchdown. The rule clearly states that a ball in possession of the carrier on, over or above the goal line in its forward progress shall be called a touchdown. Regardless of the fact I was on top of the play there wasn't a single fan in the entire grandstand who didn't think I had pulled a boner.

To the home crowd the official is always wrong when he makes a decision against the home team. Let me cite you a few more cases where trigger, hairline decisions won or lost a football game for the home team.



The Chicago Cardinals were playing the Green Bay Packers in Chicago. It was late in the fourth quarter. Coffee of the Cardinals was standing on his fourteen-yard line, almost back in the punter's position. The ball was passed to him. He raised his arm in the act of throwing a forward pass but just as he was ready to let go a Green Bay player hit him on the wrist, causing him to fumble the ball. An alert Green Bay end picked up the ball and ran for a touchdown. The Cards put up an awful howl, claiming it was an incompleted forward pass and not a fumble. My decision was made, based on the fact that the ball did not leave the passer's hands through his own effort. Later the Card players told me that movies of the play showed the ball six inches forward. But this did not prove to me I was wrong as the ball naturally would go a bit forward when the player's arm was hit. But I took plenty of verbal punishment for that one.

Last Thanksgiving Day at Detroit the Bears were playing Detroit. It was a close game and Detroit had the ball with fourth down and three yards to make for a touchdown. Figuring on a line plunge I was on top of the play and when the play was over I was at the bottom of the pile with both hands on the ball when I blew the whistle. The ball rested one inch from the goal line. Despite the fact that the fullback's head and shoulders were over the line the ball was not. Detroit yelled their heads off but the proof was staring them right smack in the face. The ball was not over and couldn't possibly have been over judging from the position of the fullback. Had I not been right on top of the play the ball carrier could have hunched it over for a touchdown. How the Detroit fans booed and booed. Yet I knew I was right on the play.

At another game with New York playing Green Bay at Green Bay. It was another of those touchdown plays. Five yards from the goal line and fourth down. Anticipating the play by the position of the New York backfield, I edged over where I could get a clear picture of the ball carrier and the goal line. As I expected the fullback hit the line just two yards from where I was standing. Although at the extreme forward progress of the ball the ball carrier was five or six feet up in the air, there was no doubt in my mind but what the ball was over. Simultaneously with the player hitting the line he was shoved back three yards. I called it a touchdown and you should have heard the beefing. I'll admit from the point of view most fans had of the play it certainly did not look like a touchdown but standing no less than two yards away I saw the extreme forward progress of the ball and basing my decision on what I saw I called it a touchdown.

These plays aren't unusual, but rather the run of the mine decisions that a football referee must make day in and day out. Most plays are close and the official must make his decision one way or another without a moment's hesitation. Every official makes mistakes but the next time from your position in the grandstand you see a close play try to remember that the official is usually in a better position to see the play than you are and he calls them as he sees them. In my manner of handling games I am ofttimes criticized for "putting on a show." Maybe from the grandstand it looks like it but it is my duty as referee to keep the game going at top speed all the time and I try to do it. Professional games are over in about two hours and fifteen minutes as a rule, whereas a college game runs much longer. It is the referee's duty to stop all stalling and arguments and there is plenty of both in every game.

Professional referees have been put on the pan for not calling as many fouls as are called in college games. This I do not think is a fair criticism. Remember, professional football players are experienced. They play the game a bit more crafty than do the younger college players and they know how to hide their fouling. However, in my opinion most fouls committed are mistakes, pure and simple, not intentional. But an official makes his ruling, not on the intent of the player, but on what he actually sees. Tripping is tripping, whether the player means it or not.

Maybe you have often wondered what a referee says to a big hulking tackle who comes rushing up to protest about a decision. Personally, I have one answer that usually can be used in almost every case. I tell the chap I didn't write the rules, but that's the way the rule reads, and that is the way the decision stands. Never, in all my years of officiating have I ever reversed a decision once I have made it, no matter how loud were the protests or how big the individual who was doing the yelling.

For over twenty years I have been a football official, have heard the jeers of the crowd, listened to the angry words of husky, towering All-Americans and heard myself called every vile name possible. And frankly speaking, I love it! What little guy of five feet wouldn't get a kick out of telling some big, towering 240-pounder "where to get off at," or to "keep his mouth shut" and get away with it? Of course the little whistle hanging around a referee's neck is a powerful little weapon and what a protection!

Practically all my officiating has been done in what is known as big time football, the National Professional League. I have witnessed professional football grow from sandlot proportions to the position it now holds in the realm of sport. I have watched the parade of All-American stars from Jim Thorpe down to the newest sensation, Slinging Sammy Baugh. In fact, I have possibly come in closer contact with more All-Americans than any other individual in the country. Watched

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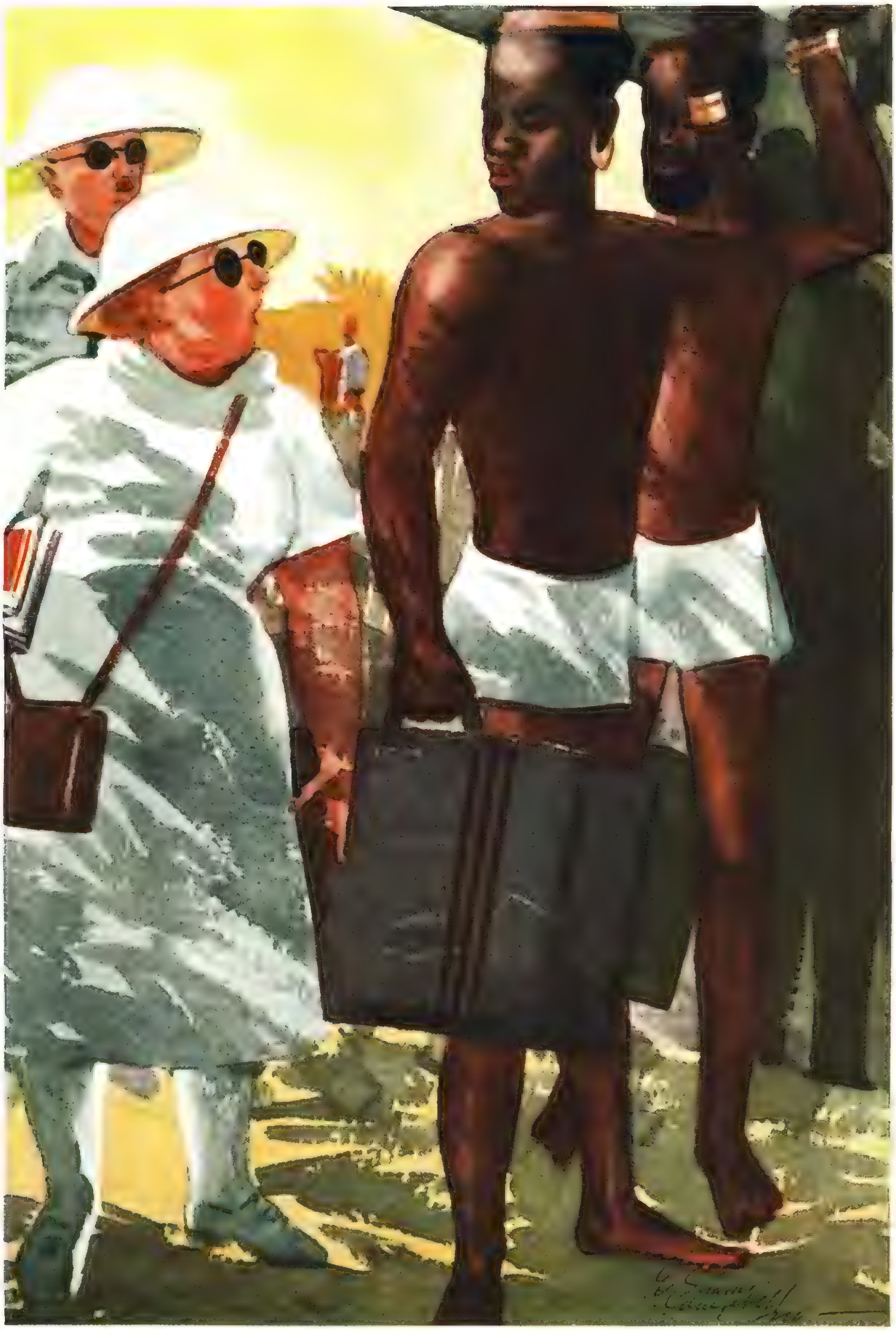
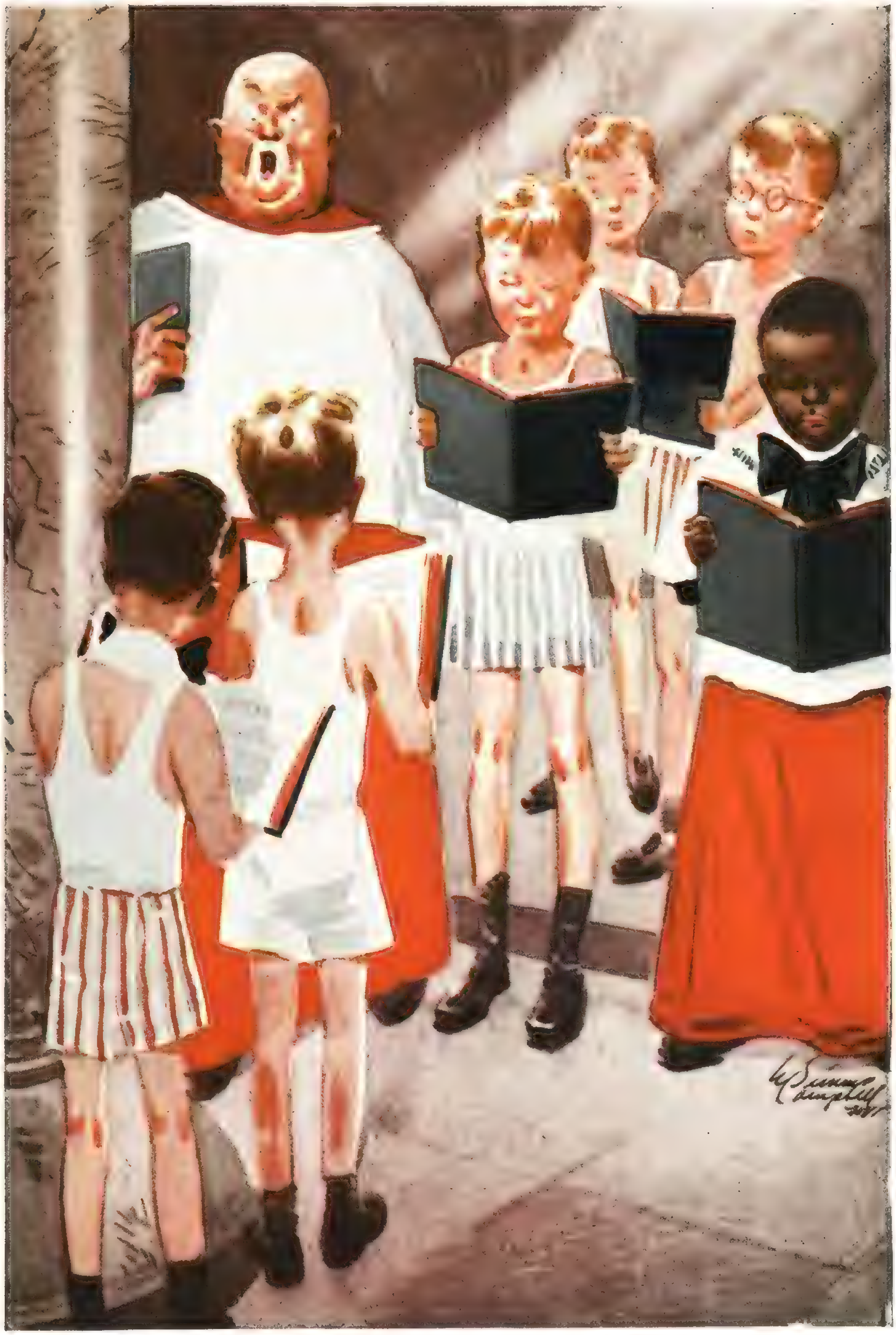


"Good heavens, porter—do you big men still wear diapers?"



"What's this I hear about someone bringing a pair of dice to choir practice!"

The Schoolboy's Return

Jean-Louis said that if his mother could picture his unhappiness at school she would not send him back

by ANDRÉ MAUROIS

▪ FICTION ▪

LITTLE Alain was very gay, rolling toward the station in the carriage. He had never left home, and the idea of entering a mountain school did not displease him. Some comrades had told him that there was less studying there than at the lycée. Alain had seen the director, M. Benzod, when the latter was in Paris, and he had found him young and encouraging.

"You know, Papa, he said that in winter, afternoon classes are stopped, and the students skate or ski."

"I hope you will also study Latin a little," sighed M. Schmitt. "You need it."

On the platform, before a train with bright new carriages, Alain began to sing. He was proud of his beige suit, his leather valise, his chestnut-colored gloves, proud above all of leaving on a trip alone with his father.

"What are we going to read on the train, Papa?"

"I've brought some work for myself, my child . . . You? . . . If you like, I will buy you some illustrated papers . . . Haven't you anything to read?"

"No, Papa, but it doesn't matter . . . I'll take a walk down the corridor . . . I'll watch the tracks."

He disappeared and returned, two minutes later, all excited:

"Papa! I've found a friend . . . Jean-Louis Dujarrique . . . He's three compartments off with his mother."

"Is he going to school too?"

"Yes, but not to the same school as I go to: his is called the Priory."

"It's too bad he isn't going to M. Benzod's . . . Well, if the Priory isn't too far from Gastaad, you'll be able to see each other now and then all the same. In the meantime go back and play with him during the trip."

Bertrand Schmitt loved children, but could not hide his impatience when his work was interrupted by them. Alain, who recognized his father's absent air, hastened to disappear. The train rolled on. When he raised his unheeding eyes, M. Schmitt saw two twelve-year-old boys passing and returning in the corridor, on a background of posts, rivers and hills. An hour later Alain returned, very upset.

"Papa, do you know what Jean-Louis has told me? That he is very unhappy in his school . . . That the big boys are cruel . . . They take everything from him, his books, his candy, and if he resists they hit him or crush him against a wall until he smothers."

"And why doesn't he defend himself?"

"But, Papa, he is the only freshman in the school . . . He has begged his mother not to send him back to the Priory, to keep him at home in Paris, but she doesn't want to. She has just married again, a Russian with whom she is in love, a Colonel Kiriline, and Jean-Louis annoys him."

"Who told you this story?"

"Jean-Louis."

"Jean-Louis is wrong to speak of his parents in such a manner."

"In what manner, Papa? He told me he loves his mother very much, and she used to love him too . . . after the death of his father she used to busy herself with him a lot . . . but now that she's in love . . ."

"Don't use words you don't understand . . . What does she look like, this Mme Dujarrique?"

"But, Papa, she is no longer called Mme Dujarrique; her name is Mme Kiriline . . . She is very pretty . . . Do you want me to take you to her compartment? It's right by."

"Presently, my son."

"Papa, do you think if there are big boys at M. Benzod's that they will beat me?"

"I should hope that you would return their blows. Besides M. Benzod seems to me to be an energetic man, who knows how to keep discipline in his school . . . Now go join your friend."

At Dijon M. Schmitt got out on the platform to walk about, and found the two boys. Jean-Louis was a handsome little boy, with deep sad eyes.

"Papa, I present Jean-Louis."

Bertrand Schmitt tried to give some advice:

"If the big boys persecute you, you must go to them, make friends . . . I don't think that they are wicked at heart. Doubtless they don't understand that they make you suffer . . . Explain that the jokes they think are inoffensive . . ."

"Those fellows?" said Jean-Louis . . . "They would have a good laugh at me . . . If you don't talk just like they do they put you in quarantine . . ."

On departing Alain got back into his father's compartment.

"Do you know what Jean-Louis was saying when you joined us, Papa? . . . He was saying: 'I am so unhappy at returning to that hole that I would like to throw myself under the wheels; only I don't dare . . . Push me, Alain, you will do me a service and I will leave you my whole fortune' . . . Because, you know, since he has lost his papa, he has a fortune . . . But I didn't want to."

"I should hope not . . . He's a little crazy, your friend."

"No, he isn't crazy . . . You know, Papa, he says that if his mother could picture to herself his life out there, the fights with the older boys, and at night in bed, when he cries, she would not have the courage to send him back there."

"Take me to this lady."

Mme Kiriline was surprisingly beautiful. She made delicate and melancholy remarks on childhood in a sweet voice. Bertrand sat down, and left the compartment no more. When the maître d'hôtel appeared, M. Schmitt took four tickets and the travellers lunched together. The silent children listened to their parents who were exchanging titles of books, and names of musicians with animation. They felt themselves forgotten. From time to time Jean-Louis looked at Alain, and his eyes seemed to say: "You see, that's how she is . . . " On leaving the table Bertrand, without thinking, went into Mme Kiriline's compartment, and the two boys went out to play in the passage.

"Our sons play well together," she said . . . "I hope they'll be able to see each other a little out there."

He hesitated a moment.

"Excuse me," he said, "for speaking to you of a subject which concerns me so little, but the accident of a confidence has made it almost a duty . . . You certainly are not aware of your son's state of mind . . . Do

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How "Normal" Is Jealousy?

It may be a hangover from childhood days when other beings weren't rated as people with feelings of their own

by LAWRENCE GOULD

• ARTICLE •

MUCH that we call jealousy is really quite a different feeling. Nettie Spilkins believes, having heard it in the movies, that since Bill, her husband, throws a fit if she looks at another man, she can be comfortably sure that he still loves her. But the truth is, Bill is "jealous," not because he cares a hoot for Nettie (who has bored him to death since two weeks after their wedding) but because his mental picture of himself as the irresistible male is threatened by the possibility that any other man could interest her. It is his self-esteem, not his love, that he is guarding.

Ego-jealousy, as this is sometimes called, is generations older than love-jealousy, particularly between married people. When that worthy knight, Sir Roger de Roquefort, girded on his armor and went to the Crusades, he first took steps to insure his wife's fidelity during his absence. If you have ever seen one of the devices by which this was accomplished, you must realize that it was not love that moved Sir Roger. What he was thinking of was his "honor"—his "face," as the Chinese call it—if he should show himself unable to retain his hold on his possession, even at a distance.

Another quite common form of ego-jealousy grows out of the resentment a man may feel if his wife gets more attention from the other sex than he does. There are many of us who would not care how much of a hit our wives were if only a few sweet young things would seem to be a bit more aware of *our* existence. And conversely, it is when a woman begins to fear that her own attractiveness is waning that she is most likely to be jealous of everyone whom her husband looks at. For that matter, any kind of jealousy is far more due to self-doubt than to "lack of faith" in the other person. If we were sufficiently self-satisfied, we should be incapable of jealousy, because we could not imagine any other person being preferred to us. In every case I have studied psychoanalytically, the man who has tortured himself and his wife by his unreasoning jealousy has been proved to have a serious doubt of his own adequacy, reinforced by feelings of inferiority about his social standing, his power to make money, or even his moral worthiness of "a good woman's love."

Then again there is false jealousy, which is the unconscious camouflage of a desire whose existence one dares not admit to himself. A client of mine, Hugh K—, said at our opening interview that he was "half crazy with jealousy" over his wife's infatuation with a man who had been his friend. She would leave him alone evening after evening while she went out dancing with his rival. He would find them kissing and they would not even look embarrassed, and so forth and so on. But the truth—which he had not even suspected—was that his whole picture of his feelings was synthetic.

He had introduced his friend to his wife in the first place, and not only had encouraged them to go out together on the many evenings when he was "tied up with business," but had ignored every indication of their intimacy until they had grown too fond of one another to care what he thought about it.

The real reason for his strange behavior was that he had found his marriage disappointing, and was looking for a good excuse to get out of it. Had he not been able to persuade himself that he was *suffering* over his wife's infidelity, he would have had no "honorable" ground for seeking his freedom. Such false jealousy is fairly common; since, however much we may wish to escape from the bonds of matrimony, most of us prefer, if possible, to blame the failure of the marriage on the other partner. And this, not merely for public consumption, but to silence what is left of our own moral scruples.

So much for the commoner varieties of feeling which seem to be jealousy but are not. There is such a thing as real love-jealousy, and it may exist between married people. Indeed, since this is the simplest situation in which jealousy arises, let us suppose that you are a husband who loves his wife; for the principles that operate in this case will also apply, with a few necessary variations, in all others. But understand, I am speaking of love in the realistic, not in the romantic or "spiritual" sense. The love I am talking about is a wholly "selfish" feeling—a form of instinctual desire. You love your wife because you want certain satisfactions, physical or mental or both, which you feel that she can give you. The fact that you may be glad to give her satisfaction in turn does not make it any less true that the basis of your feeling is *desire*, of which your wife is the "object."

Now if you went home some evening and found your wife in another man's arms, what would you do? And what—to be honest—would you feel like doing?

Your first impulse would be to kill them both, or at least, whichever seemed primarily to blame. And in most parts of the United States, you would have a good chance of going unpunished if you carried out the impulse, provided you did so *at once*. The "unwritten law" is less effective than it once was as a defense of premeditated murder, but the man who kills in the first shock of discovery can in most courts get away with the plea that his emotions made him "temporarily insane."

But suppose you stopped to think things over. Would you really like to admit you were insane, even "temporarily"? And don't you think that perhaps such violent jealousy *is* insane, or at least neurotic? That idea has become pretty widespread of late—how true is it, psychologically?

In essence, and stripped of the veneer beneath which morals and good breeding have tried unavailingly to hide it, jealousy is the instinctive impulse to destroy—if possible, in the most painful manner—anyone who comes between us and the object of our love or desire. And this impulse follows as inevitably the suspicion that our "object of desire" is or may be stolen from us as fear follows the belief that our lives are in danger. Since all natural impulses are "normal," at least in their primary form, we must say that jealousy is normal; or more accurately that it is neurotic only when—as fairly often happens—our suspicion is unfounded. For that matter any kind of fear (and jealousy is basically fear) is normal in the face of a real danger, and neurotic when the danger exists only in our own minds.

So if you think that your wife is giving someone else what you want from her—or if you fear she *may* do this—*you are going to be jealous*. There's no use in arguing about how normal this is, for it is inevitable. And you will continue to be jealous—at heart, murder-

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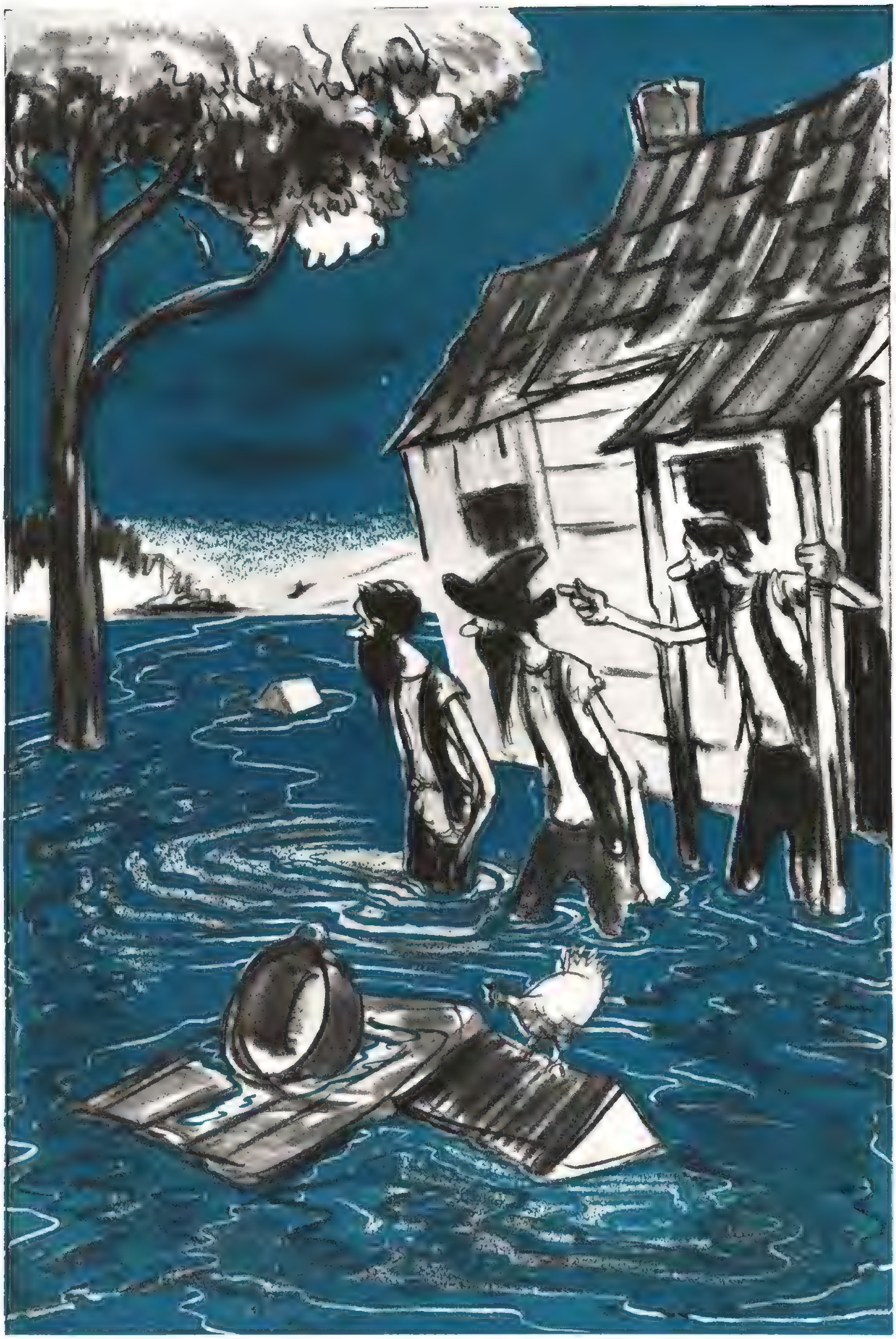


"Ah reckon we'd better wake Paw up afore it starts rainin' ag'in—he's over thar onder that tree"

Vanishing Americans

Sometimes Frank fired into the woodwork, and squirted seltzer water all over his best clients

by JAMES FINAN

▪ARTICLE▪

Frank for his toughness and ear-bruising charm ought to be spread out on paper like a butterfly before the colors of him fade. He was seldom really cruel; and when he was cruel it was with a furious whole-hearted cruelty that was not altogether brutal or primitive, and so less easy to understand. He was a hard guy: Frank was a dangerous man.

It was prohibition time and he kept a speakeasy. A hidden saloon at the foot of a thicket of El girders on Columbus Avenue, southeast in the valley below Columbia University and Morningside Heights, in a tough, truculently respectable down-at-the-heels tenement-house section. His people were Irish and Germans and they came to Frank's place nightly, appeared to know each other closely and cherished the most violent sentiments toward each other ranging from love to hate.

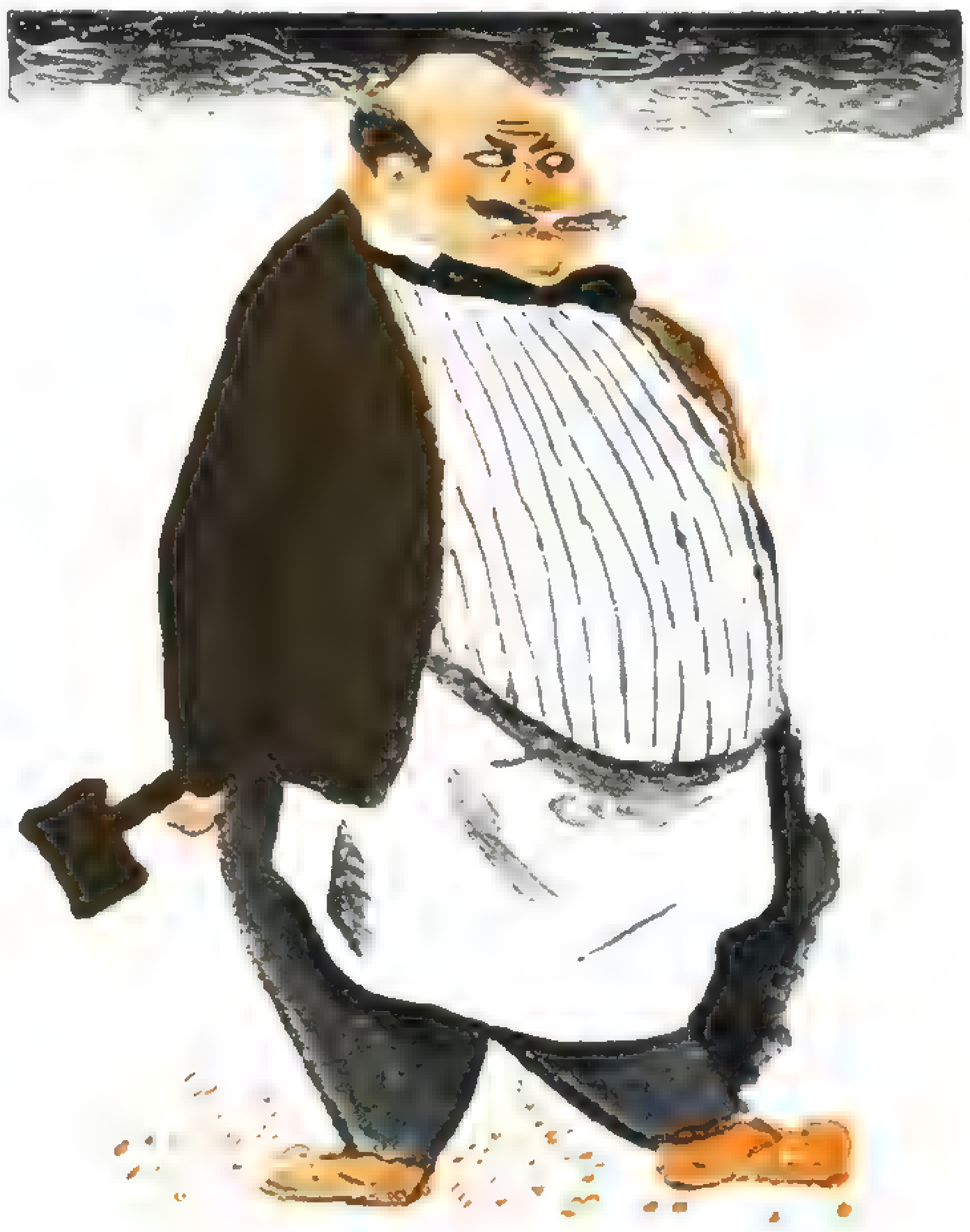
Frank's was a drab place: a small, deep and very narrow room. Back of the bar on the counter running below his fancy soaped mirror he had a grimacing plaster statuette squatting painfully and labeled "Billycant," and then the cash register, and then the same statuette, triumphantly grinning, labeled "Billycan." Also on this counter he kept a box of doubtful cigars and a dish of pretzels, a fungo bat to brandish at people, a small bottle of iodine, and three pints of "Chicken Cock Rye Whiskey" stacked in cans.

The place had a crude male atmosphere in which the customer might roisterously expand. Body sweat blent with the reek of whiskey and the smoke of smoking into a thick miasma that was both spiritual and concrete. Your eyes groped baffled from face to drunken face while flat evil sheets of tobacco haze hovered and wavered from the back of the store to the front. As you left the place, on a good winter's night, the naked air slashed at the humid skin like knives. It was sobering, terrible.

You shuddered in your taxi-cab with a freshet of ice water trickling out of each dilated pore and wondered why you ever went there. That was easy, you went to see Frank. A kinetic, mercurial, brave little guy —the toughest and the liveliest mugg you ever saw.

At any time almost anything was likely to happen at Frank's, and because Frank knew that, he seized at life with a nervous zest and was skillful at twisting things to his advantage. His language was unprintable but terrific. Frank welded the commonest, the most washed-out of gutter terms into images dazzlingly new, new-old, poetically compact, sharpened to pierce the bunions of the pedestrian mind. Flinty, filthy, haunting verbal gargoyles hurtled at you white-hot from the slingshot of his tongue. Basically he was a man of action.

One night he was packing the ice chunks around his beer pipes when a would-be robber came in with a gun. The wrought-iron tool Frank employed for this chore was a spade-like, murderous affair tapered along the cutting edge into V-pronged teeth, not unlike Neptune's trident.



When the holdup man interrupted him at his work Frank docilely lifted his arms, and then hurled the icespade like a javelin into the robber's face. He took the bleeding gunman's pistol, and booted him savagely into the street.

A couple of days later when he entered the place again, the gunman's face was crossed by a fresh dot-and-dash scar from cheekbone to cheekbone bridging the saddle of his nose. Frank ignored him.

Finally he blurted out: "Jesus, I wasn' gonna heist the jernt really. Can't y' take a joke, Frank, f' God's sakes?"

"Fun, eh?" Frank grinned with his teeth set together as if he were biting a piece of thread. "Some fun, I mussay. An' *I* did it jus' in fun, too, Darling." There was a pause.

"Waddya want f' the gun, Frank?"

"Now, *git.*" Frank was exasperated, but the affair was a perfect showpiece for his nerve and he enjoyed that. "Ya dime-a-dozen bastid. Next time ya try it I'll blind ya."

As the disconsolate gunless gunman went, Frank pitched a beer glass accurately to break against the wall two or three feet above his head. The house bought a drink. "That'll teach guys not to pull guns in the Jernt." He always spoke of his place as "the Jernt."

But lots of customers did draw guns in the Jernt, and what is more they fired them into the woodwork and Frank was one of them. Those were nights when he shattered the pretzel dish against the ceiling, purged the barfly with a "Mickey Finn," and squirted seltzer water on his best clients. Timid citizens left, but the place got packed somehow with jovial roughnecks, and nothing stayed the bottle from the swift completion of its rounds.

You could tell this was coming when Frank began to sing. He asked some amateur Irish tenor to sing *Mother Machree, Ireland Must Be Heaven*, or *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling*, and when the applause subsided Frank said that he himself would be pleased to return the courtesy. Now Frank clears his throat, looks despairingly at his Celtic contingent, and bursts out, in preposterously thick brogue:

Shurr-rrr, I'd love to see old Eye-yurlond
All covered up wid . . .

"Eyelin has a wunnerful history," Frank says to his fellow Gaels. "The foist Irishman? A monkey made-love-to a pig." He could be charming.

He had an Army Springfield rifle with which he did the Manual at Arms, bawling the commands to himself, snapping the rifle smartly through the movements and making clownish faces at us as he did it, because he enjoyed all this. He was better off than where life had dropped him and he knew it, and he knew we knew, and that was good enough for Frank. So he shouldered the gun and marched up and down behind the bar and sometimes up and down on top of the bar, kicking the glasses out of his line of march while he shouted a war song the opening lines of which were forgettable, nearly printable:

Over the top!—at Shadow Theory
All the boys wuz feelin' dree-yer-ee
Eyes right! (—it continued—) ———*s tight!* ———*s to the fore!*———quite unprintable, this lurid melody of trench life.

The chance burst from a German machine-gun had left the creases in his forehead dappled with scars; and if you questioned this miracle Frank became exasperated. "Show me a bastid wid a hunnert scars, an' I'll show ya a hunnert n' *one* on me own God damn body." He'd fling off the starched apron, the old brown sweater, tie, shirt, blue serge trousers, and rip open his undershirt. Livid weals crisscrossed on his lean body and down his thighs. It was impressive but still he cut a funny figure striding down his speakeasy dispensing drinks in his socks and shoes and long winter underwear.

Frank went from parochial school into the prize-ring, slung newspapers in Park Row in the mailing room of *The World*, went to and survived the War. He was a sergeant, a gunner in the Signal Corps. One of his jobs in fighting enemy aircraft was to run a decoy balloon on a windlass and cable. Frank handled a high-power machine gun full of incendiary bullets. The decoy balloon was jammed full of explosive. When the German planes flew to attack the balloon, their fire would touch off the contraption and explode them too. But in case their aim was bad, Frank was supposed to let go from his stable position on the ground and explode the balloon as they circled about it. While his crew paid out the cable and the balloon rose slowly off the earth Frank toyed with his sights, fondled the trigger, and the temptation was too much. The balloon was hardly more than a dozen yards off the earth when Frank let loose a burst of tracer bullets that wafted the balloon with a great noise out of the sky, knocked Frank unconscious and his company flat, and landed him in the guardhouse, a private again.

Who patiently bore the brunt of Frank's gusty temper was Mickey Fitzpatrick, who was not a patron of his but a disciple whom Frank nurtured and disciplined and kept alive. Mickey was probably weaned on rye and seldom ventured to take solider fare. Only grudgingly did he leaven this fatal diet with beer. His position, though tragic in principle, was for Mickey triumphant in circumstance since he had never been high enough up to fall down. Static, unknowing, his was the steady dream, degraded Paradise, dipsomaniac's Ultima Thule. Little could touch Mickey. From Frank he got more than all the drink he could want; and alone in his sanctuary of alcohol he browsed obscurely, drowning sorrows he could never enjoy, a hopeless drunkard from day to day.

He would arrive at Frank's early, get perched on a stool with a drink before him, and there he'd stay from noon until two or three or four the next morning when the place closed. His face was soft, and white, and wore a querulous sort of puckered expression always, as if there were a thought behind it; and after two o'clock in the afternoon only Frank like a mother could make out the things Mickey said. He'd sit for hours unnoticed, reading the Manhattan telephone book. "Hello, Mickey. Did you get to the part where he throws her off the cliff yet?" was the clever thing to ask him when he was somewhere in the middle of the book. And Mickey would look up and foolishly smile while he tried to bring his senses into focus, then mutter either "You son of a bitch," softly, or else a long self-soothing explanation that nobody could understand. (Frank rolls his eyes in mock agony. "Mickey was dropped on his head when he was a man," Frank explains charitably.)

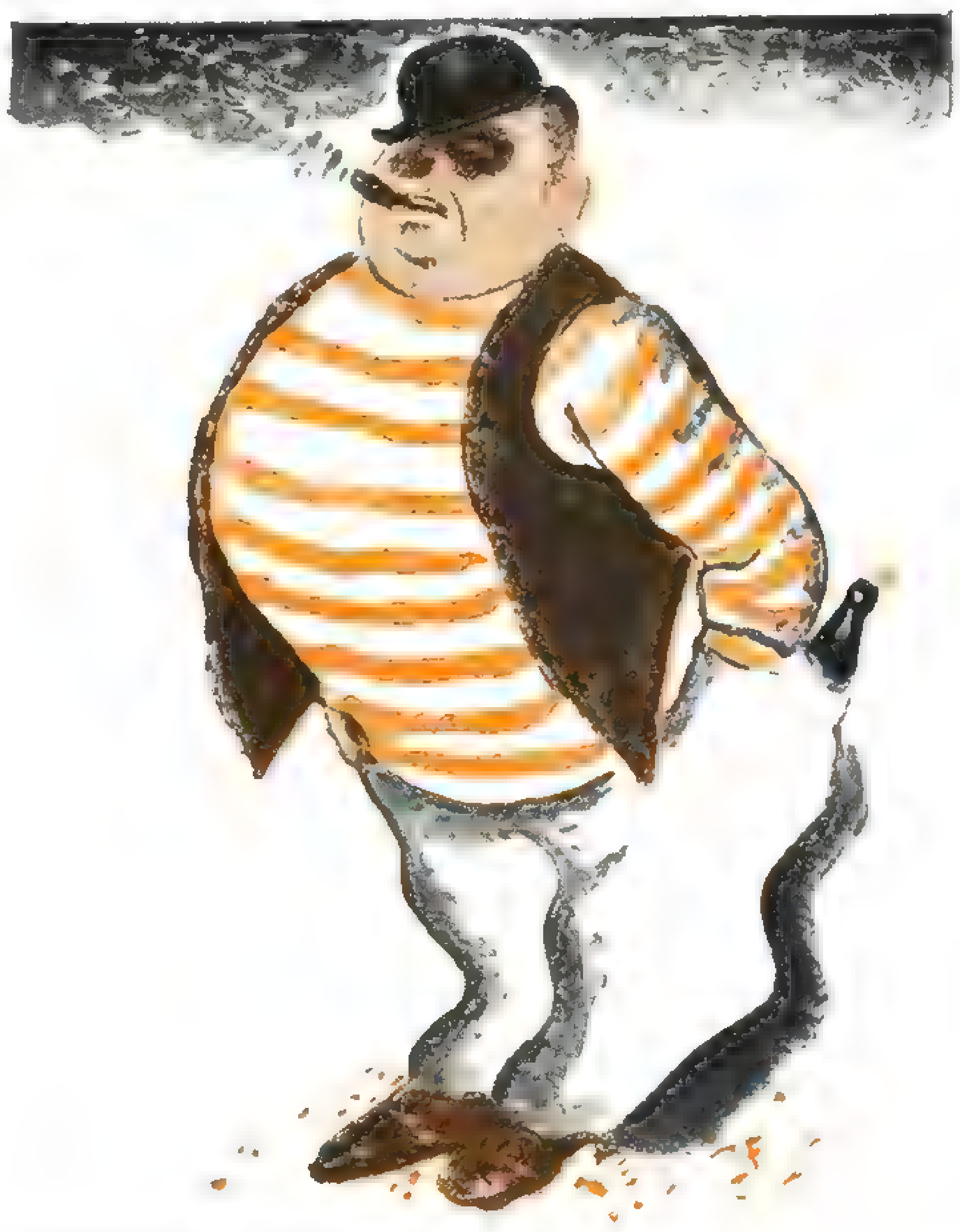
Mickey was toothless in front and when he spoke he whistled. The *s*'s came out in a fine sibilant peep, whereas the *sh*'s were softer, and rounder. If the room was full and his mood right it was not very hard to get Mickey to sing. He had just one song, perfect for him because it gave the *s*'s their pulpiest flute-like expression.

Baby shoes, Baby shoes,
Mother will never
Forget you.

His voice was a reedy thing that faltered and broke. It limped up and down the scale and hobbled vaguely into the interstices between the notes. Frank would bury his face in the bosom of the cash register and pretend to be racked with sobs. But once started, Mickey kept going, and the choking bravura of the finish never failed to reduce him to tears. They purl down his ravaged cheeks; he tilts his face to the lamplight; stars float in his wet eyes.

If she had to choose
Her own life she would lose,
Ere she'd part wid
Her Bay-hay-bee shoes.

The grimmest customers were touched, the rest of us laughing with our faces turned. (Frank has just soaked Mickey with the bar rag and now he's yelling stoutly for whoever is doing that to for Christ's sake stop while the man is good enough to sing.) Mickey was not unwilling to repeat. For one thing he was vain of his lyric gift and for another—like Pavlov's dogs unthinkingly—Mickey had come to know that if he slavered enough he'd be replenished enough. He could glide down the Lethe when his song was done. Frank would be waiting with a drink.



MONOTYPES BY ERIC LUNDGREN

When Frank slapped Mickey Fitzpatrick openhandedly in the face it rang like a whip crack throughout the room. This was always funny, because of the lag in response: after a full minute it might occur to Mickey to ward off or duck the blow he'd already received. The thing was dismissed as a casual jest. But still, whenever Frank did lose his temper and sock Mickey in earnest nobody was more hurt, more ashamed of it, than Frank was.

Mickey was perched there, and Frank, grinning inanely, had clipped him on the cheek as he passed along the bar. "Ah, cut it out, Frank," somebody reprovingly said.

Frank strolled back and swiped Mickey across the face again and glowered at the protester. Mickey was his for better or worse to do with as he pleased; and nobody, nobody was permitted to intrude on the relations between these two friends. To emphasize this proprietorship Frank stopped in his tracks and punched Mickey flush on the nose with his closed fist hard. He even set his doubled-up fist against Mickey's ruined mouth and scornfully banged it home with his other hand. Somebody tittered uneasily; Frank was becoming intent. It was painful to almost everyone but Mickey, this inarticulate, brusque declaration of love. To Frank it was so acutely embarrassing that he lost his temper completely and let fly lefts and rights to the drunkard's damp white face. But Mickey never raised an arm. He kept muttering out of the side of his mouth, "Wot! Ya wanna fight? Okay. Okay," and rocked patiently with the blows while the shame of it filtered through his muddled head. He held himself clenched with both hands to the stool, so that when Frank hit him both he and the stool swayed back against the wall—it was that small a place—and then tipped forward to the bar again in time to catch another blow.

A merciful friend scaled the bar then and pinioned Frank, and yelled at Mickey to stop plaguing Frank and go away. Mickey shuffled to the rear of the room hanging his head. He was crying.

Frank was on the verge of tears himself. "I'll moider that dopey bum!" White, panting, he suffered himself to be pacified, and as soon as the peacemaker let go Frank sought out the rash customer who had told him to stop beating up Mickey. "You—," pointing to the door, "—out!" And after the offender was gone Frank returned to the bar a chastened man.

"*He* started it," Frank said. It was pathetically true. He filled half a beer glass with "Old Overholt" then and put it on a tray with no water and carried it back to Mickey, who was slouched over a table with his head in his arms. Frank settled the tray on the table. His ears were red and his face looked tender. Then he drew back his foot and kicked Mickey heartily in the shin, and when the suffering fellow raised his head Frank seized it in both hands and kissed him impulsively on the forehead.

When Frank let Mickey be the bartender Frank would sit with his coat on, on the customers' side of the bar, drinking heavily and finding fault with everything Mickey did or else not deigning to come into the place himself at all. (Frank was a popular customer at other speaks.) Mickey liked this; it made him feel important. He could keep people out or let them in whenever the doorbell rang. His judgment was doubtful, however. He let holdup men in, and he kept out the police.

He scarcely could be blamed for not suspecting the holdup men, since one of them had spent the afternoon getting quietly drunk in the place, but it was a surprise to find them staggering in behind him, gesturing broadly with their guns. For some unknown reason they demanded that Mickey curl up on the floor in the corner behind the bar. They searched the customers one by one and made them pile on top of Mickey. As it proved, however, the gunmen could hardly see. Everyone dropped his money on the floor by his feet and trampled it into the sawdust, so all they got was a petty driblet of silver.

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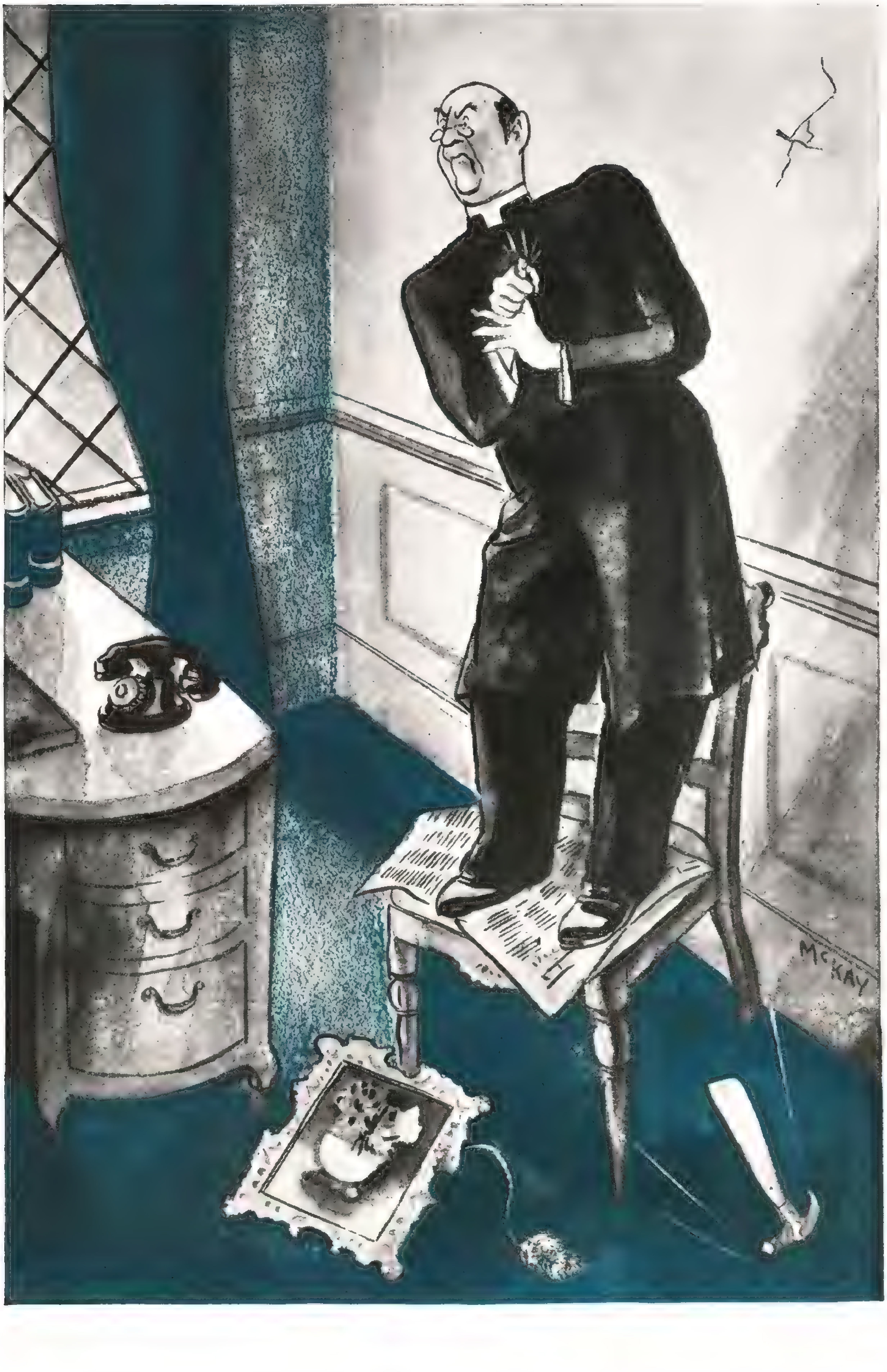


"1-2-3-4-5-6—!"

How to Publicize a Football Team

Every big-time team needs a director of public relations, plenty of showmanship and stripes running right up the pants

by PARKE CUMMINGS

▪ SATIRE ▪

Periodically one hears rumors that there is skulduggery afoot in the great college game of football, that some of the players on the more successful gridiron organizations are not in college solely for the purpose of tracing Greek derivatives or getting the low-down on European history from 1815 to 1870, and that dad's checkbook doesn't defray all the incidental expenses to the absorption of higher education.

As for us, we're not interested. There is plenty of unrest and sordidness in this present-day world, and we wouldn't want to inject any further sourness in life by discussing the matter. Let us assume then that our college has a lot of football players and a good coach, capable of building both character and a good single wing-back offensive, and let it go at that. We aren't even concerned with how he goes about producing a winning football team. In the first place, that's his business, and in the second place, developing a winning football team is only a means to an end, the end, of course, being the drawing of a large number of cash customers willing to shell out shekels to see the team play.

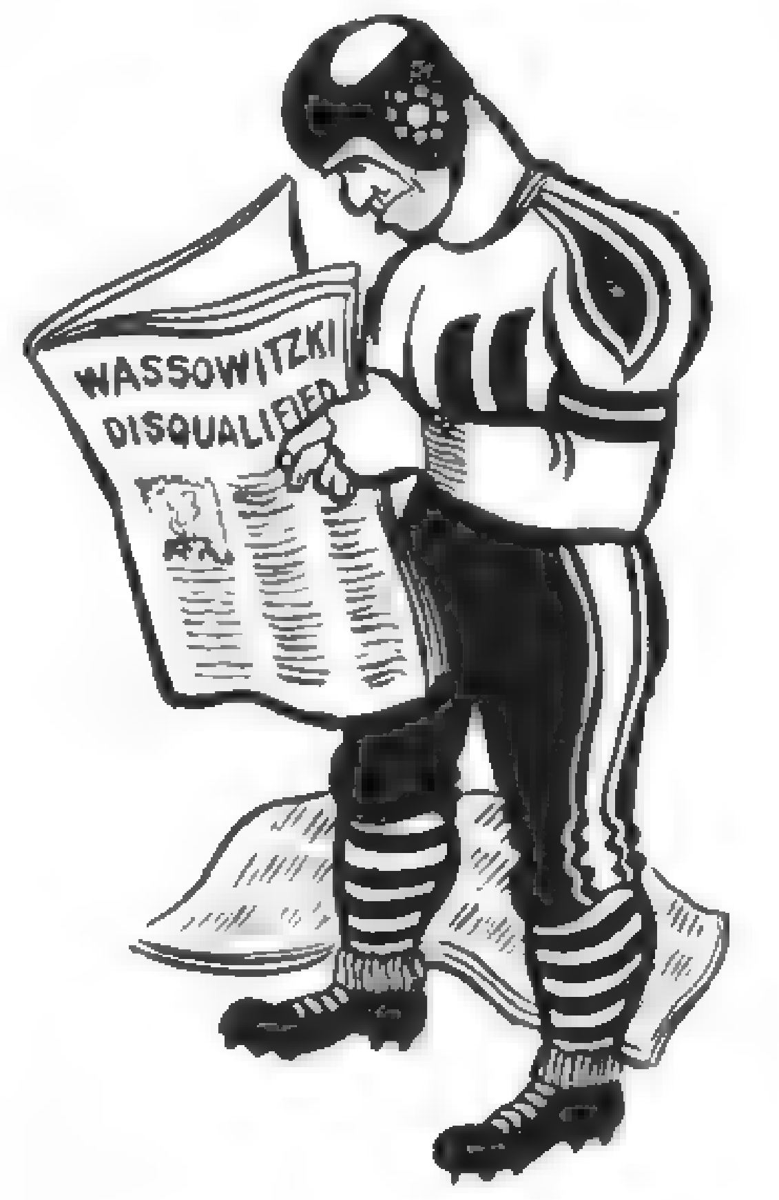
Assuming, then, good material, a good coach and a winning team, what are the next steps—the really important ones that will reap columns in the newspapers and hence goggle-eyed fans in the stadium? Well, first of all, come the players' uniforms. At least they used to be uniforms; nowadays they're costumes. Back in the unenlightened days our higher institutions of learning were almost unbelievably slipshod in garbing their punters and passers. If a college's color was, say, blue, it simply dressed its gridders in blue stockings, blue jerseys and brownish-looking pants and headguards. Terrible? Check! Terrible! No showmanship at all.

The public won't stand for that stuff today. Rule 1: No solid colors! Stockings must be striped with blue and white—or gold. Vivid blue stripes must run up the pants. The jerseys must have not only stripes, but epaulets on the shoulders. The helmets, their brilliant colors flashing in the autumn sunlight, must be something to catch the eye at eight hundred yards and keep it caught. In short, a big-time football team must give away absolutely nothing in color, design, ingenuity and daring to a Radio City Music Hall chorus. At least once a season a grid aggregation should change its costumes—change them radically from ankle to headguard. In fact it's high time that some of these modern teams came out with a completely new outfit after the half. How long do they expect us fans to put up with monotony?

Vying in importance with clothing is the matter of team cognomens, and here again customs are rapidly changing. In the old days a team was known simply as Michigan or Harvard, or, at best, the Tigers or the Bulldogs. That's much too tame for this present age. You've got to get something really colorful here, and this thrill-lover, for one, wouldn't go around the corner to see an aggregation that boasted any tamer nickname than the Red Raiders of the Chenango or the Scarlet Scourge. Besides, if you want to get to first base with the press, you've got to give the headline framers something to work with: "WOLF PACK DEVOURS GREEN WAVE." There you've got something. Imagine asking a self-respecting modern sports writer to be content with "ARMY BEATS NAVY!"

All of which adds up to the fact that every big-time grid college must have a Director of Public Relations (formerly known as a press agent). In fact a director of public relations is a lot more important than a coach, and he's a sap if he doesn't ask for a bigger salary. All right. Our college, Kindlewood, has its coach, "Bat" Bormer, and its D.P.R., Augustus C. Shrank. Thanks to Mr. Shrank's ingenuity and tireless efforts, the Kindlewood pigskin pushers are garbed in a symphony of vivid green and gleaming silver stripes, spangles, whirligigs, geegaws and epaulets and are known to the readers of the *Twin Roads Clarion* as well as those of the *New York Leviathan* as the Emerald Earthquake. (Won 8 and lost 1 last year.)

And so a new season approaches, and Mr. Shrank, although he has already performed yeoman services, cannot for one minute rest on his laurels. Now begin the pre-season releases to the fourth estate. And by pre-season, do I mean the last week in September? I do not. I mean the end of July or the first week in August when the big league pennant races are wide open and the tennis players are wondering if they can get to the quarter-finals at Seabright without collapsing from the heat.



Mr. Shrank has a large collection of stock stories to choose from, and to save himself brain fatigue, he usually tosses a coin to decide his first opus. Let us say that fate decides on the Probation Story, one of the varieties of the bear category. It reads something like this: "Prospects for an all-winning season for Kindlewood's Emerald Earthquake were dealt a crushing blow when it became known today that three of Coach Bormer's star gridders, Hank Magruder, Red Horlein, and Charles ("Bull") Wanskoliejxz have been placed on probation by the faculty and will be ineligible to perform for the Emerald and Silver this fall. As all of these men formed an integral part of Bormer's complicated offensive, it can be seen what a stormy task confronts Kindlewood's popular young coach."

The story goes on for several more paragraphs in the same doleful tone, and might lead a football fan unfamiliar with such releases—there were seven such fans in the country by the last count—to assume that the Emerald Earthquake is going to give up the great fall sport and take up badminton. Anyone making such an assumption is more than a little cockeyed, because this sad saga has merely set the stage for Augustus Shrank's next release which, as even a child could figure out, is going to be Story 8 C, The Sensational Find yarn.

Read with me, and learn how "Bat" Bormer's cloud turned out to have a silver (and emerald) lining. "If Bat Bormer is worrying about losing two star halfbacks and a first-string tackle due to faculty inroads, one would never suspect it from the grin he's wearing these days. In a young sophomore, Freddie Higgins, lies the answer to Bormer's optimism, but to Bormer himself must go the lion's share of the credit. It was Bormer who happened to spy Higgins in a game of quoits on the Kindlewood Campus, and who instantly spotted him as a natural football player from the way he handled himself. The wily mentor took the lad aside, and, learning that Higgins had never had a football in his hands, finally persuaded him that it is never too late to begin. The results have been sensational. After two weeks' work with 'Panther-Paws,' as Higgins has been dubbed, Bormer states unequivocably that Higgins is the greatest

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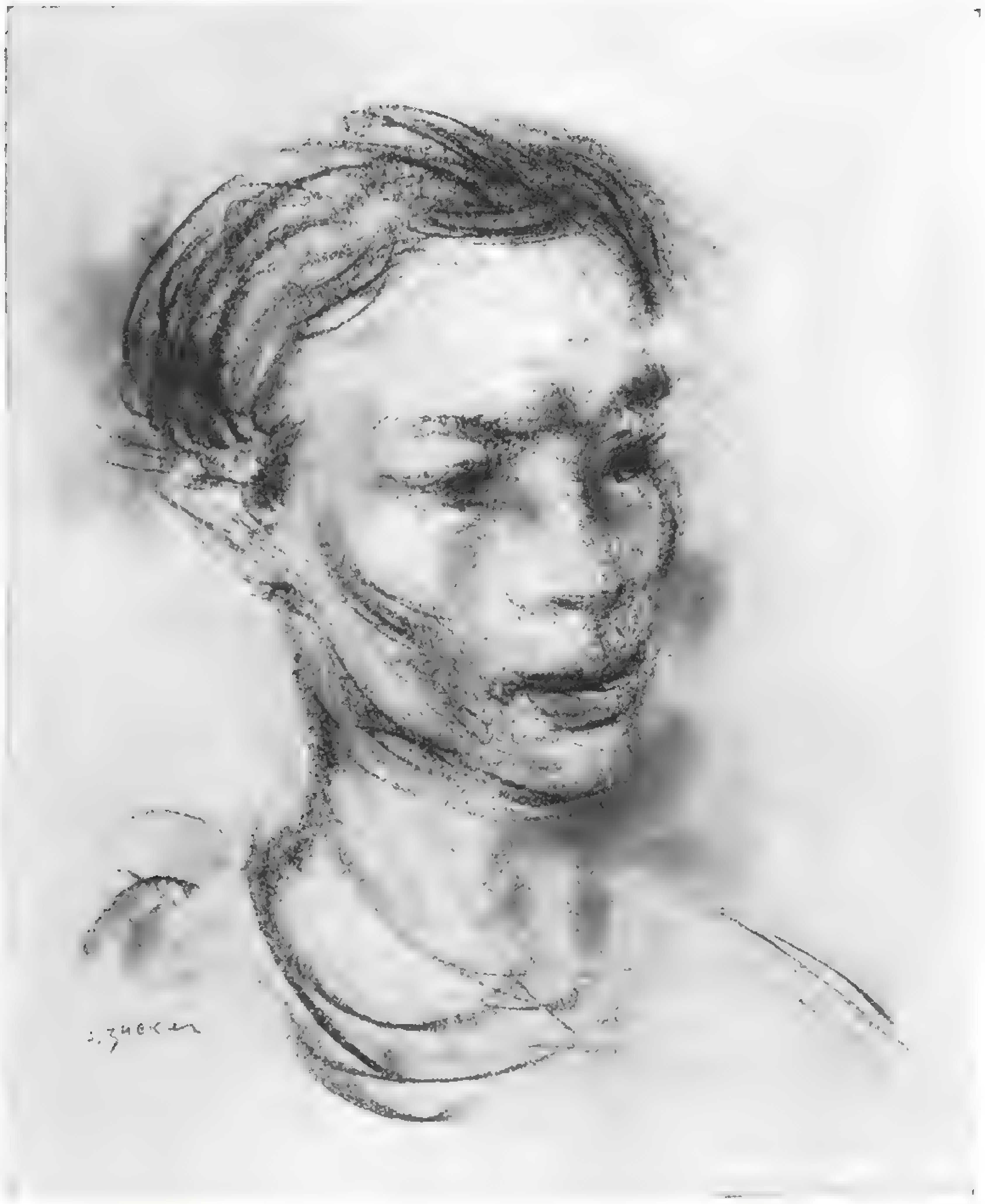
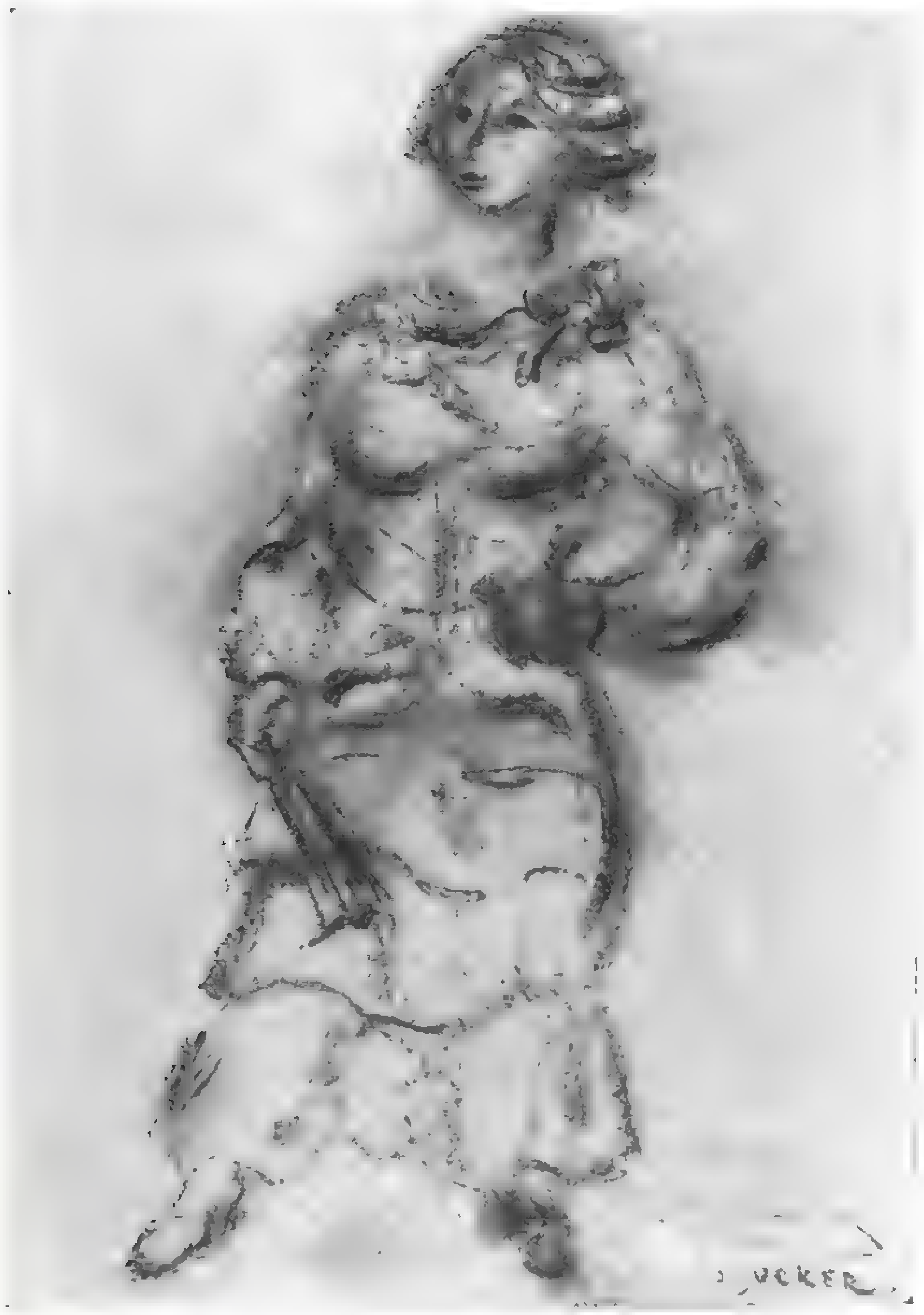


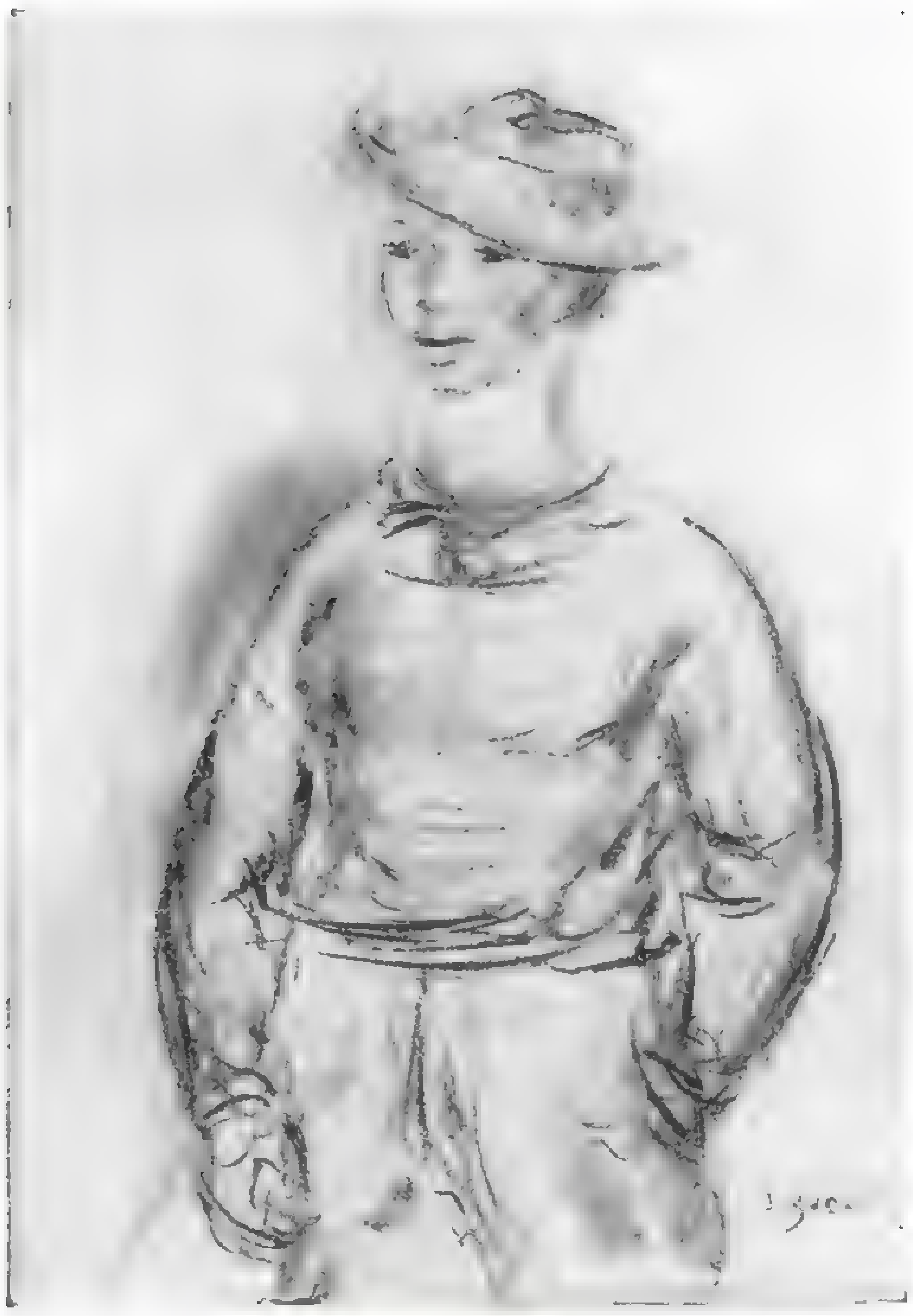
SELF-PORTRAIT



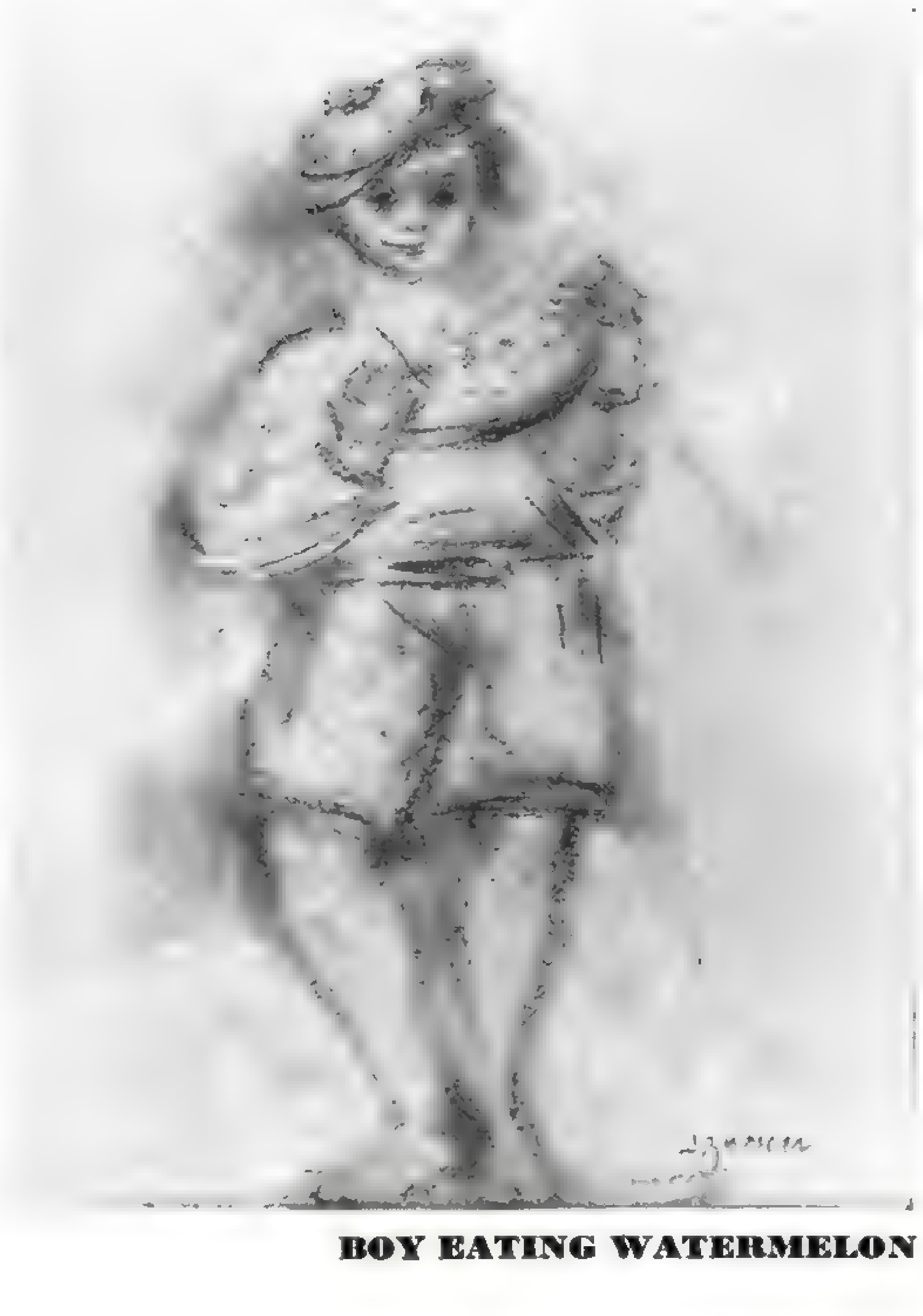
SPANISH DANCER

A Collection of Drawings

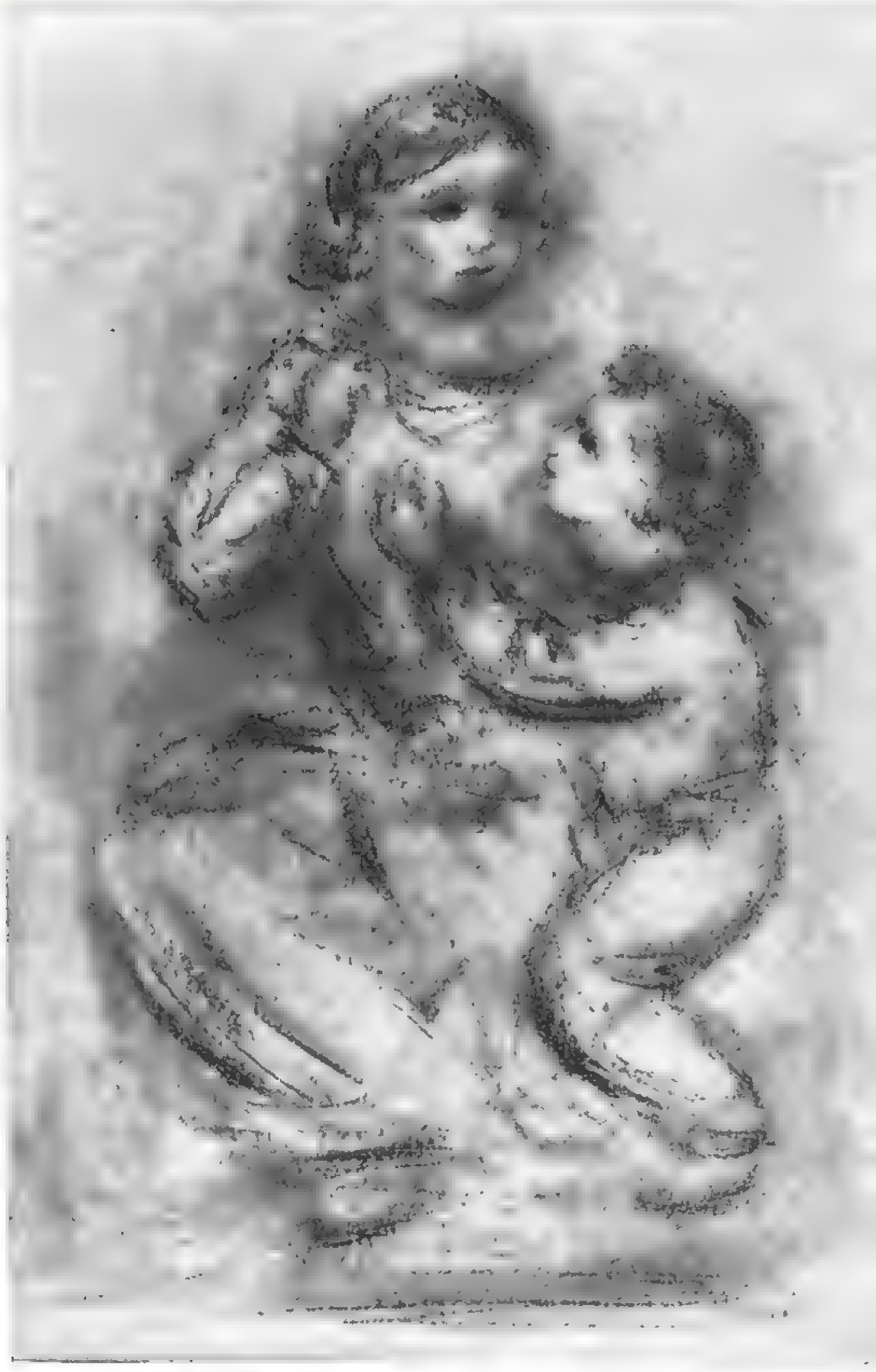
by **JACQUES ZUCKER**



BOY STANDING



BOY EATING WATERMELON



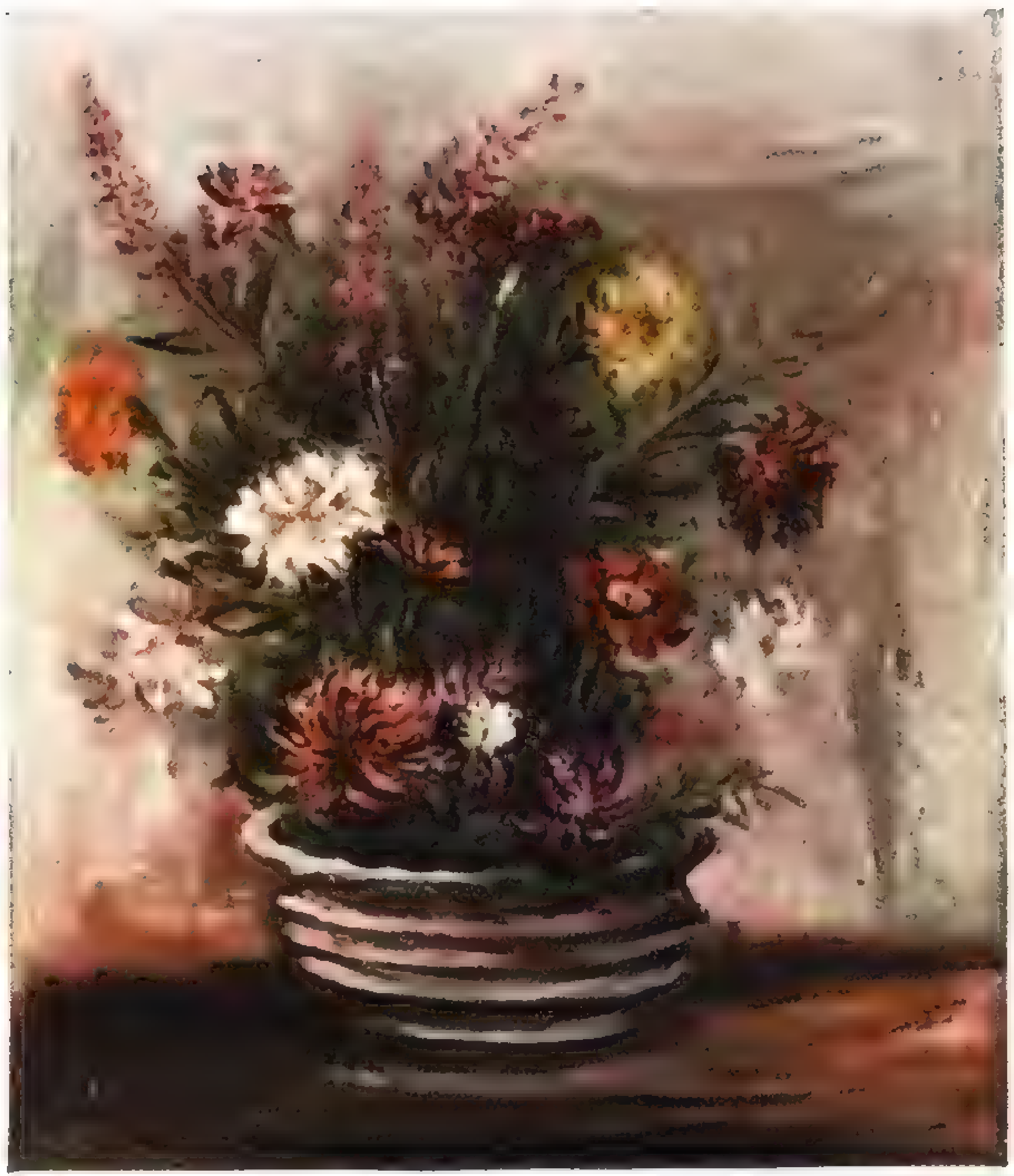
MOTHER AND CHILD

Jacques Zucker: Modern Romantic

His paintings sing the beauty of the shining outdoors, the expression of a child, the glowing flesh of a woman

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •



FLOWERS

Many of us suspect that the king hasn't got his breeches on, but we are afraid to proclaim the fact, as we are afraid to be discovered in the unfashionable minority. Only the little child who doesn't yet understand the nonsense of social pressure may make so bold as to cry out in his silly treble, "Ma, the king is naked!" Once the childish voice has broken the spell of fear and pretense, then will the frightened adults huddle together and whisper, "Yes, but the king *was* naked." In the realm of art many of us are intimidated by the same web of publicity, prestige, position and palaver by means of which the fake weavers pretended to clothe the king of the fairy tale. If, said they in effect, you don't see the marvelous robe we have fashioned for the king, then you are esthetically blind and have no right to call yourself a judge of the fine arts. One may forgive the common man or woman for fearing to challenge the presumptuous voices of authority, but what shall we say for the alleged art critics who are just as easily taken in by the same technique of fashion making?

There are many artists whose importance we take for granted for a combination of reasons that are extrinsic to the value of what they produce. There may be a dozen such reasons. Their paintings are in important museums, the leading circumstance guiding most people in art judgment. Their dealers are the best in the business and have the confidence of certain big shot collectors. The prices their pictures bring—you wouldn't believe it! and you don't have to. Such and such a painter won a prize recently, and the other a mural commission, and the third has a way of getting his name into the papers, and the fourth exhibits infrequently because he works slowly and the fifth shows frequently because he works fast and the sixth is reported to have an inside track in the best circles because his cousin is a museum curator, and the seventh is an important figure in the Society of Independent Artists and the eighth can count upon a big puff in the leading newspaper because its art critic is a particularly well disposed neighbor and so on and so on, weight being given to every circumstance except the impact of the man's paintings upon the beholder.

But these circumstances, extrinsic as they are, do serve as necessary guides to the beginning looker at pictures. There is a time when it is convenient to believe that the important museums have the best paintings of the best artists. The museums may serve to educate us a little, even if, later, they teach us to look for the best living art outside their walls. The price of a painting, at the beginning of one's exploration, is a necessary guide to its esthetic value. Later you may learn that the high price was manipulated. What the best dealers have to show in their windows is more likely to be better than the wares hawked by the less successful art merchants. The judges who give prizes may be presumed to know more about pictures than the budding connoisseur and collector. These guides are neither infallible nor permanent. They are useful only up to the point at which one may discard them. They are crutches, or alpenstocks, or rubber heels to help us orient ourselves in the confusing realm of art. You may know what you like but if you live long enough you will learn to like better things just because you knew when to use, and when to discard, these guides to the abiding values. So far as you are concerned, the king is not naked, and you had best refrain from shouting that he is until you are as a little child yourself in wisdom as well as in courage.

In this issue, for variety's sake, I write of an artist whose name in all probability you have never heard. The mention of that name carries with it, at least to American ears, no echo from the past. He is represented in no museum and in no notable private collection. He has no dealer. He has never won a prize, at least not west of Jerusalem. His American publicity weighs only a few ounces. He has almost nothing more to commend him than his paintings and his potentialities. He is rather rough and ready and lacking in personal charm. No curator thinks of him when drawing up a list of the well-known who are to be invited to exhibit in any of the large group shows. In brief, so far as the general public is concerned, he is a naked man—but not in the sense of the fairy tale. For he is attired with skill, bravura, emotional power, an intense love of painting, an ideal of painting and a high standard. He is not a boy but neither is he a greybeard. He has created a substantial body of work, most of which is unknown except to a group of purchasers who buy paintings first and reputations afterwards. He has very little indeed, in a worldly sense, and in the sense of prestige, but, so far as I am concerned, he has the goods and the promise of the goods. He whines not, neither does he boast, but he knows his merit and he knows his craft and he doesn't assume a modesty he doesn't feel. When I said of one of his sanguine drawings, whether rightly or wrongly, that it had the look of an old master, he corrected me: "It's a young master." He is American by adoption who takes such joy in the American landscape as those born upon it cannot equal, but his racial and artistic derivations are from the other side of the ocean. His name is Jacques Zucker.

He was born thirty-eight years ago in a town in Russian Poland. His circumstances were lower middle class. His father was of the scholarly, religious type much more concerned with the fine points of Talmud than with imposing authority upon his sons. It was his mother who made the decisions and carried them out, and it is to her that he was most deeply attached. From the beginning their son manifested none of the characteristics of the shrinking violet who is afflicted with esthetic sensitiveness. He was a militant little package of dynamite and no one could step on his toes with impunity. It is true that he would steal off by himself to make crayon drawings, but no one paid any attention. The drawings were primitive, fantastic sketches of Palestine illustrating the stories of the Old Testament on which his generation was weaned. The fact that he made drawings was significant; so was the fact that the drawings had Palestine for their locale.

In his ninth year his mother died. About that time he heard tales of Palestine that whetted his desire to leave the dull and constricted community into which he had been born and to breathe the free and legendary air

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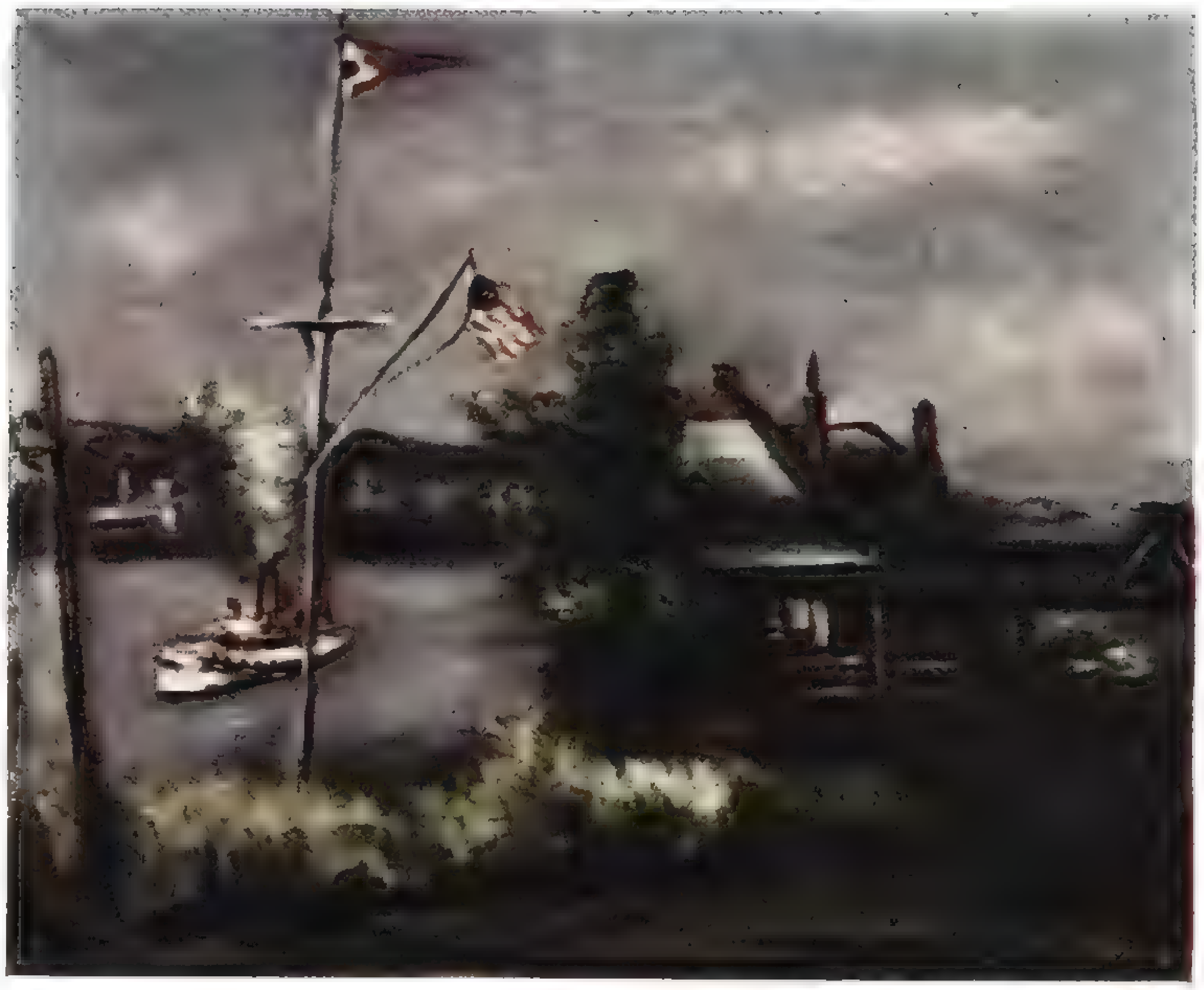
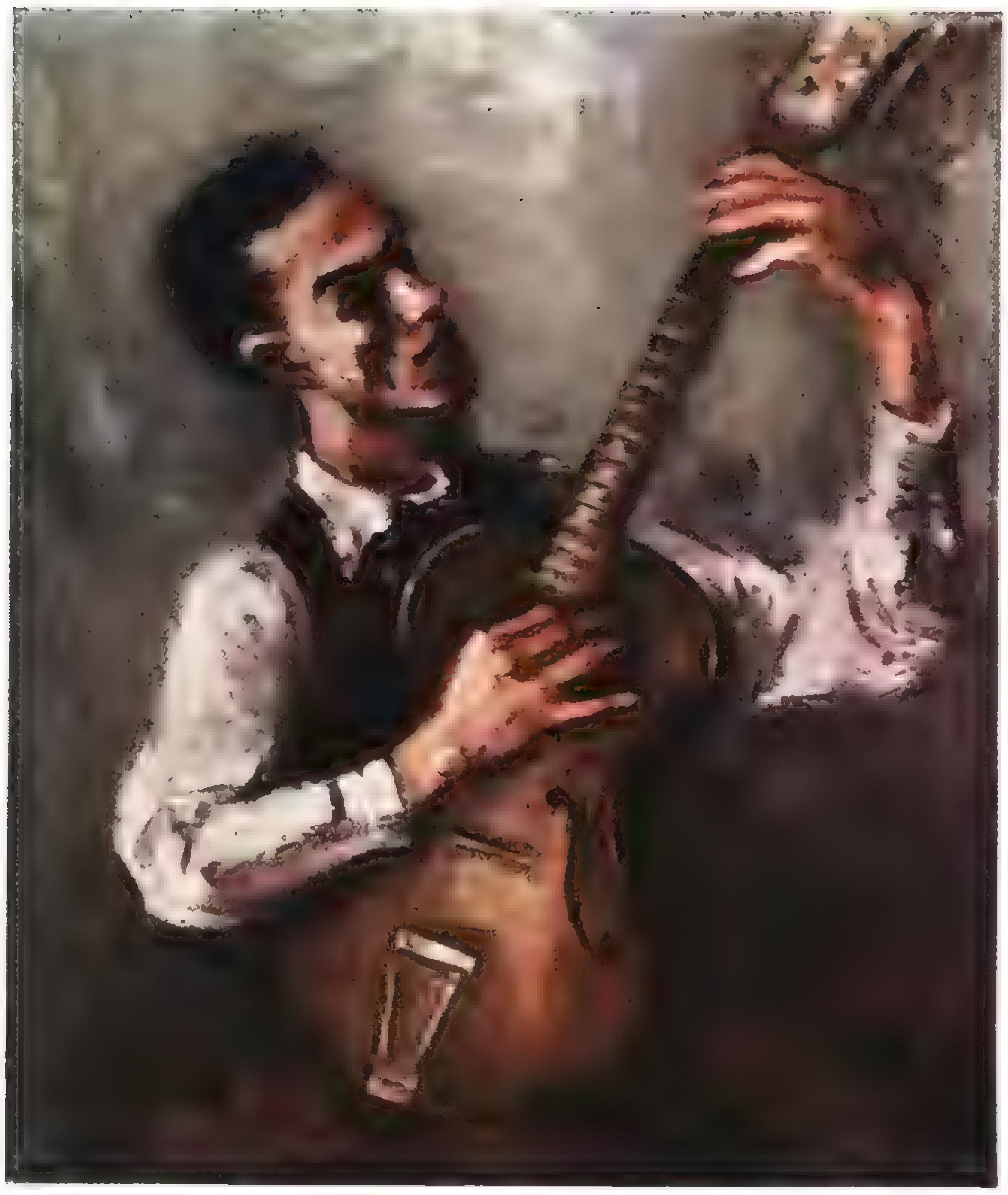


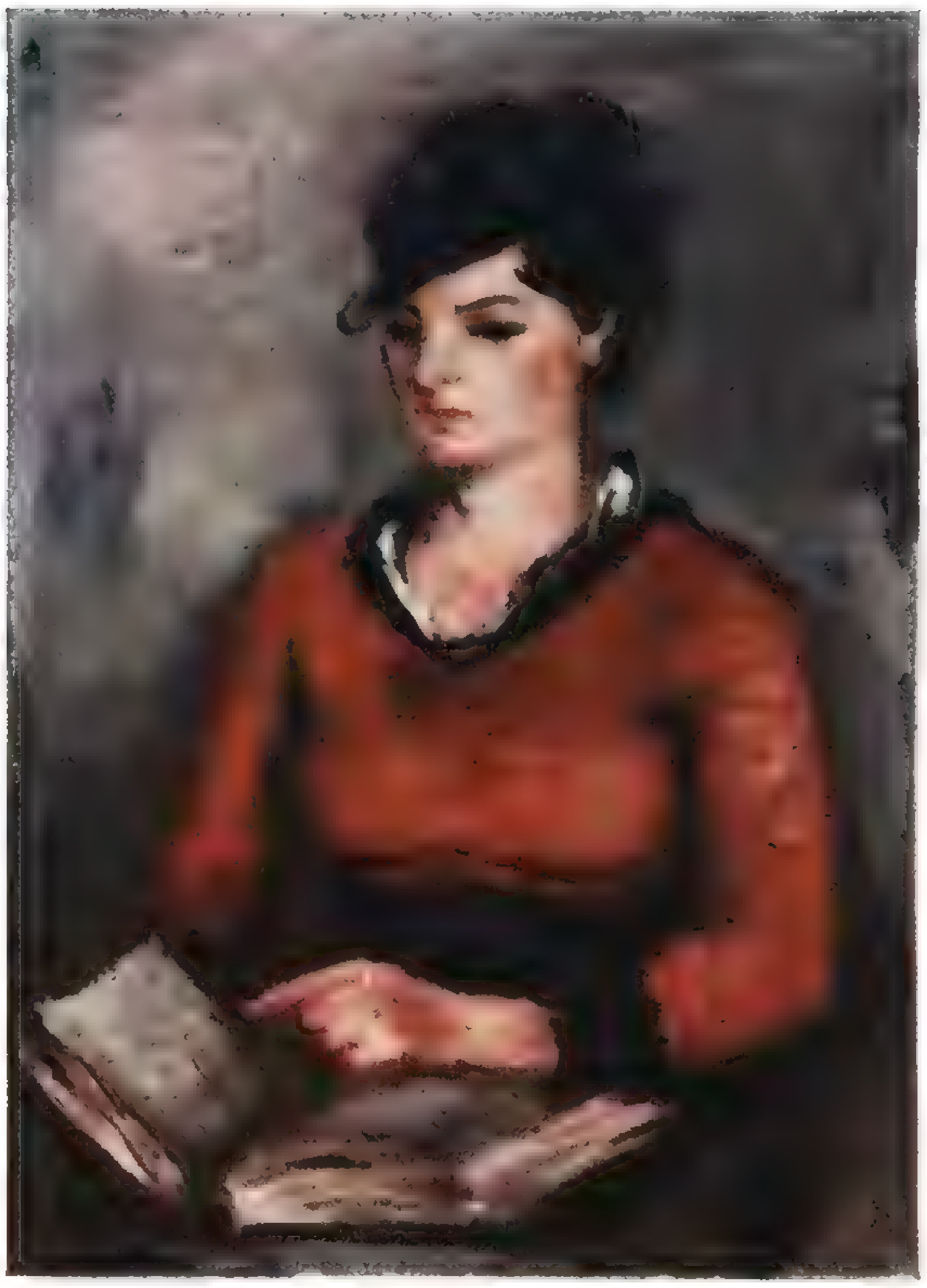
COLUMBIA YACHT CLUB



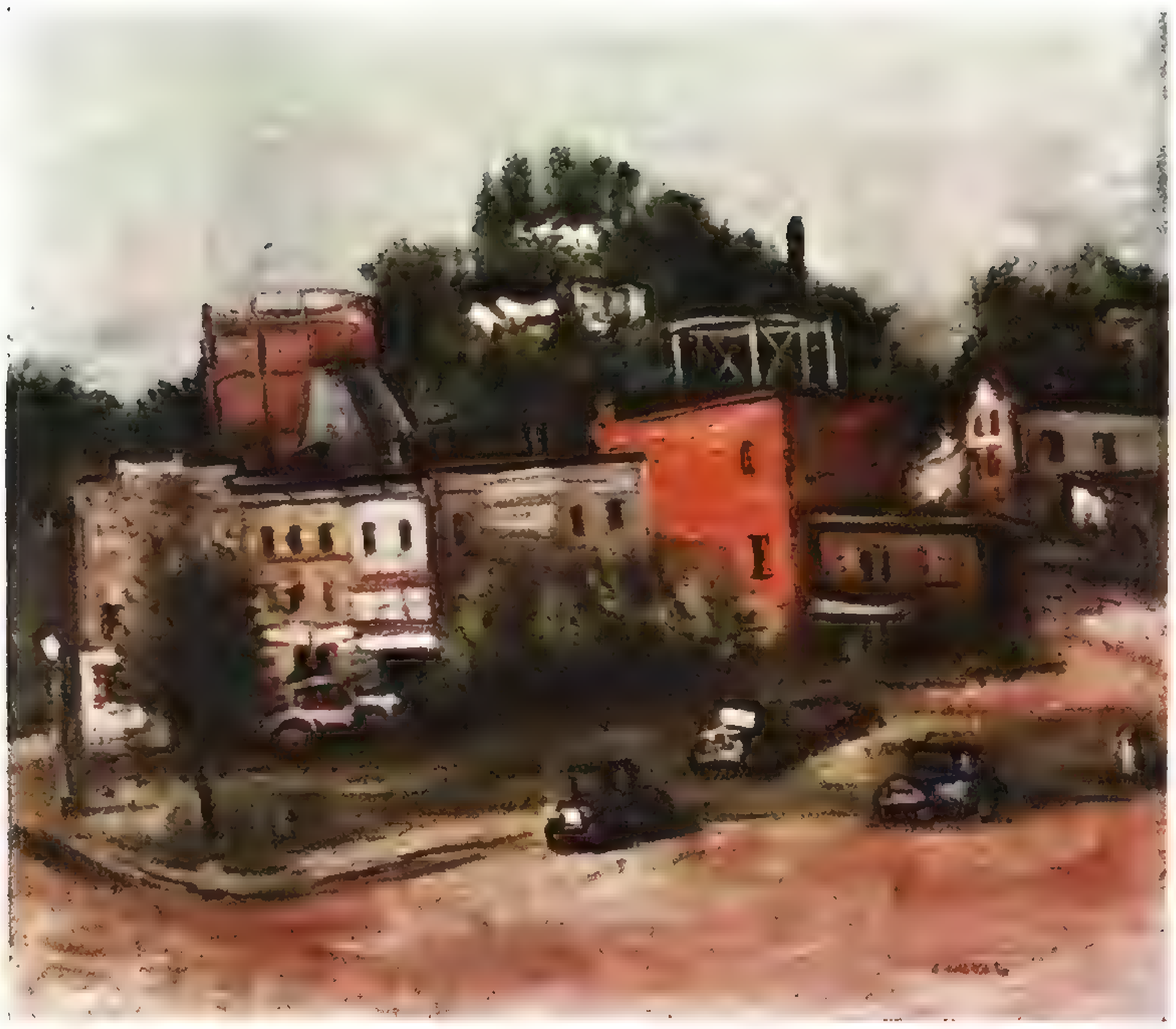
GUITAR PLAYER

A Collection of Paintings

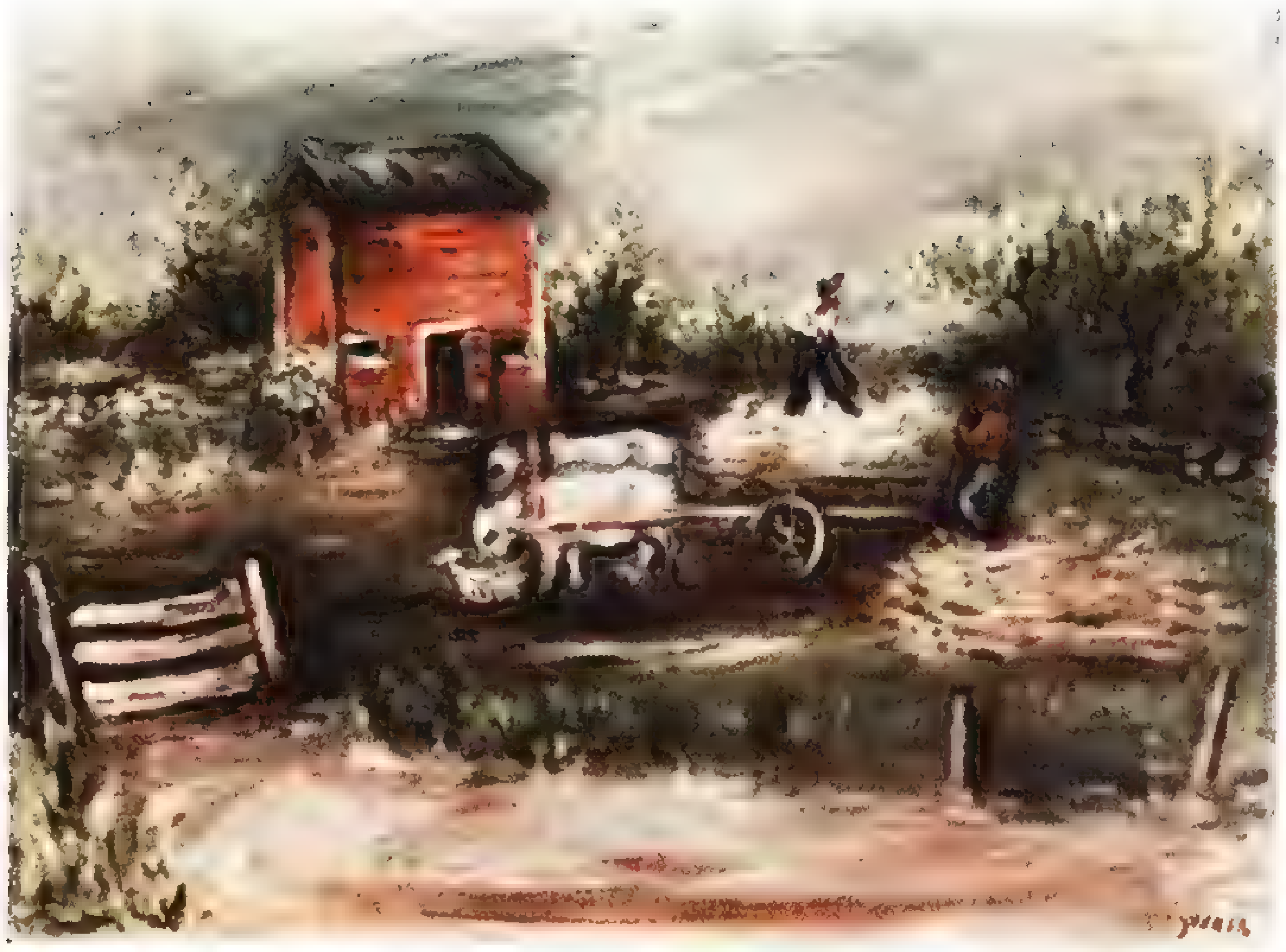
by JACQUES ZUCKER



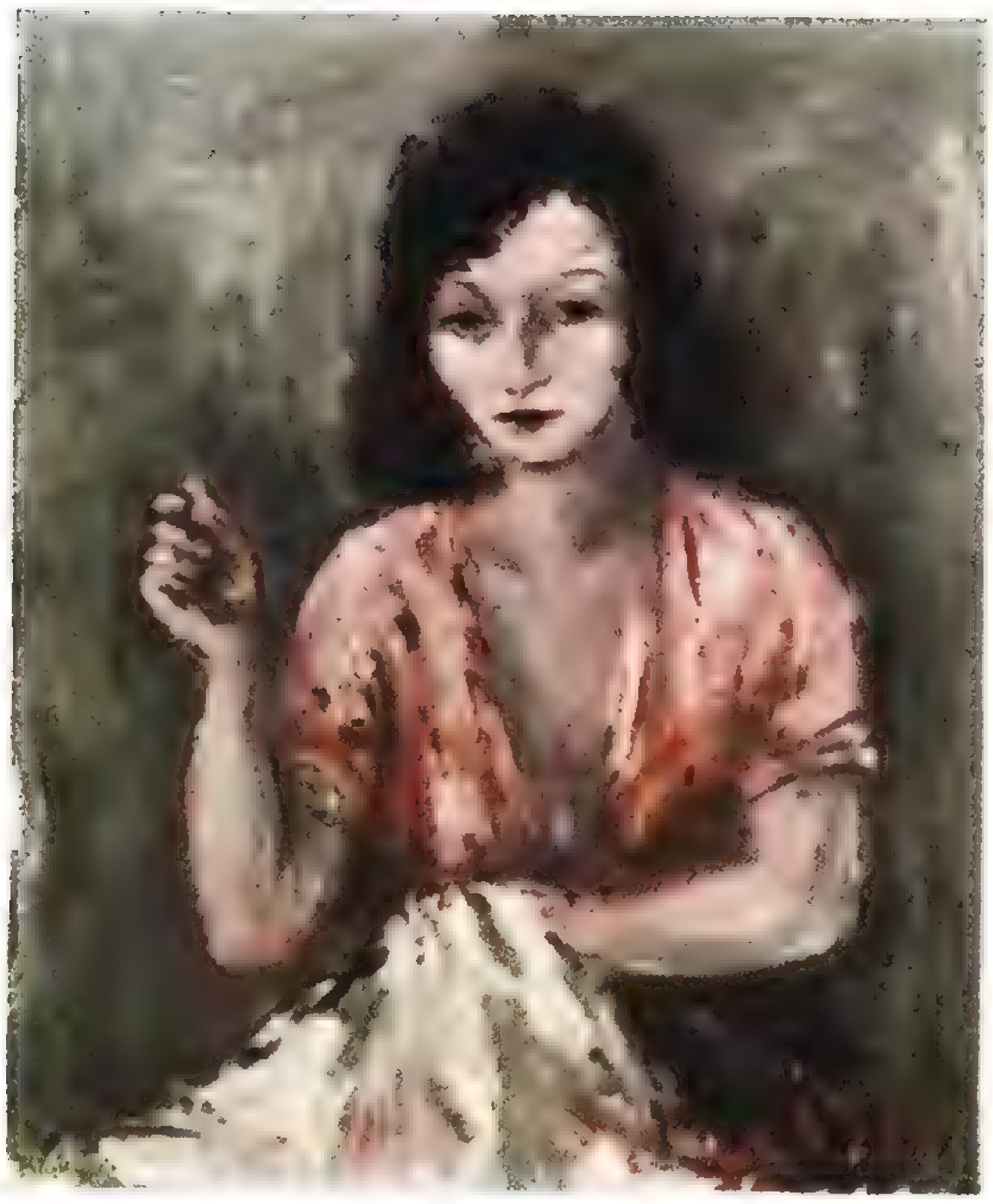
PORTRAIT OF NINA



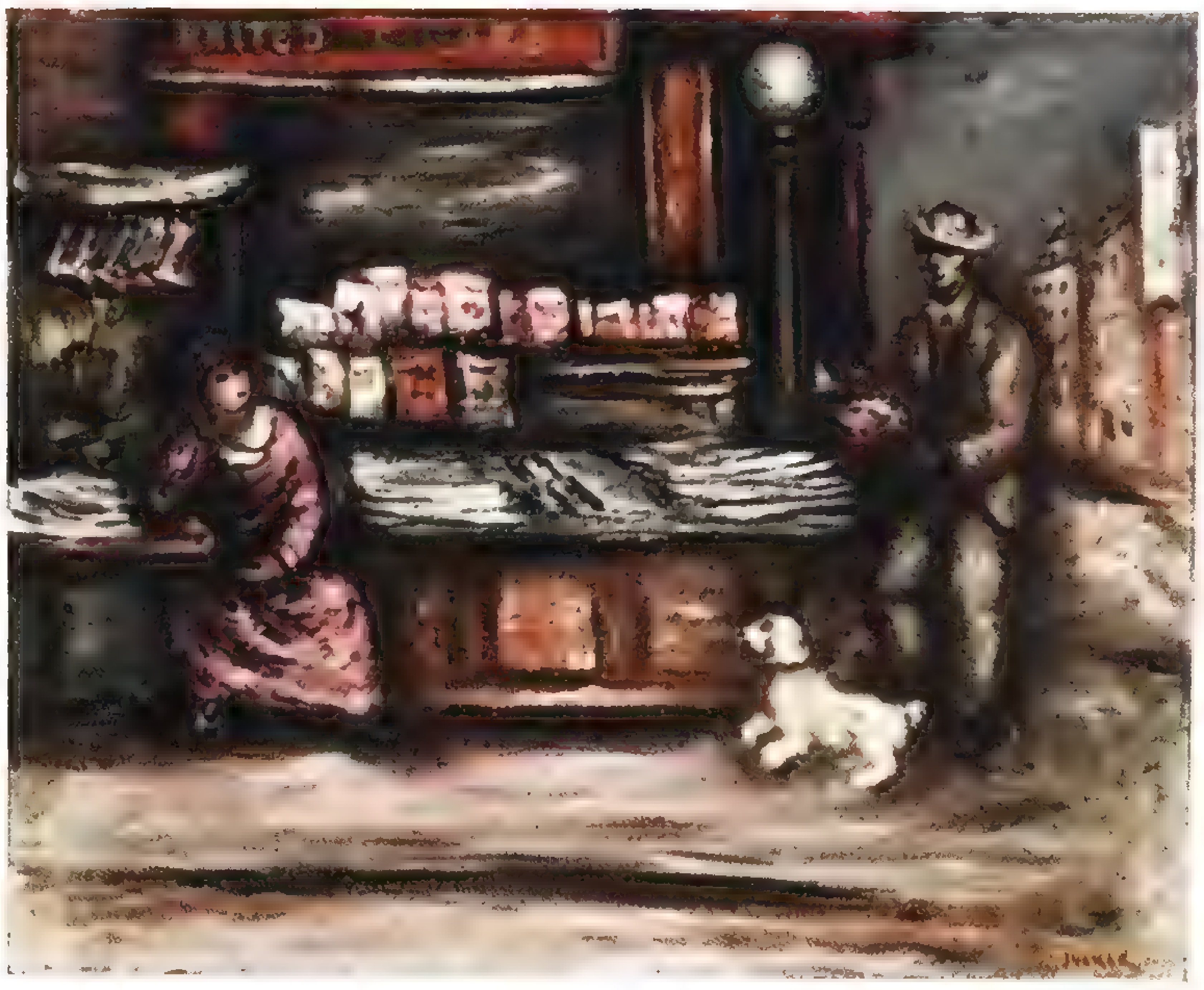
HOUSES IN OSSINING



FARM SCENE



SEAMSTRESS



NEWS STAND

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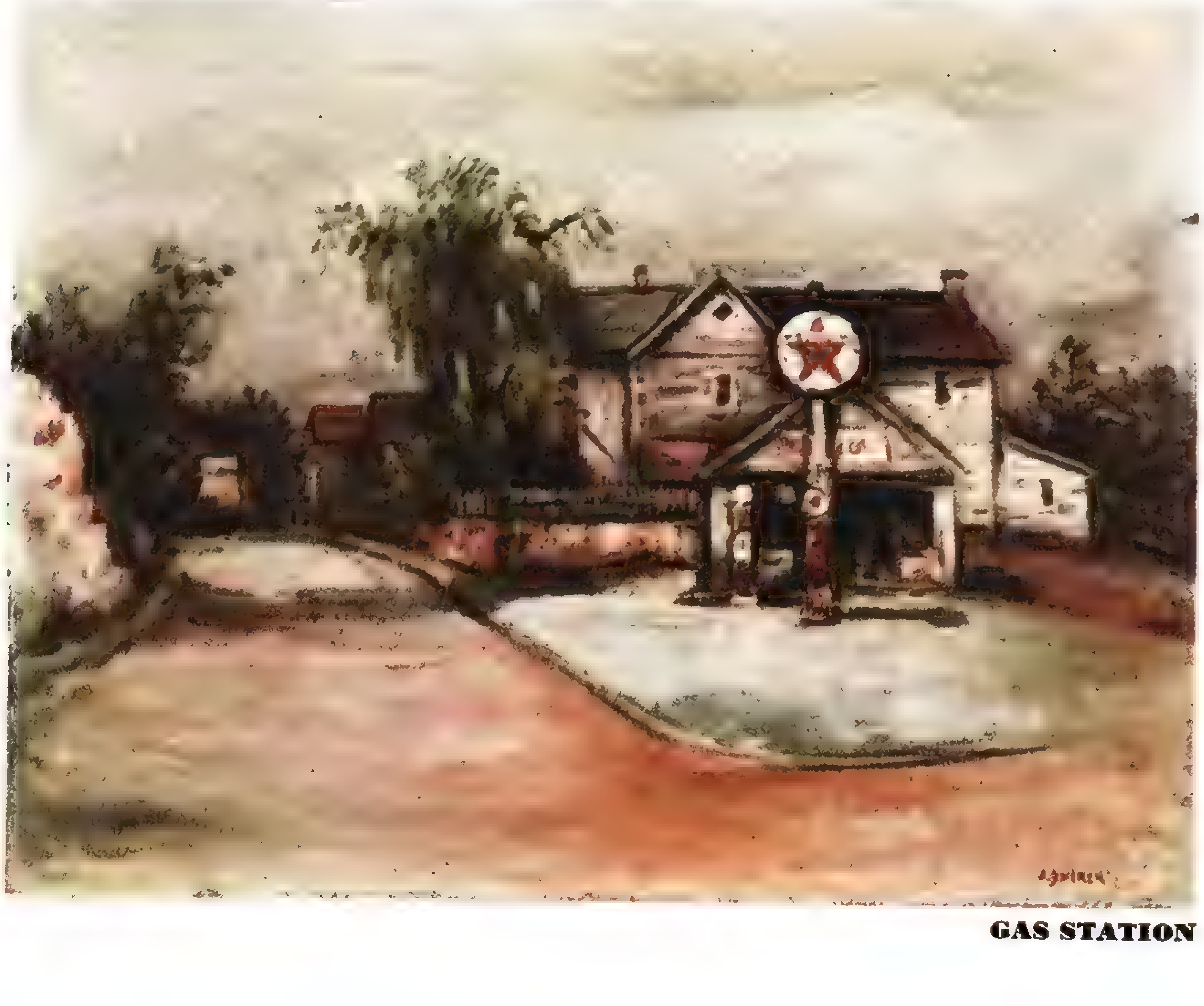
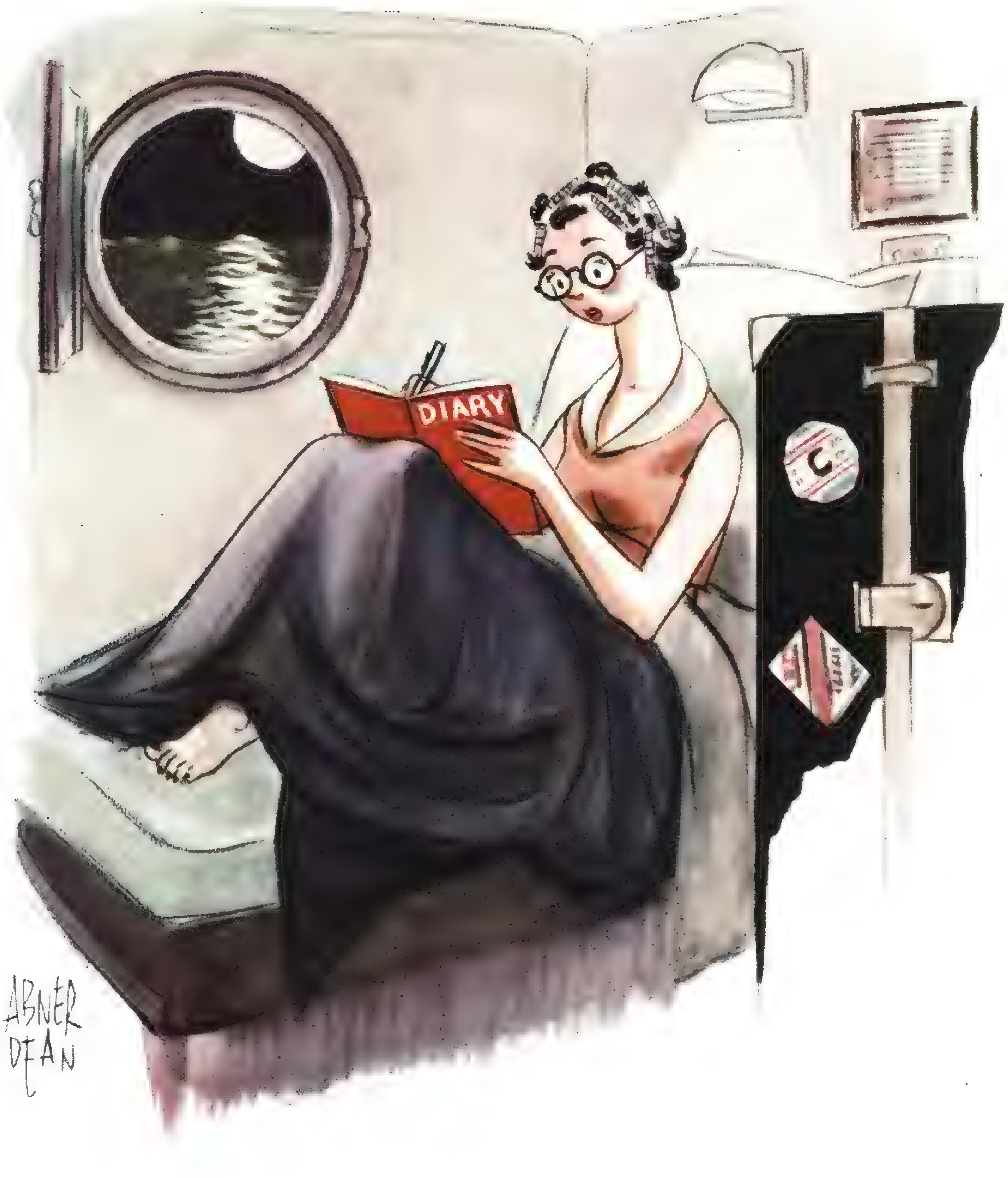


GAS STATION


DIARY
C
ABNER DEAN

CRUISE CARGO

Search for Romance: ("Dear Diary—first night out and there's a full moon . . . .")

Telegraph in the Jungle

How could the pygmies know, without tom-toms or signal fires, that thirty miles away a leopard had been killed

by COMDR. ATTILIO GATTI

• ARTICLE •

WHERE is our sixth sense gone? In our jungle days we had it, as every other primitive creature has it still—and no doubt about that. But, has civilization killed it, developing in us, in its stead, a mechanized *erschaft* of some kind?

These are questions that often I have asked myself during many years of wandering in remote parts of Africa.

Whatever man's sixth sense may be, it is still alert and active in the primitive native, and assuredly penetrates somewhat the mysterious limitations of time and space at which our scientists are so thrillingly nibbling today.

Often when I have been confronted with some baffling incident of thought transference, so simply and naturally performed by a native witch doctor, there has flashed into my mind a picture of the enormous installations and apparatus, the complicated network of wires, the corps of mechanicians and operators with which we parallel this accomplishment.

Anyone who has traveled sufficiently through Africa to have gained some understanding of the native, has had hundreds of instances of his marvelous, natural, telegraphic system. Whether the traveler proceeds on foot, by motor-car, or even by airplane, deciding upon his route as he goes, he will find at the end of the day—although he stops among an unknown tribe—that his arrival is anticipated. Sometimes he has heard the message of the tom-toms, sometimes he has observed the flicker of signal fires. At other times he has seen or heard nothing at all. But he can be sure that before he arrives the natives are perfectly familiar with his surname, the characteristics of his temperament, his special accomplishments, and the little peculiarities that he often is not aware of himself.

A close friend of mine, one day, while crossing in a car one of the game reserves in Northern Rhodesia, saw an exceptionally fine leopard just in the middle of the road on the other side of which the reservation ended. Unable to resist the temptation, and consoling himself with the thought that had the leopard been but ten feet more to the right he would have been free to hunt him, he dropped the animal with a good shot. In a few minutes his faithful servant had skinned the body and hidden the pelt in a case in the car, burying the carcass.

No other native was to be seen, and the nearest little town, Ndola, was thirty miles away. Sure of having achieved perfect secrecy, the hunter resumed his trip and in about two hours reached Ndola. The only white policeman of the province was awaiting him there, stopped the car, found the skin and gave him a stiff fine. My friend, good sport that he is, was more bewildered than annoyed. He questioned the policeman, and the officer replied indifferently that his native boy had given him the news a few minutes before.

Some native, hidden in the vegetation, had probably watched the killing and with the normal native passion for gossip and no thought of malice, had transmitted the news. But how? Signal fires were out of the question in the bright daylight. No tom-tom had sounded, nor did a single telegraph or telephone line pass through the country.

A few months after this episode I had, myself, a striking instance of native telegraphy. One day I came down from the Tchibinda Forest to the town of Bukavu on the shore of the Kivu Lake. The previous day in the heart of the forest a gorilla had attacked me and I had been obliged to kill him. None of my boys had moved from the camp for weeks. The pygmies, who were my guides, never left the forest. Nor had any other native come near our camp, owing to its proximity to the home of *ngagi.*

I had not heard a single tom-tom nor seen a signal fire. But when I reached the first house of Bukavu I passed a group of natives at work repairing the road and heard them whispering something that caught my attention. I asked for an explanation from their *capita.*

"They say," he told me, "that you, *bwana*, have killed a big gorilla."

And he told me also the name which the pygmies called that particular animal, "Moami Ngagi," which means "the King of the Gorillas."

"But how do they know it?" I asked in surprise.

"Eeeeh," he answered, laughing boisterously, which is the beautiful native system of evading an undesirable question.

And I must confess that "eeeeh" is all I know today of the functioning of this telegraphy.

Another very common characteristic of the native is his faculty of keeping his direction and orientation even during the night, in unknown countries and under the most difficult circumstances. The maps, compasses and other instruments we have invented for this purpose may sometimes prove inadequate and leave us stranded.

But I have never seen a native boy in such a predicament—except in a few cases when I wanted some rascal to guide me to a spot he wished to avoid.

One day I made an experiment with the most stupid boy in my camp. I took him into a hut, blindfolded him securely and whirled him rapidly around and around. A dozen times I brought him to a sudden stop, shouting, "Where does the sun rise?"

Half-frightened, yet giggling at this crazy performance of the white man, the poor devil unfailingly pointed toward the east with the precision of the most perfect instrument.

Every experienced African traveler knows that a monkey in his camp is not only a charming pet but a useful guard. Let him sleep in a box under the veranda of your tent, and if in the middle of the night you are awakened by his angry chatter, you can be sure that some dangerous animal, perhaps a leopard or a lion, is prowling near the camp.

If you find a strange fruit or vegetable whose delectable appearance arouses the hope of a break in your monotonous menu of meats and tinned stuffs, try it on the monkey. If he jumps at it with his normal greediness, you can rescue it for your table. But if with one of his funny gestures of disdain he tosses it aside, in nine cases out of ten a chemical analysis will show that the innocent-looking fruit contains some irritating or harmful substance, if not a deadly poison.

And if the monkey is lacking, you can make the same test with your native boy. Even if he is new to the country, if he has never seen a fruit of that kind, he will act exactly as the monkey and with the same spontaneous infallibility of judgment.

And if one takes the trouble to make such observations, he can depend upon it that when his boy rouses suddenly from sleep, stirs the fire until the flames leap up and curls himself even closer around its protecting light, miraculously escaping from roasting himself completely, some invisible enemy is hovering near. The native boy's sixth sense has given him a silent warning of the presence of an intruder, as effective as the shrill

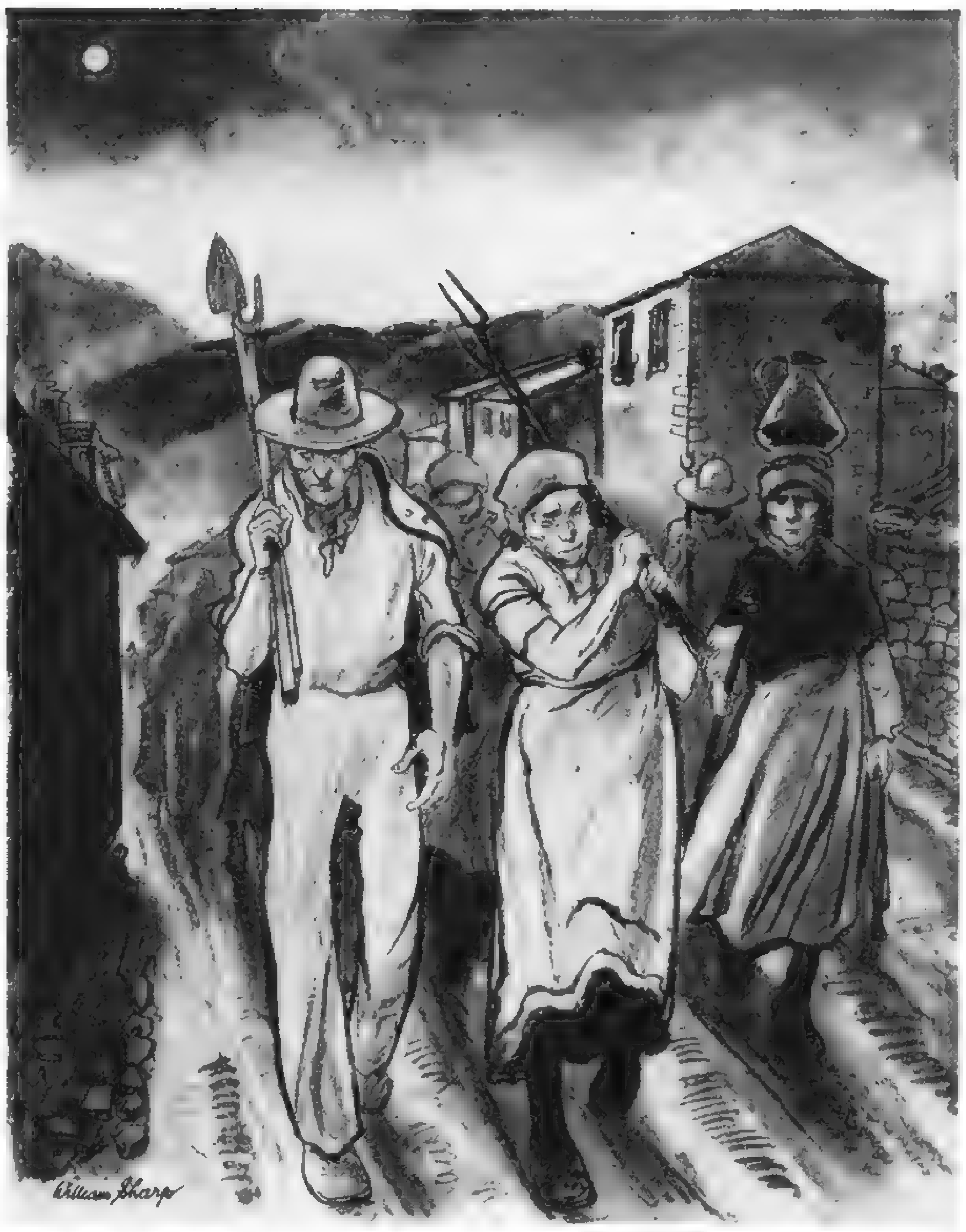
Continued in center of page 160

In the Midst of Death We Live

Obviously, the compañeros could not abandon the fields because a few of the men were killed by stray bullets

by RALPH BATES

• FICTION •



The night's rain had not entirely put out the fires in Enrique's burnt house and the heavy sour smoke drifted over on the damp wind into the schoolhouse. From his seat the mayor, Paco Gonzalez, could see the blackened roof beams clawing against the sky, about which swallows flew wildly. Alongside the school wall water runneled, its sound monotonous and sad; the sun was not shining. Machine guns rattled on the ridge across the rising fields.

Paco Gonzalez was about to open an emergency session of the peasant collective, the agenda of which lay before him. They would decide where Enrique should live in the future, what was to be done with the fields of the little mill valley, where the red cow should pasture, and the giving of a public welcome to Juan, the returning militiaman, who was bringing the cow. One of these items would probably lead to a violent discussion; already the mayor's bearing was truculent.

Gonzalez was a man of some fifty years, his strong limbs covered with heavy fat. His obese stomach was wrapped in a dirty blue *faja*, above which hung the fold of a soiled white shirt. His head was of great size, red skinned and close cropped, irregular stubble covered the greater part of his blotched face and the thick fat of his neck. The coarse open lips disclosed big teeth, now chewing the end of a toothpick. Black hair protruded from his wide nostrils, and from his ears. His eyes were large and grey, and though their whites were yellow, there was in them an expression of dignity which established itself as the true meaning of that solid, block-like head.

Before him, seated awkwardly in the children's desks, were about thirty villagers. It was two hours after daybreak.

"Compañeros," the mayor began, "the first thing we have to decide is where Enrique is going to live." His voice was harsh and uninflected. There was a moment's pause, some of the peasants looked from one to another. Yesterday afternoon a shell had burst through Enrique's roof.

"Usually it's me you have to find a house for. But Enrique's a quiet compañero." Paco's jests were never more subtle than this; already he had had to change house four times.

At the back of the schoolroom a group of women whispered. One of them, an old woman dressed in peasant black, answered her companions with nods and shakes of her head; she was weeping quietly. One of the group stood up and lifted her crooked hand.

"You'll take Enrique, Maria?" Paco said.

"Agatea says she will be happy to give Enrique a room," the woman answered, in a thin, timbreless voice, laying her hand on the old woman's shoulder.

"Bueno, you'll go to compañera Agatea's house, eh Enrique?"

"I'll be very content. . . . I don't molest anyone or anything." There was scarcely any feeling in Enrique's quiet voice, but his pale face, and strained blue eyes made a different impression.

"That's settled then. The next question is the fields in the little mill valley." There were uneasy movements among the peasants, and anxious, concentrated glances.

"I want to propose something." The speaker was a peasant of about forty years of age, square headed, thin hair hanging down over his forehead.

Paco Gonzalez glared angrily at the man and said, with brutal hate, "We know damn well what you want to propose."

"Say what you like; it's time we abandoned those fields. Agatea's boy is the sixth man who's been killed down there."

"They're the best fields," a lad shouted, standing with his back to the side wall; his voice was unsteady, as if recently changed. There were cries of opposition and support for the proposal; Agatea began to weep aloud. Paco stood up and banged the table.

"Silence," he bellowed, "we'll have this in order or I'll close the meeting. Move your damned resolution, Contreras, if you can find anyone to back you."

"Señor Gonzalez," a young man, wearing spectacles, put up his hand.

"Señor to you, too."

"Compañero," the young man said.

"Compañero," Gonzalez shouted indignantly, "you call me Compañero! Well, compañeros in living off the same land, yes!"

The young man flared up and screamed, "You're the chairman, Gonzalez, and you're taking part in the discussion."

"Come on, sister, take my place," Gonzalez bawled and flung out his hands with the utmost vigor and shook them frenziedly above the table. "Take my place, come on, run the village; ha!" the ejaculation exploded from his mouth, "for two days you'd run it and then you'd run your tail off to Madrid." The blood pumped through Gonzalez' neck and his bull's voice battered around the schoolroom.

"I second the proposal," screamed the bespectacled youth.

"All right, it's moved and seconded," the mayor said suddenly, "By the Little Body, speak to your resolution, Contreras."

"We've lost six men down there already. Every day the place is under fire."

"They're stray bullets," the boy said, against the wall.

"Stray bullets make widows. We'll get perhaps fourteen tons of potatoes from what's sown already. Leave it at that, compañeros."

"Leave it at that! Leave them without earthing up, without cleaning!"

The seconder rose and turned against the interrupter, "Leave him to put his motion, can't you?"

"Sit down, by the Great Body!" Paco slapped the desk with one hand and shook the other at the seconder.

"It's true that three were killed last year, gathering the potatoes, but we'll have to pick up this year's crops, too. I say we ought to let the fields lie as they are." Contreras sat down; the woman by his side stared fixedly ahead of her.

"All right, the seconder; you, Bullejos."

"I want to move an amendment, Mr Chairman," Bullejos announced.

"You second the motion and then want to amend it. Not if I know it."

"Rule him out, Paco," the boy interjected, from the wall.

"All right, I'll speak to the motion. I was going to suggest that we approach the line commander and ask him to stop our men firing in this sector."

"Very nice," the mayor sneered. "We'll ask the enemy to be kind enough to take a fortnight's holiday."

"It's sensible, while we plant the fields. If we don't shoot, they won't."

"So the foreign legion's going to behave with courtesy, then?"

"It was the foreign legion *last* year," Bullejos flared, "you don't know this year."

"What if it isn't then?"

The seconder stuttered in trying to recover his line of argument. "I was going to say . . . that . . ."

"By the Blood, the man doesn't know what he was going to say."

"I do, I propose that if the commander will agree to stop the firing, we plant the fields."

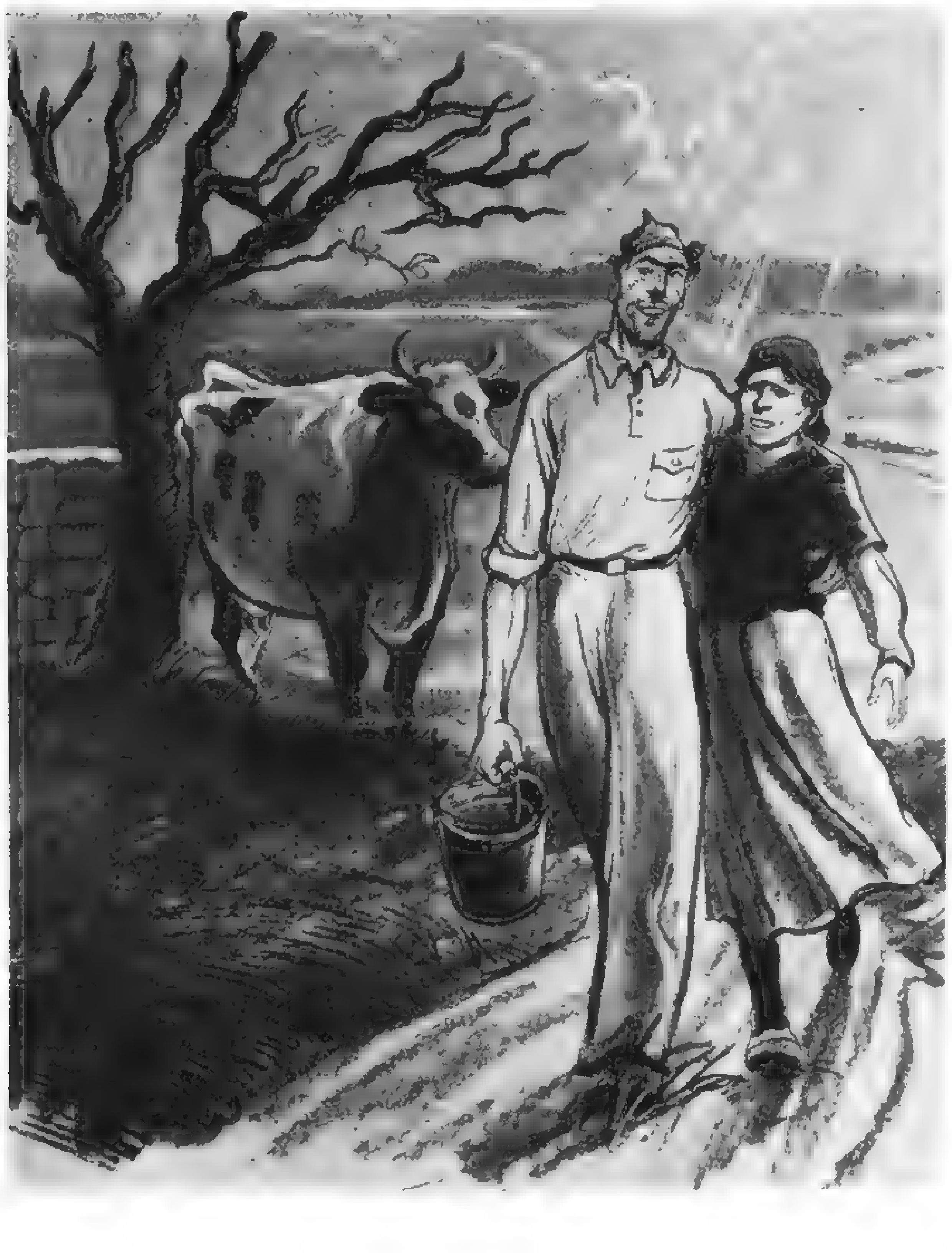
Gonzalez sprang to his feet. "I—oh God," he roared. "Didn't you say you were going to second Contreras' motion? Compañeros, let's have done with this; this is the second time these people have brought up this idea. This gentleman knows," the mayor shook his fist at Contreras, "that he can get out of the collective whenever he likes. And this gentleman knows," he shook his open hand at Bullejos, without looking at him, "that we get a few bullets on our fields. By the Body, they can't even make up their minds what they want to propose, though both of them are . . . I—in the Virgin's eyes," he spluttered, "they're defeatists, cowards, that's what they are; and Bullejos is the worst, for his proposal comes to the same thing, though he means it to sound different."

"That's right, Paco," the youngster shouted.

"Claro. We know this much. We sent one and a half-million pesetas' worth of stuff to Madrid last year. . . . Have the enemy marched away? What happens if Madrid is starved out? We're going to plant those fields, I say, and I'll say it or burst as long as I'm mayor of this cursed village. By the Body, I will. We've had our orders, haven't we?"

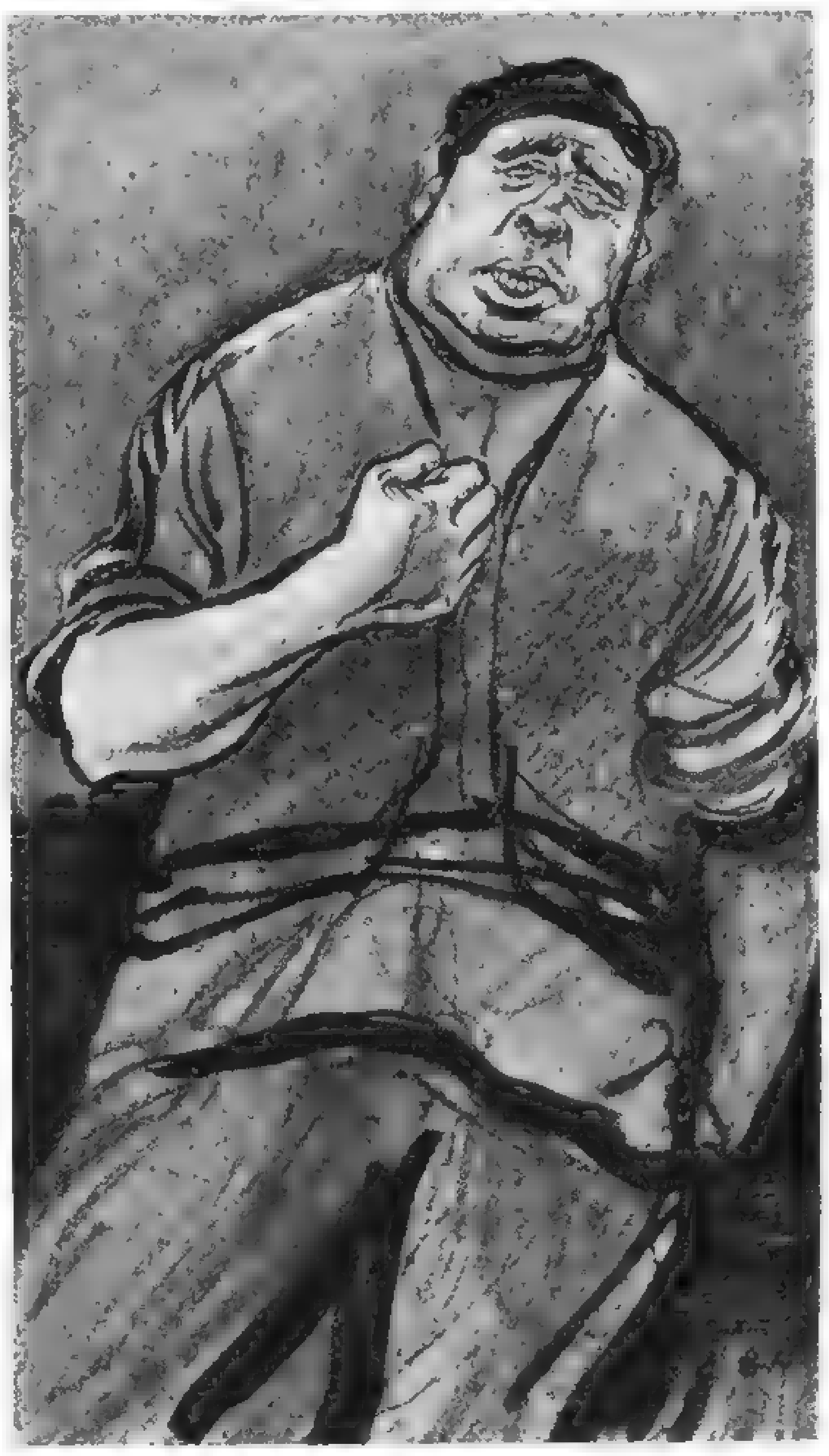
Bullejos jumped to his feet.

"It was your party ordered it, not the government. Do you call that democracy?"



"Democracy, *cojones!* Of course it's democracy. Your party ordered it, too. Let's see whether it's democracy. All those in favor of keeping on with the little mill valley fields!" Nearly everybody raised a hand. "You see, Agatea puts up her hand! Now those against."

No one moved, and Gonzalez banged the desk and spat to one side. "Go on, put up your hands. Let's see who's with these people. You, Bullejos, you're a nice mother of sons; afraid they'll be killed. aren't you! Put up your blasted hand, put up both of your blasted hands." Still there was no response and Gonzalez sat down.



"All right then, it's settled, we'll start on the fields tomorrow."

A young woman of about thirty years stood up, her face still that of a woman who has not borne children, but grave, no longer virgin, aging already with labor.

"What is it, Lucía?"

"Could we work the fields at night, do you think, compañero?"

"They're stray bullets . . ." the boy said.

"Yes, but there's never much firing at night."

"All right, why not? We'll start tonight," the mayor announced, astonishment on his face. Lucía's solution aroused no comment for several minutes and the mayor was concluding the next business before heads began to nod.

"All that noise for nothing," Contreras muttered to the woman by his side, but she continued to ignore him.

"Now about Lucía's new cow; the question is whether the collective is to pay rent to Revulgo for letting it graze on his pasture. It's the best and safest. The collective can't afford to lose its only cow."

Revulgo was a conservative peasant who had not entered the village collective. He possessed two red cows and three large fields of good quality. He had applied to the village committee for an allotment from the estate of the former owner of the village, and this, with his own fields, he worked individually. Revulgo, a man of acrid temper, was not a pro-rebel at heart however, though many of the collective asserted he was.

There was neither cordiality between them and him, nor open hostility. A few extremists had tried to embroil the collective with Revulgo, but had been too afraid of Gonzalez to persist against his violent opposition. Gonzalez himself loathed the individualist peasant.

That day, Lucía's husband Juan was returning to the village, convalescing from a shattered leg, his wound having been received at El Pardo in December. He had lain three months in the hospital, during which time his pay had accumulated. Discharged from the Socialist militia, with his back pay he had bought a red cow through the agency of the Agrarian Committee of his party.

There was no debate about this last item of the agenda; it was agreed that the cow pasture on Revulgo's fields, at any reasonable rate.

"Maria, will you and Agatea call on Revulgo to fix the rent?" Paco asked.

Outside the schoolhouse, standing in the haze of smoke from the smoldering ruins of Enrique's house, the peasants conversed.

"It's a good thing you're going to Agatea's," Gonzalez said, putting his arm over Enrique's shoulder. The old woman's two eldest sons were at the front, the youngest had been killed three days ago while planting potatoes; a shrapnel shell had burst immediately above him. Enrique's wife was absent; having achieved some importance as an agrarian organizer she was touring the Madrid province.

"Agatea, God be with you," Gonzalez said, and took the old woman's hands in his. Still weeping, she put her forehead against his face and he murmured, "There, there, look after Enrique, God be with you, little mother."

"The swallows are bewildered, so many houses are gone," Lucía said, and Agatea crossed herself. The swallows had pulled the five thorns from the head of the Crucified One, and they could not find their homes. For two days they had been darting wildly about the sky, uttering their needle-like cries continually.

A moment later, as Gonzalez was congratulating Lucía on the return of her husband, there was a shout of alarm. "Cover," the mayor bawled, and they fled. Whining over the village, the shell burst beyond, in a nut copse. Three more followed together, and then the firing stopped.

"Enrique, go over and see that there's no fire," Gonzalez ordered, and turned away.

The boy from the post office approached and gave the mayor a written message, telephoned from the neighboring village. "Juan's left in the commander's car. There's no gasoline for the truck and we must fetch the cow this afternoon. Now come on, compañeros, let's give Juan a welcome, he'll be here in a few minutes."

Gonzalez ran about the street, yelling to everyone, including Bullejos and Contreras, ordering them to present themselves at the house which served as village hall.

"Hey you, hang out the flags," he ordered the secretary, and presently the Landworker's Syndicate banner was propped out the window, and the republican flag was draped over the iron balcony. Around the corner there was a furious jabbing at a claxon.

"Now then, bunch together and give him a cheer." Gonzalez placed himself in front of the villagers and waited. The claxon sounded

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Amateurs Don't Work At It

If they did, they'd get stale, or too tense for accuracy, and anyhow, they're in the game for pleasure

by JOHNNY GOODMAN

• SPORTS •

Do you know a candid camera nut? I don't mean just a fellow who clicks pictures and then lets someone else develop and print them, but a real nut, who goes all the way? Do you know some fellow who is an enthusiastic stamp collector? Do you know a fly fisherman who makes his own flies?

I know fine representatives of each of these classes, and I, along with everyone else who knows them, figure that they are about the soundest citizens in town.

Never have I heard anyone kid them about spending a lot of time on their hobbies. But quite a few times people have said to me, "It must take an awful lot of valuable time to play the golf you do." There is a sort of a funny inflection to the way they say "valuable time." I get it and I have to laugh, too. It happens to almost every amateur who plays pretty well and enters tournaments.

Now let me speak our piece. Most of the fellows who play in the amateur tournaments have to work first. And I mean work. A few of the boys are still in universities and only five rather expert amateur golfers that I can call to mind are so wealthy and so without business responsibilities that they can wander at will to tournaments. The majority of the fellows on the Walker Cup team are fellows who have been working hard and trying to save up some spending money when they get a few days to look around in Britain. With that blunt reference to work, I let you in on the secret that none of the leading amateurs of my acquaintance is able to spend as much time on his hobby, golf, as the miniature camera, the stamp-collecting, and fly-making hobby-riders spend in their fields of fun.

In looking around and comparing the time the better-scoring amateurs devote to their practice and play, with the time other fellows spend on their non-athletic hobbies I got to wondering why so many of the good amateur golfers I know happened to get good. And the best answer I was able to get was that they started right. From Ouimet as a caddie and Jones playing with his father, and Little playing with his father and other golfers around army posts, they all started early with better than average older golfers as their examples and helpers.

Stanley Davies, the pro at the Field Club of Omaha, was my daddy in golf and I guess he was more tickled than I was when I won my first championship, the Omaha Caddie championship. Stanley started that for the boys and in the way I swung at the ball I was pretty much a younger edition of Davies. He taught me what to look for and when I got older that helped me a lot because I could see why fellows were good, not just that they were good. I was scared to death at the first National tournament I entered. It was at Minikahda in 1927. I didn't even qualify but after I got over being as nervous as a sixteen-year-old boy could be I did a lot of looking in my spare time. There were Jones, Von Elm, Evans, Shute, Ouimet, Marston and a bunch of other good ones to watch. I saw them, all but Jones, get beaten and still laugh so I got the idea then that losing a golf match is no reason for "ending it all."

Later, in 1932, when Ross Somerville hammered me down along toward the end of the national amateur at Baltimore, I sure was lucky to be able to remember how those losers took it at Minikahda five years before. Sandy Somerville should have trimmed me, and of course he did. I would have had to be even luckier than I usually am to have won it, but still that didn't keep me from feeling miserable but all anyone can do in a spot like that is to keep his mouth shut and pretend he feels better than he does—and then get busy trying to get even. I can thank Sandy Somerville for my winning the national open the next year at North Shore. Sandy very quietly and completely reminded me I wasn't as good as I thought I was. Stanley Davies took me into a net that winter and made me change my method of downward swinging. I spent some time on that but I'll bet that all the time in the nets and the outdoor practice next spring didn't come up to the time plenty of fellows spend in the darkrooms in their basements working on their gems of camera art.

On that matter of time spent in developing a golf game, we might as well bring in putting now, right close to mention of the 1933 national open, because I had the good fortune to be putting then like the hole was magnetized. That wasn't because I'd been spending hours in putting practice that I might have better spent in working for money. I can concentrate as well as most of the other amateurs, but I would go crazy spending a lot of time bent over putts on a practice green. Our stamp collector friends bend over their stamps a whole lot more than I ever did or ever will bowing myself over a golf ball that should be tapped into any cup.

Again, it seems to me that good luck in having a smart adviser handy explains why so many of the proficient amateurs manage to get their games without spending the time people think they devote to golf practice. Stanley Davies and other pros who took kindly interest in me at tournaments, would tell me what I was doing wrong when they saw me practicing and quickly get me on the right track. I didn't have to sweat in the blind for hours until I stumbled on the answer.

I doubt that the average expert amateur golfer knows enough about the golf swing to take a chance at correcting himself. When he turns himself loose on others, that's bad for everybody.

One time Lawson Little and I were sitting with Tommy Armour when I got a very tart reminder that I had better take a listening part when golf instruction became the subject of conversation and there were any masters of that art within hearing distance. It was after Lawson had won his four consecutive national amateur championships on both sides of the Atlantic, and I was a former National Open champion and U. S. National Amateur runner-up, so Lawson and I were telling Tommy all about the golf stroke. That is one of the sure signs of immaturity: trying to tell Tommy.

I should have known better, but I kept on talking the gospel of the golf swing according to Goodman while Tommy kept listening for an unusually long time. Maybe he was so choked up with amusement or scorn that he couldn't speak. Eventually, though, he interrupted with his typical:

"Half a minute, laddie!"

I stopped to get my breath and allowed Armour to horn into my monologue.

He asked:

"What's the first thing I do in making a stroke?"

I hesitated for quite a while. I'd been repeatedly counseled by Davies to study these stars carefully and I had watched Armour repeatedly, and closely, so I thought.

"You start with a slight forward press of the clubhead."

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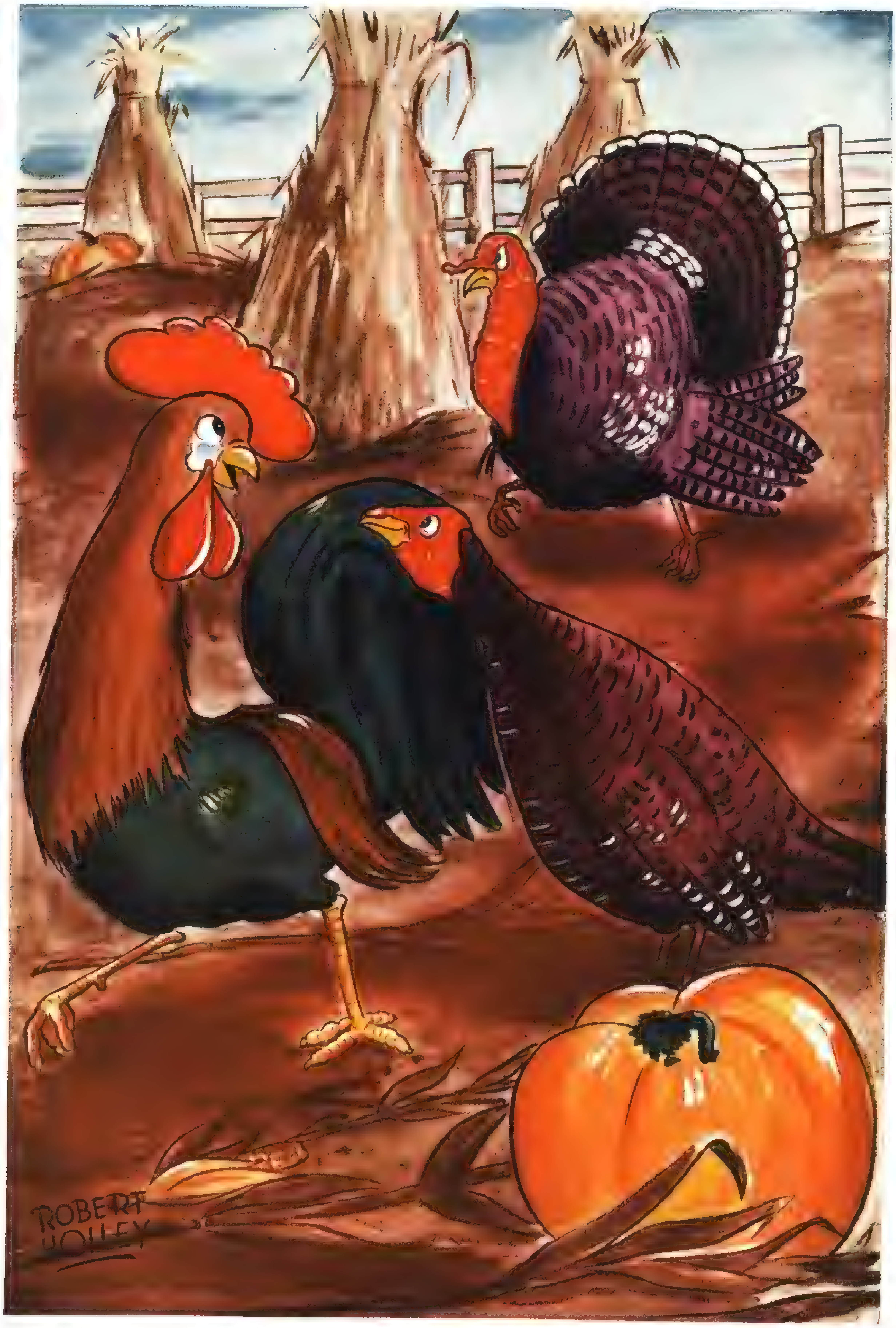
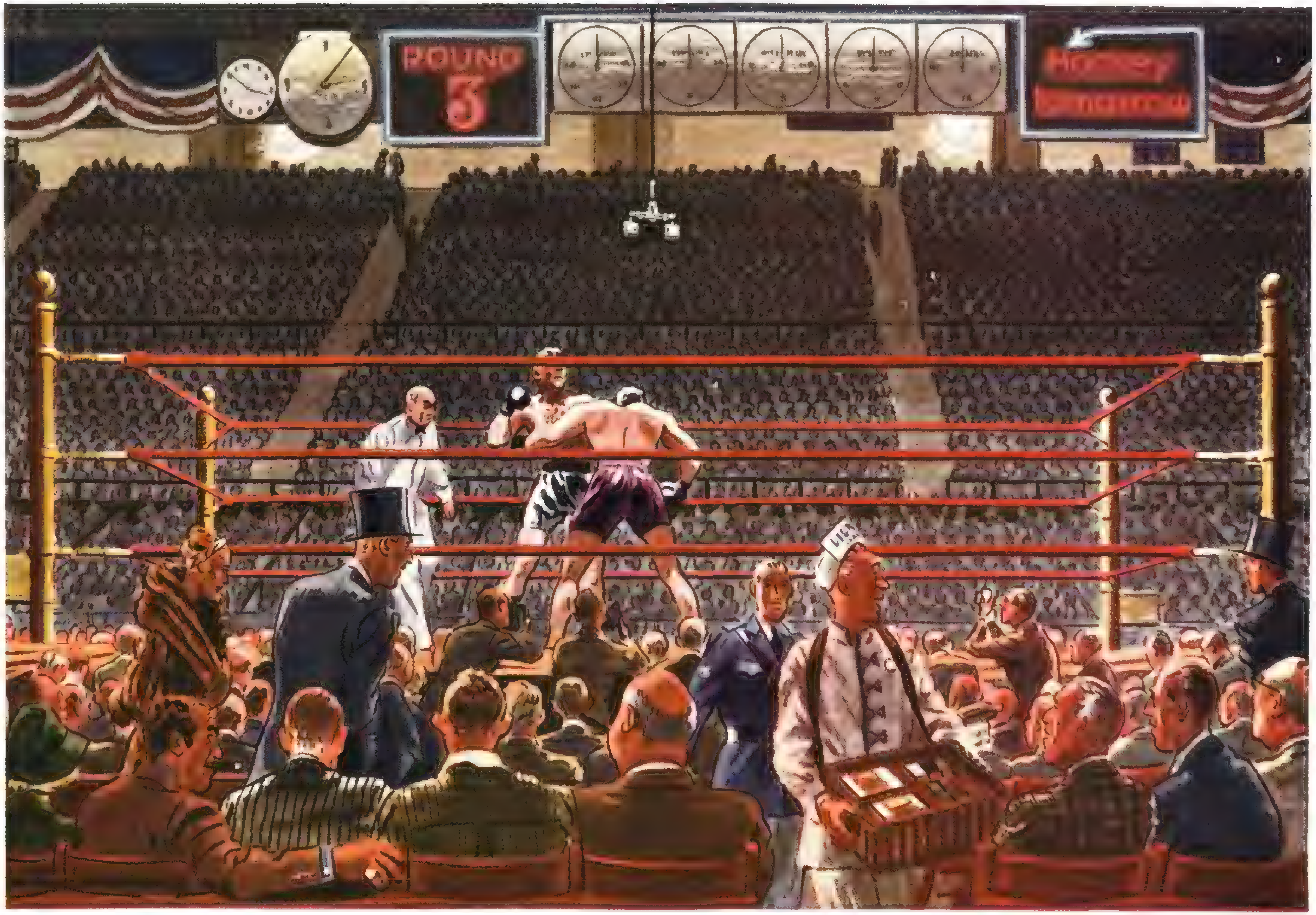

ROBERT HOLLEY

"O. K., Sweet! Guess we'll have to wait till after Thanksgiving"



PAINTED AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN FOR ESQUIRE BY LESLIE SAALBURG

Slug Fest

Gone Without the Wind

The ship architects said no true buccaneer could get by without a Diesel engine and five bathrooms

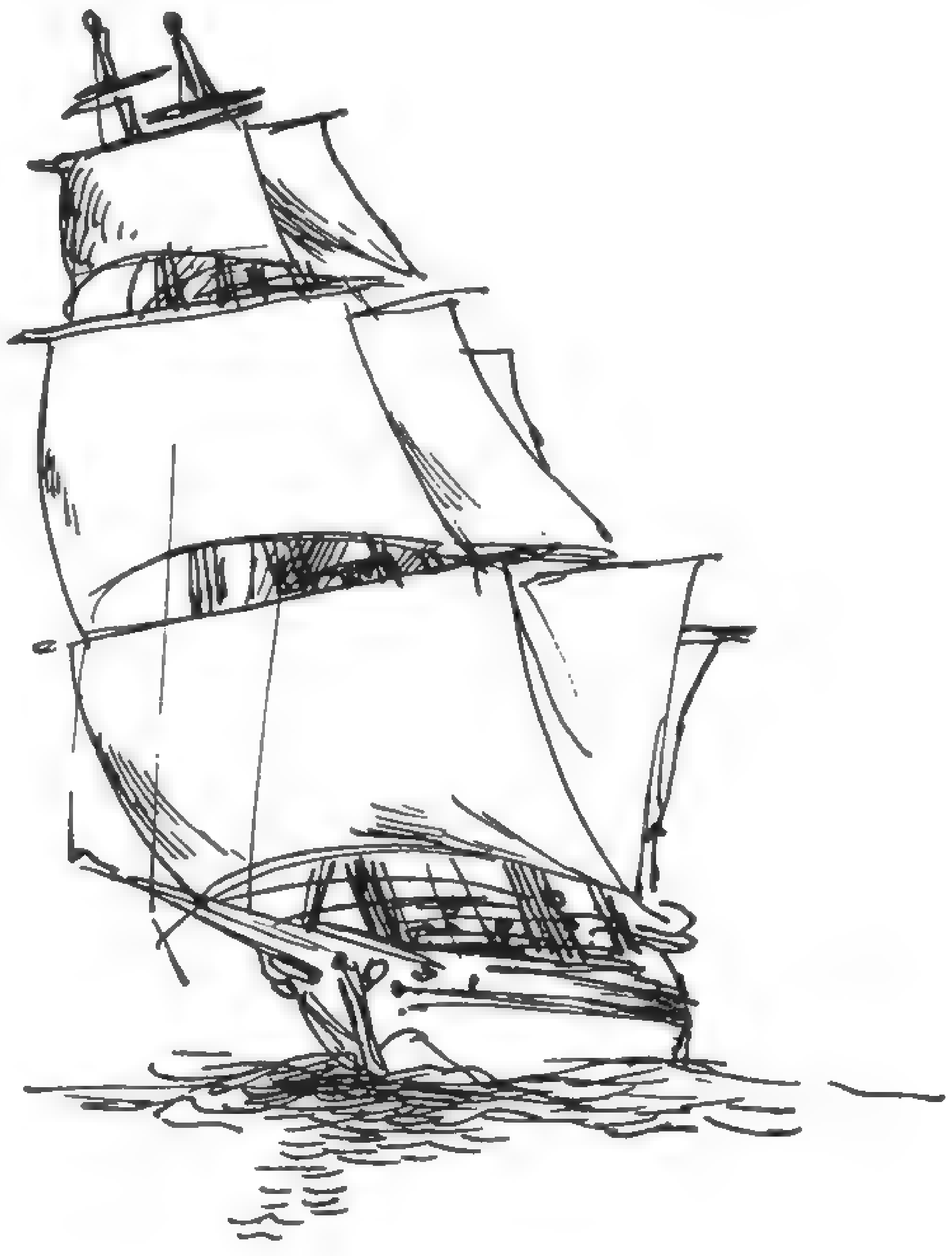
by HUNTINGTON HARTFORD

• ARTICLE •

For years I had the hazily romantic notion that I wanted to sail in a square-rigger. How grand it would be, I dreamed, to bowl over the seas in the wake of such swaggering adventurers as Morgan and Red Legs, Blackbeard and Dampier; to ride my horse on deck, and drink a health in gunpowder and salt water; to line up all my enemies and make them walk the plank; to maroon whichever of my crew I found obnoxious to me; to capture many an iron-studded casket full of doubloons and moidores and pieces of eight, and having melted them down for safety's sake, to fill the hollow masts of my ship with ever-flowing molten gold. Little did I know that my dream was soon to be realized; that I was to own such a ship, and more gold was to be poured into her than I had ever imagined—my own gold, however.

I bought the *Joseph Conrad*, the smallest full-rigged ship in the world. She was frigate-rigged, and none like her had sailed the seas for more than fifty years; she reminded one of the famous *Bounty*. She had just come from Tahiti by way of the Horn on the last lap of a trip about the globe, and as I persuaded her quiet master, Alan Villiers, to give me an account of the voyage, I longed to have been with him. He told me of the pirates of Balimbing, the land where Raga the Bloodthirsty had pillaged and slain. He told me how the ship had twice during her history been sunk, and how on Wari Reef in the South Seas he had come near sinking her once more, perhaps for the last time. He told of places he had been, "in the wake of the sailing gods" of Samoa, in the wake of Magellan, Cook, and the others; he told of the Fiji and Solomon and Easter Islands, of the tabu houses and of Bongao Peak, where the fabled tree of life is said to grow. He told, as he later phrased it in his book, *Cruise of the Conrad*, of "blowing before the gentle monsoon under gold-studded sky, the little ship graceful as a Balinese woman walking." And he told of Tahiti, where, as he later wrote, "the hills rolled upwards and upwards toward the great central cone of Orohena as if raising supplicating arms to this long-dead god. Beautiful and smiling Tahiti lay before us at last, with the curtain of the rain removed by the sun. Against the reef, the swells of the blue Pacific washed in contented laziness, as if the very sea was stilled near this lovely land."

As I did not have to pay for the romantic value, which to me was inordinately high, I felt that I bought her at a bargain; I did not realize at the time how cheap mere romance is nowadays. I took inventory of my acquisition down at the shipyard where she was docked (as someone once remarked, she looked as if she had been taken out of a bottle, and her archaic rigging looked like a cobweb about to be blown away) and I discovered some interesting things. Although for half a century before Villiers bought her, she had been a Danish training ship, her hull of Swedish iron had not a sign of rust upon it. She had not only a complete set of hemp canvas sewn on board on the trip about the world, but also a set of trade wind sails for tropic use and various Cape Horn and studding sails. Although her running rigging needed to be renewed, her standing rigging was in good condition. She had all those simple things that gave you the feeling you could take her right out to sea yourself: a compass, a chronometer, a log, a sextant, binoculars, signal flags, charts, rockets, and a hand-operated fog horn. She had life jackets, capstan bars, belaying pins, two brass bells, two brass cannon on the poop deck, and under "armament," "one ancient rifle, Danish, with box of ammunition in transverse locker abaft saloon," as Villiers' report read. What more could a pirate ask? I was all set to capture a Spanish galleon, even if it was only a long-submerged wreck.



I went below deck, and as I explored I felt a thrill like that of being in a haunted house. The portholes were small and set so close to the water that you could not open them while under way, and the only other light was from oil lamps; but this merely gave a dark air of mystery to the cabins. There was a musty odor. My eyes fell upon the old dining table in the saloon, and I imagined earlier days on the ship: salt port and beef to eat, and you were glad when the weevils invaded the macaroni, because of the extra meat. I observed there was no heating save for the coal stove in the galley on deck, but of course you burned rum internally. I noticed a medicine chest and a carpenter's shop in the after part of the fore 'tweendecks, and I wondered secretly how much connection there would be between the two; how many wounded legs would be amputated by that saw upon the table. There was indeed an old Danish semi-Diesel engine, but a cracked cylinder with a chain about it was pretty good insurance that it would not work. There was, of course, no sign of a bathroom.

As I came out once more on the solid teak deck—it was fifty-four years old, and as hard as ironwood—I could scarcely wait to get together my band of cutthroats, like old John Silver, and set out to sea.

Unfortunately, the firm through which I had made the purchase was made up not only of ship brokers, but ship architects. As I stood on the deck shaking hands and at the same time trying to smile a pleasant good-bye, they started talking. Was I going to sleep, like the ingredients of a club sandwich, in those triple-deck bunks? Did I really believe I was going to do without the elementary necessity of a bathroom? Why, Louis XIV himself had a bathtub at all times, though it was a question whether he ever used it. Naturally I would have a ventilating system, for hot weather, and a heating system, for cold weather, and three refrigerators. Did I not realize that oil lamps were the greatest of fire hazards, and that in the end only electric light would satisfy me? Did I think by any chance that I was going to sail without an engine? Suppose someone should become ill, and I had to get him to the nearest hospital? Suppose my companions were only upon a short vacation from business, and had to return in a given time? Had I never heard about the terrible business of getting in and out of harbors without wind, and the danger of a lee shore when a typhoon should blow up? If I was going to be a true buccaneer, in fact, how was I going to make my getaway with the loot without a good heavy-duty Atlas Diesel, one hundred and sixty horsepower, second-hand, given away at $8100?

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The Little Father

He never displayed any anger except for that one time when he was like a lamb gone suddenly mad with fury

by EDWARD STEVENSON

▪ FICTION ▪

MY FATHER was never very big to begin with, but as he grew older he seemed to become smaller, as if with the passing of each year a little more of him were worn away. By the time my brother and I were fifteen or sixteen we towered above him and it was difficult for us to think that the little man we called Pop was actually our father. And by the time we had become men, the relationship between him and us had been reversed, our rôles changed, and we felt almost as though we were his parents and he our queer helpless child. "He's such a little fellow!" Bud, who was six feet two, often marveled. "Such a little fellow!" Yes, he was a little fellow, all right; and all of his life was drawn to scale—all except that one incident, that one rash, epic gesture, made in a moment of heedless anger, which somehow nourished and sustained him for the rest of his days.

I

It almost seems as though my memory of him begins with that summer evening just before the War when he came home and told us he had lost his job. There are vague recollections which go back beyond that time but the incidents are dim and blurred and none of them alone forms a clear picture. But after that evening he had identity; he became a personality and ceased all at once to be the pleasant abstraction my brother and I called Pop and my mother called, according to her mood, Herbert or Herbie or (rarely) Dear. I was five then. Bud was just a little over three.

Even now that scene is vivid in my mind. We had been having a hot spell, and for days the town had stewed and blistered beneath the bitter sun, and people moped along the streets, bemused. Bud and I were idling behind the honeysuckles which screened the porch, too hot and listless to play. My mother, her round face flushed and sweaty, little streams trickling down her short fat

and dejected, and his blue shirt was dark with sweat. "Whew!" he said, wiping his face with a red bandana. That was his only greeting as he came up on the porch and sat down heavily on the top step, letting his lunch pail clatter to the floor beside him.

"You're early, aren't you?" my mother said.

"Yes," he said, not looking at her. "I'm early."

"There's something wrong," she said, ceasing her rocking and leaning forward. "What is it, Herbert?"

"I've been fired," he said in a low voice.

"*Again!*" she cried.

"Again," he said.

"Oh, Lord!" she said despondently, "is there no end to the jobs that you lose? What was the reason *this* time?"

"One of the lathes got broken this afternoon."

"Ah, you're the clumsy one!"

"I had nothing to do with it."

"Then why were you fired? Will you tell me that?"

"They blamed it on me. They said I did it."

"And you didn't stand up for your rights! You let them fire you with never a word, I suppose!"

"I told them I didn't do it but they wouldn't believe me."

"Who did do it if it wasn't you?"

"I don't know."

"You *do* know! I can tell by your look that you know."

"I *don't* know," he said doggedly. "I didn't see it happen."

"You mean you wouldn't tell! You mean you were afraid to tell! You mean you took the blame for a thing that wasn't your doing! That's what you mean, now isn't it?" Her voice was shrill and she was perspiring heavily. A little stream of sweat rolled down each side of her face and converged on the ledge of her chin. Her eyes snapped. "You haven't got the spunk of a rabbit, you haven't.

me. "Well, boys," he said with a shy, questioning look. "How're things?"

II

Little people are the world's scapegoats; and when they are meek and inoffensive as my father was, their tormentors have an added incentive to badger them. He was four feet nine, but as he grew older his narrow, stooped shoulders, his thin colorless hair, and his mild, bewildered face made him seem even smaller. He was called Shorty Scudder, or Shrimp Scudder, with varying degrees of amused tolerance, contempt, or scornful affection by his bigger, stronger fellows; but no matter how they addressed him, he always responded with that lean, doubtful smile of his. He seemed to possess no talent for anger or resentment.

He was the butt of countless practical jokes, but he never complained, and it was only when we actually witnessed some of the pranks that were played upon him that we had any idea of what he had to contend with all of the time. One night, for instance, when he opened his lunch pail, to wash and air it for the next day, a large, warty bullfrog leaped out in his face. He dropped the pail in terror and leaped halfway across the kitchen. But when he saw what it was that had startled him, he patiently stalked the frog until he had captured it. Then he gently picked it up, carried it into the backyard, and set it free. "Poor thing!" he said, watching it hop away. "I guess it was scareder than I was."

Another time someone hid his long red woolen sweater, which was the nearest thing to an overcoat he had at the time, and he came home that winter evening, shivering under a burlap bag which he had thrown around his shoulders. I suppose you could hardly blame my mother for directing her anger at him instead of his tormentors. "If reached some reluctant secret resolution. "Well *what?*" my mother would sometimes demand peevishly, curious perhaps, or jealous of his private ruminations. "Eh?" he would say, surprised and blinking at the sound of her voice. "Oh, nothing! I was just thinking." We never knew what went on in his mind.

We might have guessed that he would be among the first to lose his job when the factories began laying off men after the War; but the fact that he was not the only one to be discharged, the fact that he was only one of thousands, did not save him from my mother's tongue. To hear her talk, one would have thought he was unemployed by virtue of a special and unique incompetence. "I might have known!" she cried harshly, her full cheeks quivering. "I might have known you'd never hold that job!" He *had* held it for more than two years, but she spoke as though he had been hired but the day before. "Oh, Lord, will the day ever come when you will find a job that you can hold onto?"

"Now, don't fret yourself, Carrie," he said with modest confidence. "I'll find another job, never fear."

"Another job! Another job! That's all I hear. Why didn't you keep the one you had?"

He sighed. "The times are bad, Carrie," he said. "There was no room for me. But don't you fret!"

Another job was not so easily found that time, though. The times were indeed bad, and jobs were scarce. Weeks went by, and months, before he found employment. Each night he crawled home from his fruitless search and sank into his Morris chair, weary and discouraged, yet tense and waiting for my mother's unfailing complaints. "Well?" she would say severely; and when he shook his head in a gesture of failure she would begin her tirade. He never uttered a word of defense or protest; he seemed to feel that her bitter scolding was no more than he deserved.

One night he came home and dropped as usual into his chair.

"Well?" said my mother.

"I got a job," he said in a very low voice.

"You'd never think it to look at you. You look like a rainy Sunday."

"Well," he said uncertainly, "I'm not sure how it will set with you."

"Set with me? A job is a job, I guess, so long as it's honest employment."

"Yes, that's true. Only—"

"Only *what?*"

"It's a job with the town that I got."

"There's no shame in that."

"Oh, no; no shame. It's an honorable job. Only—"

"Only *what?*"

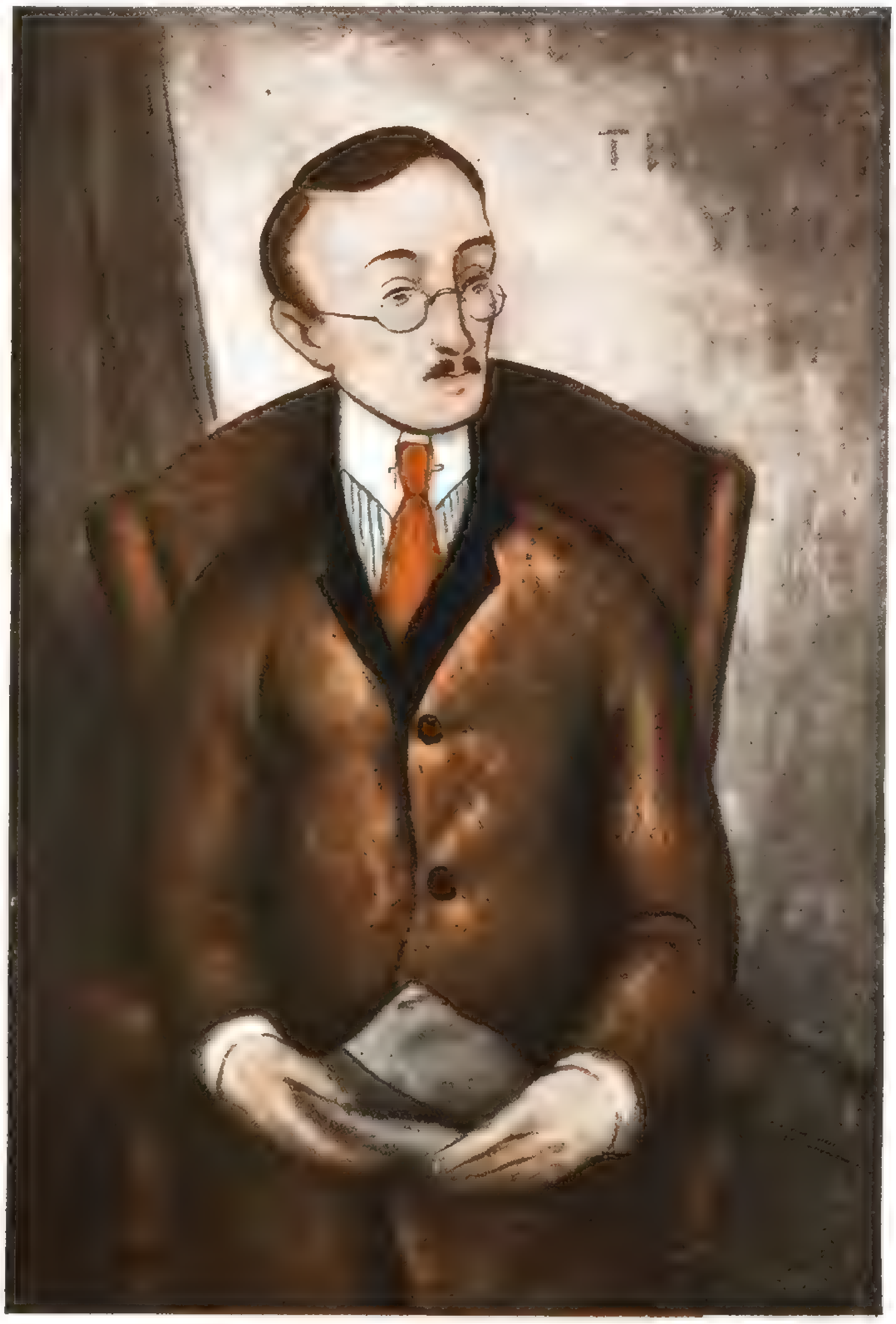
"I'm with the Street Cleaning Department," he whispered.

"*The Street Cleaning Department!*" The words exploded from her and for a long time after their utterance she seemed to become incapable of speech. Filled with anger, indignation and humiliation, she swelled to frightening proportions; her cheeks were flushed; her bosom heaved. "You mean—?" she managed to gasp at last.

"I'm a street sweeper," he said.

"Oh, Lord, so that's what we've come to! A street sweeper. I never thought I'd live to see the day—"

"Ah, don't exercise yourself so, Carrie dear," he said. "It'll just make you feel bad. It's just like you said: a job is a job, so long as it's honest employment. It's better than starving or begging. And," he added, trying to smile, "it's not as bad as you might think. Pays eighteen a week, with a half-holiday Saturdays, which is not bad for these times."



"Street sweeper!" she hissed contemptuously. "Street sweeper!"

"It's only temporary. I'll have my eye out for the first opening that's better."

"Better!—as though there were any *worse.*" She shook her finger in his face. "Well, Herbert Scudder, you may be a street sweeper if you choose, but *I* still have my pride. I'll not budge from this house as long as you have that job. I'll not have my friends snubbing me because my husband pushes a broom in the gutter . . . The gutter!" she cried with a mirthless laugh. "I told you you'd end up there one of these days!"

She kept her word. She did not leave the house as long as he worked for the Street Cleaning Department; even after he had quit, it was weeks before she made her first cautious venture into the public gaze again.

The new job did not bother Bud or me. We had not yet learned the rigors of class distinctions. To us a job was a job; and we considered Father's white uniform, which was only a little too large for him and always miraculously spotless, just a degree less glamorous than the more conservative raiment of policemen and firemen. I think we were rather proud to have him working on the public highways where everyone could see and admire him. So, in our ignorance, we sought him out and sat on the curb and watched him as he went about his duties. "Gee, Pop!" Bud said to him once. "I bet the streets *you* do are the cleanest in the whole world!"

"Well," he said diffidently, taking off his cap and running his fingers through his wispy hair as he appraised his work. "I do the best that I can . . ."

Years later, in New York, I met an old man from our town. When I was introduced to him, he muttered my name over and over. "Scudder?" he said. "Scudder? You're not Herb Scudder's son, are you?"

"Yes," I said.

"Ah," he said. "I knew Herb Scudder well. Yes, sir! Best damn street sweeper the town ever had!"

He spoke with the direct candor of the very old or the very young, seriously, and without a hint of condescension in his voice. I have an idea that my father would have been rather proud of that tribute.

III

Of course Jake Polhemus was a craven bully, but I still don't think that detracts from my father's act. He did not know Jake was a coward; and, anyhow, it probably wouldn't have made any difference to him if Jake had been the bravest, strongest man in the world. Not that day it wouldn't.

Jake's place was still called the Polhemus Farm, although most of its acres had been partitioned and sold as building lots and there was no longer any farming done on the land that remained. But the decaying old farmhouse and the crumbling barn still stood on the shrunken estate, so it remained a farm to everybody in town. And there was still the neglected and blighted cherry orchard to lend some weight to the title. Jake had let the orchard go to ruin but somehow a number of trees managed to survive and yield their big red ox-heart cherries. Jake didn't pick the fruit, nor would he permit anyone else to pick it; so the fine cherries rotted on their limbs, or were eaten by the birds, or stolen by venturesome boys who disregarded the warnings to trespassers which Jake had posted on every other tree. When the cherries were ripe he spent most of his time running the kids off his property. He was a gaunt, long-legged, clumsy man, and his efforts to catch the young thieves were more comical than effective. He ran after them, brandishing an old horsewhip and shouting futile imprecations at their fleet heels. Until that Saturday after-

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Who Wants an Honest Lawyer?

Nobody likes a lawyer to start talking about ethics, when it means money out of his pocket

by CHARLES R. ROSENBERG, JR.

• ARTICLE •

Day after day you can see them, the innocent and the righteous, as they troop into lawyers' offices. The honest politician who didn't know the bills were marked. The upright business man intent on doing liberal justice, at his own appraisal, to the widow of his late partner. The soft-hearted little two-timer, who, rather than hurt her spouse's feelings by running off improvidently with her impecunious gigolo, has thoughtfully framed her mate in an episode recognized by statute as a basis for divorce, and, even more important, alimony.

What irony that these humble seekers after simple justice must entrust their causes to the unscrupulous cunning of lawyers! The hazard is tremendous, for if the lawyer turns out to be the wrong kind, disaster is inevitable. He may even get balky and start talking about ethics at a critical moment, as if ethics had anything to do with a client's rights!

Suppose, for example, that you had hit a man with your automobile and crippled him for life. You were at fault: you could not manage your liquor and your car at the same time. The injured man sues you for damages, and the jury brings in a verdict against you. The amount is large, but not too much for the permanent injuries inflicted. Your lawyer did his best; but the evidence against you was overwhelming.

"Where do we go from here?" you ask him.

"Nothing to be done now," he sympathizes.

"Aren't there appeals and things like that?" you persist.

"Yes, there are several things a defeated litigant can do. An appeal or motion for new trial. Other motions, too. Nothing in them for you, though."

"Why not?"

Your lawyer looks up in surprise.

"There's no basis for them. The judge really favored us in his rulings and his charge to the jury. The weight of the evidence is against us. The verdict is not excessive. There's nothing to go on. An appeal wouldn't get you anywhere."

"Maybe not, but it would take time, wouldn't it?"

"At least six months, possibly longer, depending on the number of cases ahead of us in the appellate court."

"Then take an appeal on any ground you can scare up—but take it."

"But why?" Your lawyer looks puzzled—stupid ass. So you explain:

"It's been two years since the accident. That fellow hasn't earned a penny since, of course. He has a family to support, he's dead broke and hungry for money. If he finds that he will have to wait for another six months, he'll take fifty cents on the dollar for immediate settlement and thank us for it."

"Maybe so," your lawyer says slowly, "but it's hardly ethical to take an appeal without merit, merely for the purpose of delay. The courts frown on dilatory tactics."

And yet he considers himself an honest lawyer. A man who talks about ethics when it means money out of your pocket!

"An appeal would make a bigger fee for you, especially if the fellow accepted settlement at a low figure," you remind him.

"It isn't a matter of fee. It just isn't the ethical thing to do."

Yet, if you were to report him to the bar association, they would say he had exhibited a high standard of professional ethics. Strange people, these lawyers.

Now if your lawyer were really serving your interests, he would twist that cripple around with appeals and technicalities until the man would gladly take even a small fraction of the verdict in full settlement. A lawyer who is practical is the kind you want. Ethics, my eye.

Sometimes, though, this ethics business can be turned to profitable account by the client. At least one litigant put over a mighty neat trick on his lawyer by the deft use of ethics. When he first retained counsel to handle his case, he insisted on the lawyer's naming a flat fee for the job before proceeding.

"I really don't know how to fix the fee at this time," the attorney protested. "I don't know how far the matter will be carried or how much work will be involved."

"That's rather indefinite," the client pointed out. "As a business man I need to know what my expenses are going to be, and I can't put myself in the position of buying something for an unknown price."

"Well, since you put it that way, I'll fix the fee at one hundred dollars. That includes the preparing and filing of the preliminary papers and representing you at the hearing before the court. Normally, that should be the end of the case, and for a fee of one hundred dollars I'll undertake to handle it up to that point."

The client paid the fee, and the lawyer did the work. The court decided against the client.

"Must I take the court's decision as final?" the client demanded.

"Practically speaking, yes," the lawyer advised. "Of course, you have a legal right to file exceptions on questions of law that arose in the course of the hearing and to undertake other collateral proceedings. However, I think the breaks would be against you, and any further proceedings would involve you in additional expense."

"What additional expense?"

"There would be a few dollars court costs, and I would have to charge you an additional fee for the extra work."

The client grinned. He had heard somewhere that a court will not permit an attorney to "desert" a client in the midst of litigation merely because the client is unable to pay a further fee. So he drove this point of ethics home.

"I can't pay you another fee, but I'm sure you wouldn't run out on me at this point because of that. From what you have just said, I am entitled to have exceptions and other matters threshed out, and I'm looking to you as my attorney to see that it is done."

Having been thus put on an "ethical" spot, the lawyer felt that he dare not refuse; and so the client got two more years of litigation without charge. That gave him ample time to make himself legitimately insolvent so that the verdict rendered against him could never be collected.

You hear it said that lawyers get people to perjure themselves, and that's what happened to a trusting client who finished serving his term for perjury just a few months ago. All he wanted was justice, but the

lawyer he consulted couldn't see it that way. No doubt he felt he had a grievance, the lawyer admitted, but it was not a grievance for which the law would give redress. Now if there had been another circumstance or two in the case, the lawyer said, he could have collected a sizable amount for damages. The attorney then explained what those missing circumstances were and why there was no case without them.

On his way home the client reviewed what the lawyer had told him. The important circumstances would not be so difficult to supply, after all. He could testify to them himself, and there would be no witnesses to contradict him. It would simply be his word against the other fellow's. But he'd have to get another lawyer; this one was too narrow in his point of view.

Next day found him in another lawyer's office. This time his recital included all the facts and circumstances necessary to make a watertight case.

"I don't see how you could lose!" exclaimed the lawyer when he had finished. "If you can prove everything you have said to the satisfaction of the jury, you just can't lose."

It seemed that way, too, when the case came to trial. The client became expansive as he "supplied" the facts and circumstances needed to make a perfect case.

Unhappily, he had not counted on cross-examination. Presently, under adroit questioning, it became apparent that he had lied on the witness stand. Suddenly the opposing attorney stopped his cross-examination and addressed the court.

"Your Honor," he said, "it is obvious that this witness has perjured himself, and I ask that a bench warrant be issued for his immediate arrest for perjury."

Afterwards, the court conducted a protracted inquiry into the conduct of the two lawyers whom the perjurer had consulted. Neither of them would admit having induced their client to give perjured testimony. All the first attorney would say was that he had declined to take the case. The second insisted that he had taken the case in good faith and had no knowledge that anything the client had told him was untrue.

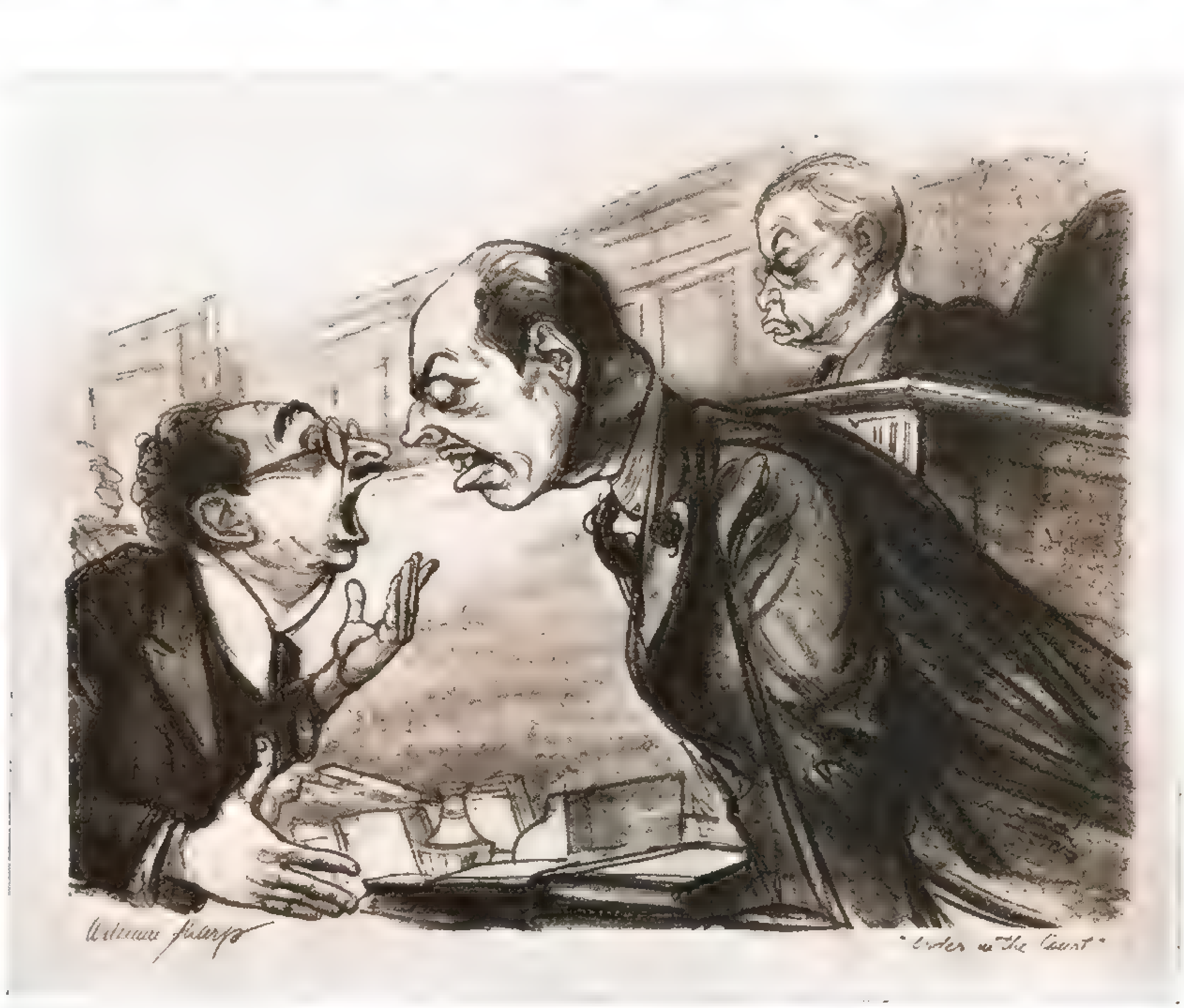
The client tried to make the court see that he was an innocent tool in the hands of the wily attorneys and that if he had perjured himself, his perjury was at their prompting. The judge merely snorted at this and gave him the longest jail sentence that he could impose.

That's how lawyers get a man into a jam when all he wants is his rights.

Everybody knows how lawyers are about fees. It may seem incredible, but there are authentic cases in which lawyers have advised clients to plead guilty or pay their bills, and then have had the effrontery to charge a fee for the advice. It's bad enough for a lawyer to be so incapable that he cannot find an "out" for an honest client, but for him to charge a fee for such incompetence is downright crooked. Yet even the courts will back up the lawyers in this fee business, as poor old Uncle Gabe discovered to his sorrow.

Uncle Gabe was a simple-minded farmer, slow, rustic, methodical. When Grandpap died, the task of administering his estate fell to Uncle Gabe as the eldest son. Anxious to do his best by the heirs—and incidentally by himself—Uncle Gabe went about the thing in his own quaint way. There were no halfway measures about him. He drove to the county seat and consulted the best lawyer he could find.

"The family wants me to be administrator of the estate," he explained to the attorney, "and I want to make sure that everything is done right. I want you to tell me just what has to be done and how much it will cost. I want to be able to explain it all to the folks." Uncle Gabe was a formidable wanter.



LITHOGRAPH BY WILLIAM SHARP

Painstakingly the lawyer outlined, step by step, everything that Uncle Gabe would need to do as administrator. Methodically, as was his wont, Uncle Gabe made careful notes of everything the lawyer said. He noted, too, the fee that was quoted.

"You've been mighty patient with an old fellow like me," he said gratefully. "I'll explain all this to the folks the best I can, and as soon as they tell me to go ahead, I'll be back to see you."

But Uncle Gabe in his own simple way worked out a much better plan. There would be no need to explain things to the family. In fact, there would be no need for any lawyer. Everything would be done according to the law by Uncle Gabe himself, and he wouldn't charge the heirs a penny more than the fee that the lawyer wanted.

And so Uncle Gabe, honest soul that he was, kept faith with the heirs. Every step in the administration of Grandpap's estate was meticulously carried out according to law. Uncle Gabe was sure of this, for he followed strictly everything the lawyer had told him. In due course he filed his account as administrator for approval by the court.

Somehow or other, the wily lawyer found out about it, and on the day that Uncle Gabe's account was presented to the court, the lawyer appeared, told his story, and asked the judge to require Uncle Gabe to pay him a fee.

"Is this true?" the judge demanded of Uncle Gabe.

"He didn't do a thing in this estate," said Uncle Gabe indignantly. "All he did was to tell me what his fee would be and what he would do for the fee."

"Is that all?" asked the judge sarcastically.

"Just because a man asks the price of a bill of goods, it doesn't mean that he has to buy them, does it?" argued Uncle Gabe with homely logic.

"Maybe not, but he will have to pay for the goods if he uses them, and that's what you did. You got all the information for the administration of this estate from an attorney under the representation that you were about to engage him for the work, and then you used the knowledge which it has taken him years of study and experience to acquire. You may think he is not entitled to be compensated, but your account will not be approved and your administrator's bond will not be discharged until you have paid this lawyer the full fee which he quoted you. That fee is for the use which you have been making of his brains and knowledge."

What chance has an honorable, simple-minded citizen like poor old Uncle Gabe against a sneaking lawyer when even the courts won't give a man justice?

It's easy to see that that judge and lawyer were in cahoots to rook Uncle Gabe when he couldn't help himself.

Everybody knows that lawyers start legal proceedings when there is no need for them. Even when you're simply trying to collect money due you, your lawyer is likely to get you into unnecessary litigation. That's what happened to a business man recently, even after he had collected the money from his debtor by his own efforts.

First he tried persuasion, threats and all the usual collection methods without result. Enraged by the debtor's indifference, he turned the matter over to a lawyer.

"Write him a stiff letter and let him know we mean business," he told the attorney. "If that doesn't work, I'll sue him."

Two days later the debtor telephoned. He had received the lawyer's letter and was in a very much "softened" mood.

"I just overlooked this thing," he said. "If you'll stop in and see me while you are out to lunch today, I'll give you a check for the full amount. You and I have been doing business too long to need any lawyers to come between us."

"Of course we have," agreed the business man heartily, thinking of his narrow escape from the lawyer's fee. "I'll be around to see you about noon time."

The debtor paid as promised, and the affair

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The Trial of Don Coyote

Cold fury shone in his eyes when he heard the pack's hunting call but it was a hate that could bide its time

by PAUL ANNIXTER

• FICTION •

Seventeen buzzards perched on seventeen fence posts on the Rancho de las Uvas, one sweltering day in mid-October. It had been a year of unprecedented drouth in the dim vast valley of the Agua Fria that sprawls southward across the Mexican Border. The buzzards were waiting patiently for the Las Uvas cattle to die, and the cattle were slow in giving up the ghost.

The air was motionless and breathed like cotton wool, filled with a dun haze that stung the eyeballs and was composed of a powdery adamantine dust. Out on the parched flats that writhed in the radiating heat, a special thermometer would have registered well over 200 F , cooking heat for all save hard-shelled insects. Even the buzzards, ordinarily as immune to heat as the lizards, held their wings out fan-wise to get what air there was. In four hours they had done nothing beyond leadenly exchanging posts. Their heads drooped and they smelled to high heaven.

With the approach of sunset the fence-post scavengers rose clapping and betook themselves to the upper air, where they hung motionless till dusk. Two vultures joined them from the mountains, even more finished wingmen than the buzzards. All drifted moveless against the brazen sky, eddying up and down like scraps of burned paper caught in a breeze.

As the light began to fade, loveliest of all hours in the arid lands, when a violet and opal afterglow hangs over the still radiating earth, another scavenger drifted on the scene. This was no eater of dead banquets by choice. Circumstance had forced him to the mean role. You would have taken him for some sort of dog as he came trotting along, lolling his tongue in a nonchalant grin—a cur dog, lame, down at the heels, and rather crestfallen. Dog he was, as to family at any rate, being the littlest and least, the very bottom rung of the great dog tribe. To wit, the little yellow-gray coyote of the far southwest, desert jackal as he is called, which by the way, is about the wiliest thing that prowls.

He trotted unconcernedly along in the open places, disregarding all the time-honored stealth of the coyote kind, and for this there were reasons good and sufficient. This fellow was a character in more ways than one. As to the outward aspects of the case, it might have been noted that he was a bit wider between the eyes than the average desert-dog, which betokened if you knew animal phrenology, less of trickery but a stronger, more individual intelligence. Too and furthermore, he was set apart by the fact that he ran on three legs only, using the fourth as a sort of crutch.

The Don, as the lame coyote was known, was a dweller in two worlds, a breaker of every law and precept of his kind, but none of the wild folk knew this. Outlawed by his kind, his days had become dark and devious, and his life was led according.

Time was when this same peg leg had been by way of becoming leader of the Agua Fria coyote pack, for coyotes do gather in packs each winter. He had run by the side of the weathered old leader himself, and in craft and aggression had been the pack's moving spirit. Had things gone their natural course, he would soon have taken over the virtual leadership for himself. But an evil day had fallen; the unexpected come to pass. His mate had been caught one night in a rancher's trap and the pack had fallen on her in cannibalism, for it was in a lean time of famine. Then The Don had committed the unpardonable sin, defied pack law and gone in to her rescue.

But what is one individual against sixteen? His battle had been hopeless from the outset, but it was still an event from which the wild folk of that region counted time. The Don's useless foreleg was a memento of that night, and he himself had since been outlawed, banned by all his former mates. He had removed to a new residence below the Border, taking with him the helpless litter of four pups that fate had left in his keeping. All this had come to pass five months back and ever since he had played the role of a double parent, providing for the motherless litter and schooling them as best he could in the ancient wisdom of the desert.

In the surpassing of the ordinary, in the breaking of prescribed bonds, lies all greatness whether in the human or animal world. A new knowledge had been vouchsafed the peg-leg coyote. Quick to see that men, dogs and guns were by far a lesser danger than his own pack, until his leg was healed and his litter grown, he had taken to day ranging, in hours when other wild things slept. In so doing he had become infamously versed in man's many evils and weaknesses, and his fear of man, that invisible wall that keeps all the wild at bay, makes them slinking hunted denizens of darkness, had died by slow degrees. Man had become his valued teacher, in particular his enemy Jim Hanlon, owner of Las Uvas.

He had become drawn, nay, intrigued by the things of the daytime world.

The attention of Hanlon had first been drawn to the wily fellow when he discovered that his grapes and chickens and even pigs were disappearing by day as well as night. Knowing the nocturnal habits of coyotes, his curiosity was piqued. He watched for the despoiler and sighted him on many a day, slipping out of his vineyard or sitting beneath a sage bush smiling inscrutably just out of gunshot. He had repeated and astonishing proof of the lone coyote's cunning, and after many a device for his capture had been matched and mocked, grudging admiration grew in Hanlon for the cheeky robber. It was Hanlon, who, on learning that he was a visitor from below the Border, had named him The Don. "Don Coyote," he dubbed him whimsically, giving the name its Spanish pronunciation, and he always swore that The Don was as unique and eccentric a character as Cervantes' old Don of literature.

I neglected to say that Hanlon had a dog that figures in the situation. Not a real satellite and house guardian. A mere mongrel and hanger-on of most indefinite breed, lean, yellow-coated and prick-eared, a reversion to the ancient jackal type, which is the beginning of all dogs. In her, for it was a lady, ran a strange wild streak and a wolfish craft. Hanlon knew nothing about her beyond the fact that she had presented herself to him one day, appearing from heaven knew where out of the empty waste. He continued to tolerate her though in spite of good treatment she was sneaky, snappy and quite useless.

Often because of strange conflicting emotions, this mongrel was an enigma even to herself. She spent much of her days hunting afield, scorning most of the cooked food the rancher laid out for her. Truth was, she was more than part wild, her sire having mated with a coyote. As is always the case in such a misalliance, her wild mother had driven her alien litter away, disowning them shortly

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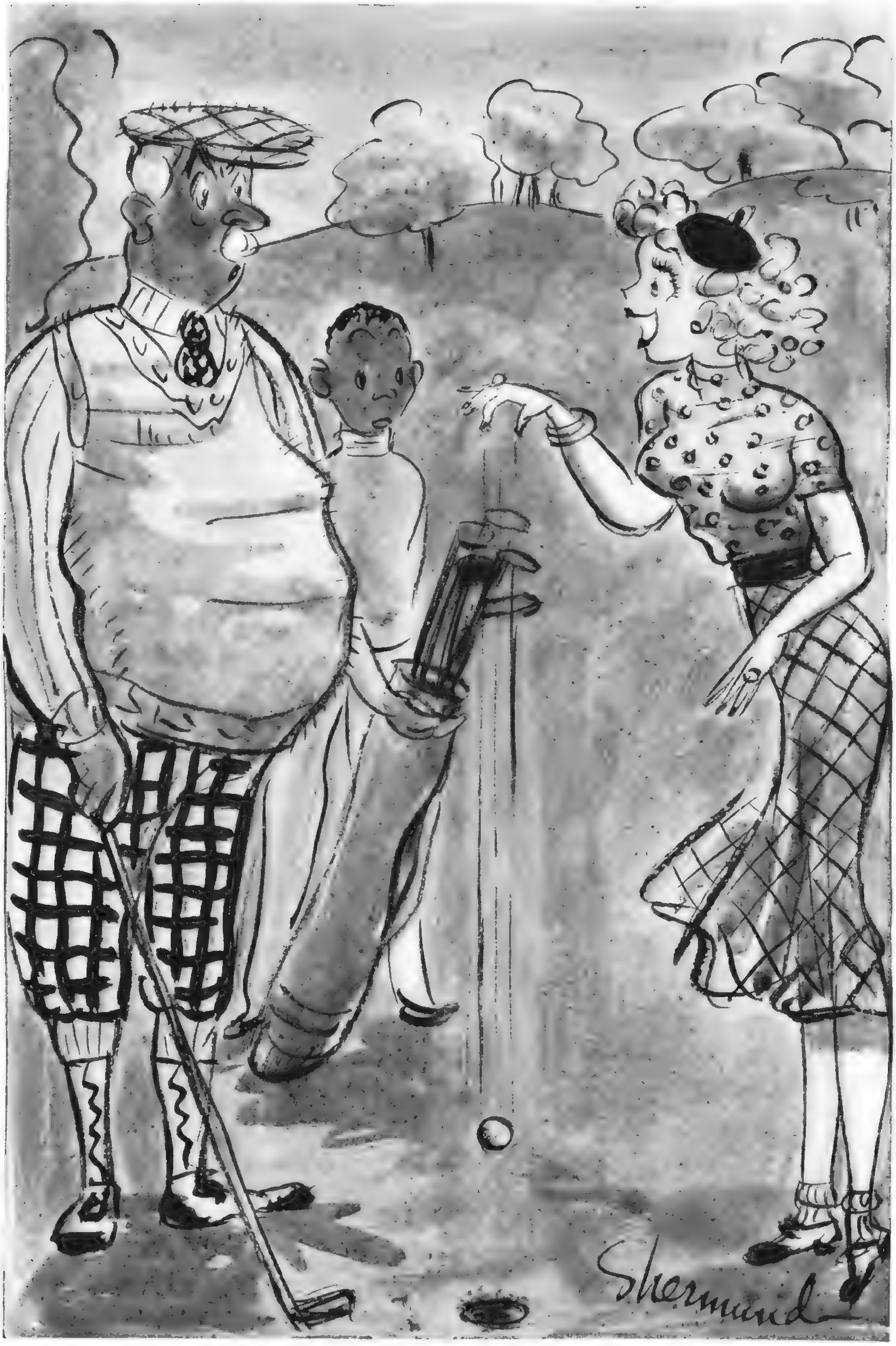


"There—isn't that easier?"

What to Do for Money

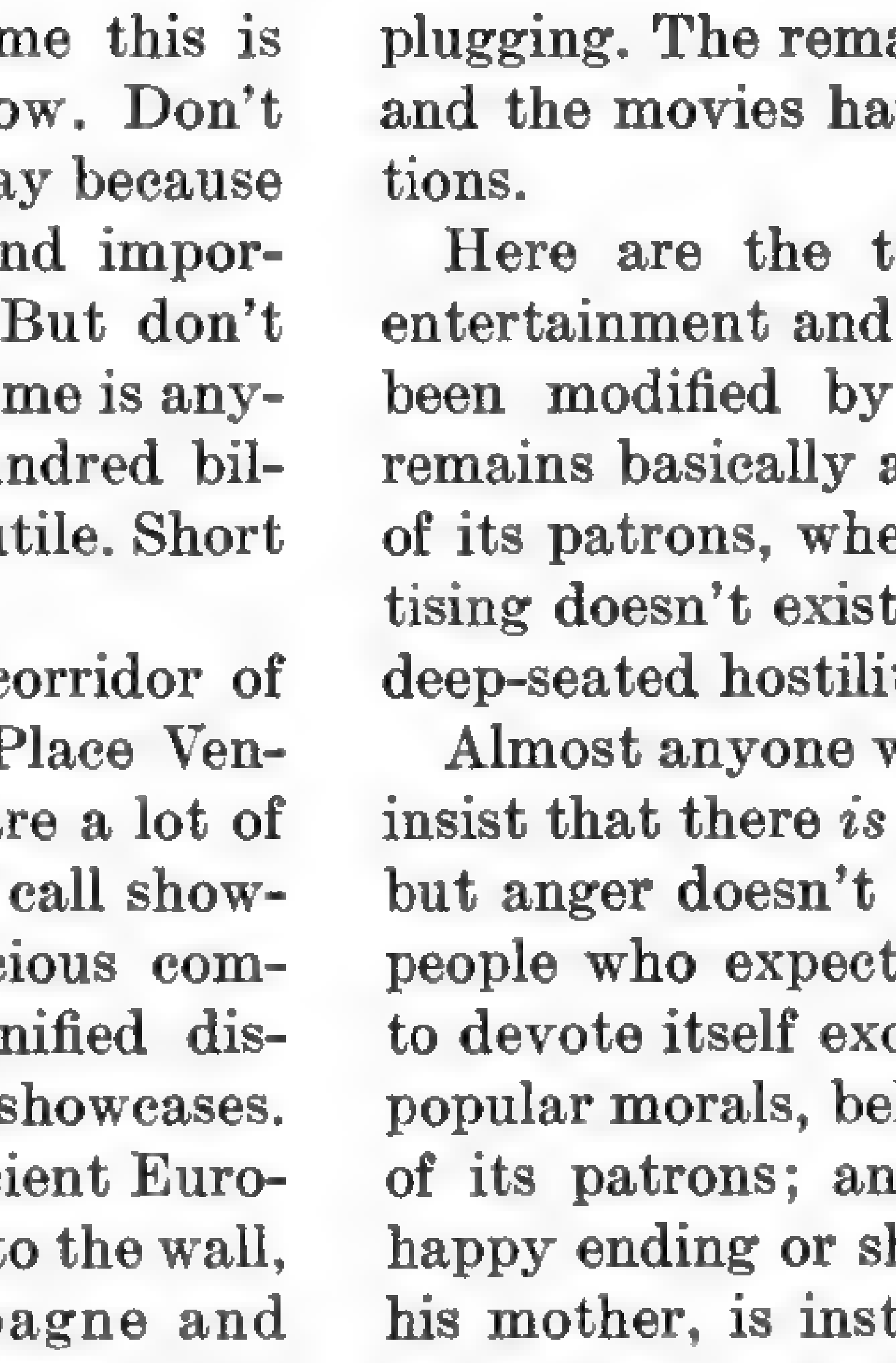
We're damned if we'll swallow a propaganda film, especially one that cheers for the other team

by GILBERT SELDES

▪ THE LIVELY ARTS ▪

If everybody is rich by the time this is printed, you can stop right now. Don't tear out this page and throw it away because probably something of interest and importance is printed on the reverse. But don't bother to read. If the national income is anywhere between eighty and one hundred billions, everything I have to say is futile. Short of that, I have a point to make.

The point is that in the long corridor of the Paris Ritz, leading from the Place Vendôme to the Cambon side, there are a lot of objects which you might vulgarly call showcases. They are full of semi-precious commodities and are considered dignified displays, but they are, basically, showcases. Further, in various Ritzes, the ancient European custom of nailing plaques onto the wall, advertising somebody's champagne and someone else's pearls, has been kept up; if you are sophisticated, you understand that this is quite a proper procedure. If you are extra-sophisticated, you dislike glass-topped tables at American soda fountains, because you don't like to have advertising mixed with your drinks. It's all right for the Ritz, but not for the drugstore. You probably feel the same way about ash trays. In nine out of ten first-rate restaurants in Paris, the ash trays are bearers of glad tidings about Pernod or Courvoisier; in nine out of ten restaurants in America, the proprietor would shoot you if you suggested that any name but his own should be on the ash trays. If you saw an advertising tray in America, you would think the restaurant was cheap; in Europe, you never dare think anything so vulgar.



Yet it isn't altogether snobbery. By instinct or experience we get a set of prejudices about advertising and where it fits in; the English like it on page one of their newspapers and there was a time when you couldn't pick up an English book without an advertisement for an insurance company falling out of it. The French, if a hasty glance is not deceptive, like it in the news columns and in and outside of public conveniences. In spite of being a crude commercial country, America seems to separate advertising off into a compartment; it goes next to and around reading matter and it is inserted into radio programs; but except for Darryl Zanuck, who wrote a novel which turned out to be an ad for some kind of oil (and afterward sold the book for a movie scenario) no one has tried to intermingle the art of straight serious fiction with the art of plugging. The remarkable thing is that radio and the movies have gone in opposite directions.

Here are the two great forms of mass entertainment and, in radio, advertising has been modified by various necessities, but remains basically acceptable to the majority of its patrons, whereas in the movies advertising doesn't exist and—I think a profound deep-seated hostility to it does exist.

Almost anyone who gets angry enough can insist that there *is* advertising in the movies, but anger doesn't prove the case. There are people who expect a popular entertainment to devote itself exclusively to attacks on the popular morals, beliefs, traditions, and hopes of its patrons; and a picture which has a happy ending or shows its hero respectful to his mother, is instantly set down as propaganda for "capitalistic *mores.*" It is perfectly true, but it is no more a crime than it is for a mirror to reflect your (or say my) sleepy face in the morning when I shave. There have been, in addition, out-and-out propaganda pictures, but few of them have been important or successful. (*The Birth of a Nation* is an outstanding exception; and in another way, so is Chaplin's *Modern Times.* Note that in both, the propaganda went against the current, not with it; and that in both, the picture came first, the propaganda afterward—at a considerable distance.)

The new thing that is coming up is the use of direct propaganda and direct advertising in the movies. Of these, the advertising pictures are usually not well made and are usually inoffensive in themselves; the propaganda pictures are skillful jobs and you can judge for yourself whether they are offensive or not. Until recently you couldn't judge for yourself because they were not shown where you would be likely to see them; but in recent months they have slipped into the movie houses. A few weeks ago *Variety* reported the movie houses in Philadelphia were so hard pressed that they were willing to show any commercial short—if they were paid for it. A few days later the energetic, and farseeing Warner Brothers announced that the theatres which they control would continue to show movies, not commercial ads or publicity. The line drawn there is important, and the funny thing is that you can vote two ways on the question: as a citizen and as a movie patron. Possibly your vote will be the same in both cases.

We all profess a horror of propaganda, but, as usual, what we dislike is having our own ox gored. I was enchanted by *The River* and wanted it shown in every movie house in the country, because I thought it a great movie, and still do; it was also propaganda for the TVA, and I didn't mind that, having no objection to experiments in the Tennessee Valley and having also a great deal of respect for the entirely open and candid way in which the sponsorship and purpose of the picture was announced. Would I have felt the same about a magnificently cinematic treatment of the opposite position? I'd be a fool if I said I would. I would try to admire the movie, but I would be dreadfully conscious, and dreadfully afraid, of the propaganda.

On this point, we ought to be able to set up a few standards. A perfectly obvious one is equality of opportunity: if we are going to have a picture in favor of capital punishment, we should be sure that a picture against capital punishment would also be shown to substantially the same audiences. This is the baby talk of democracy, but in actual experience it is a decisive factor. All the people with resources enough to make a film about the man-eating shark are opposed to the man-eating shark; the pro-shark faction would never get a chance at the screen, because it couldn't afford to make a picture. Therefore, no picture attacking the man-eating shark should be shown *unless* there is *no* substantial group in opposition. You can have a movie attacking the dope traffic, but can you have one opposing divorce if all those who want free and easy divorce are excluded from a reply? Should the government issue a film against the utilities if the utilities are going to be barred from the screen? Should an attack on organized labor be accepted if an attack on unorganized labor or an attack on organized capital is forbidden? (Remembering always that even if a picture is made, it may not be shown because the local exhibitor will be afraid to put it on.)

There's a beginning. The tricky next step is to decide whether you really would bar all propaganda if you couldn't get perfect balance and justice. I think I would; but I am afraid that in the present condition of the world this would mean barring a vast number of important ideas from the screen—and God knows too many ideas are already excluded. This is sheer perplexity, and I'd like to leave it that way. I am not ready to reorganize society in order to provide better movies for myself, although I have known enthusiasts quite willing to do so. Some of them wanted a revolution *à la russe* so that we could have pictures like *Potemkin* and

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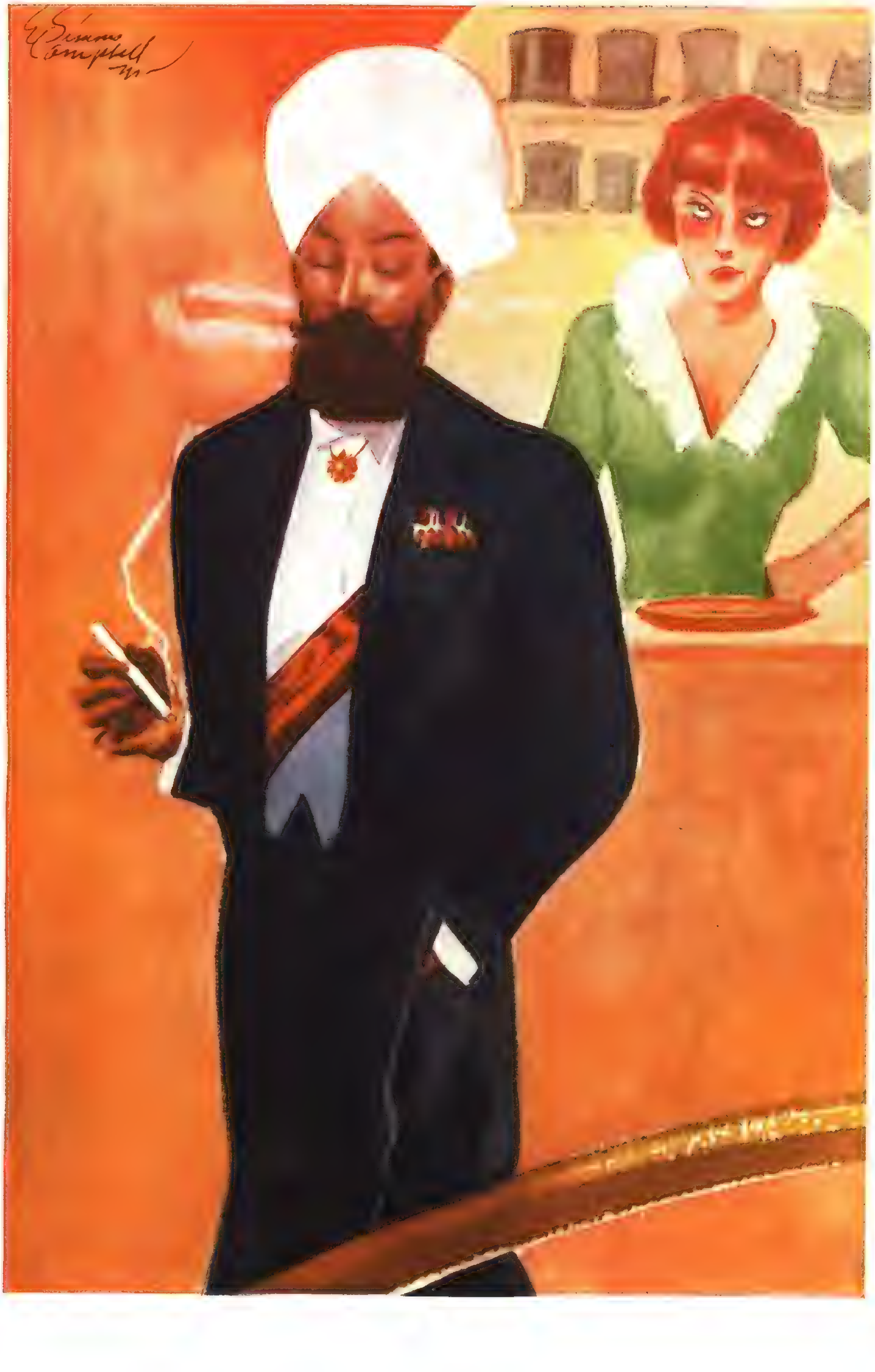
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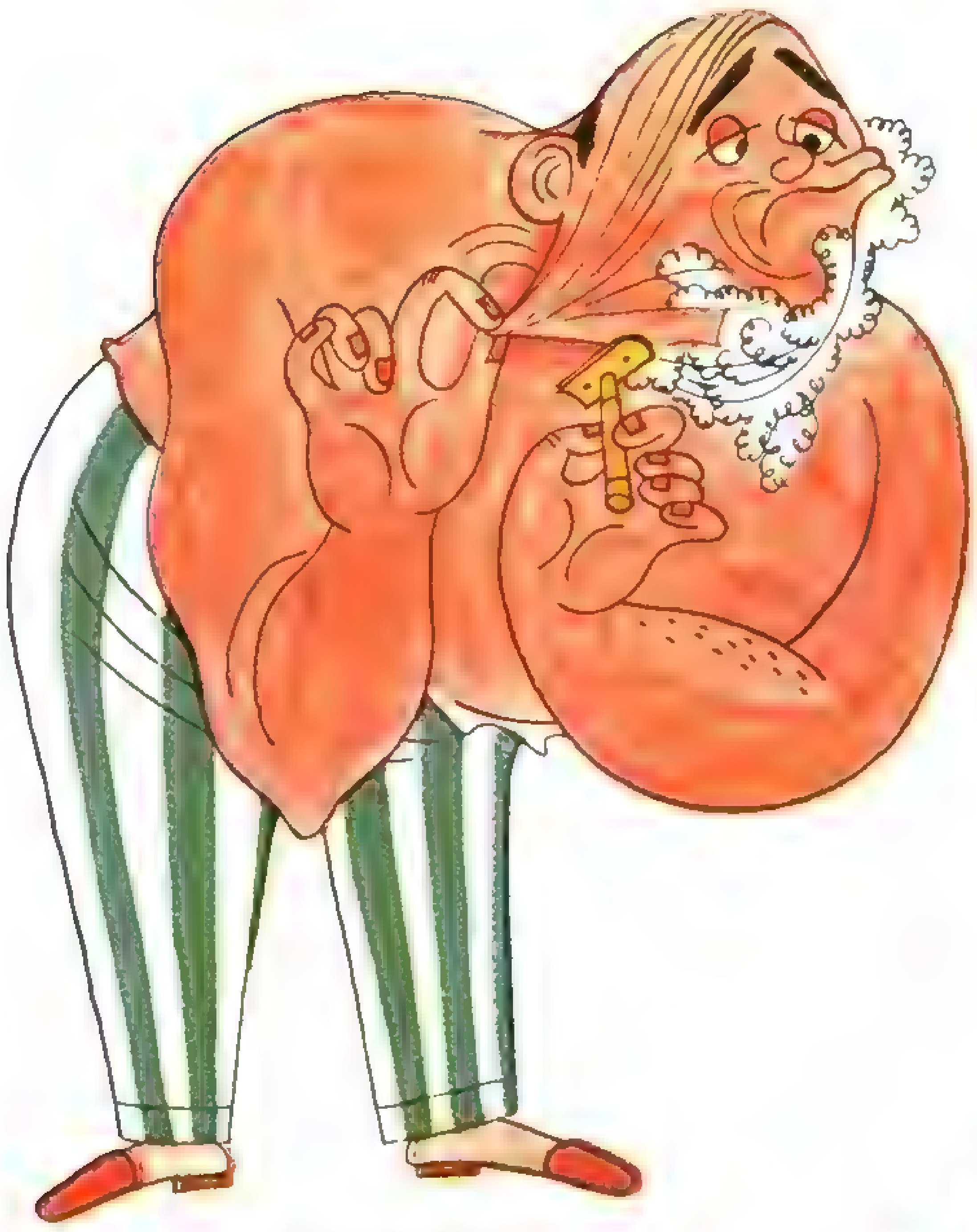
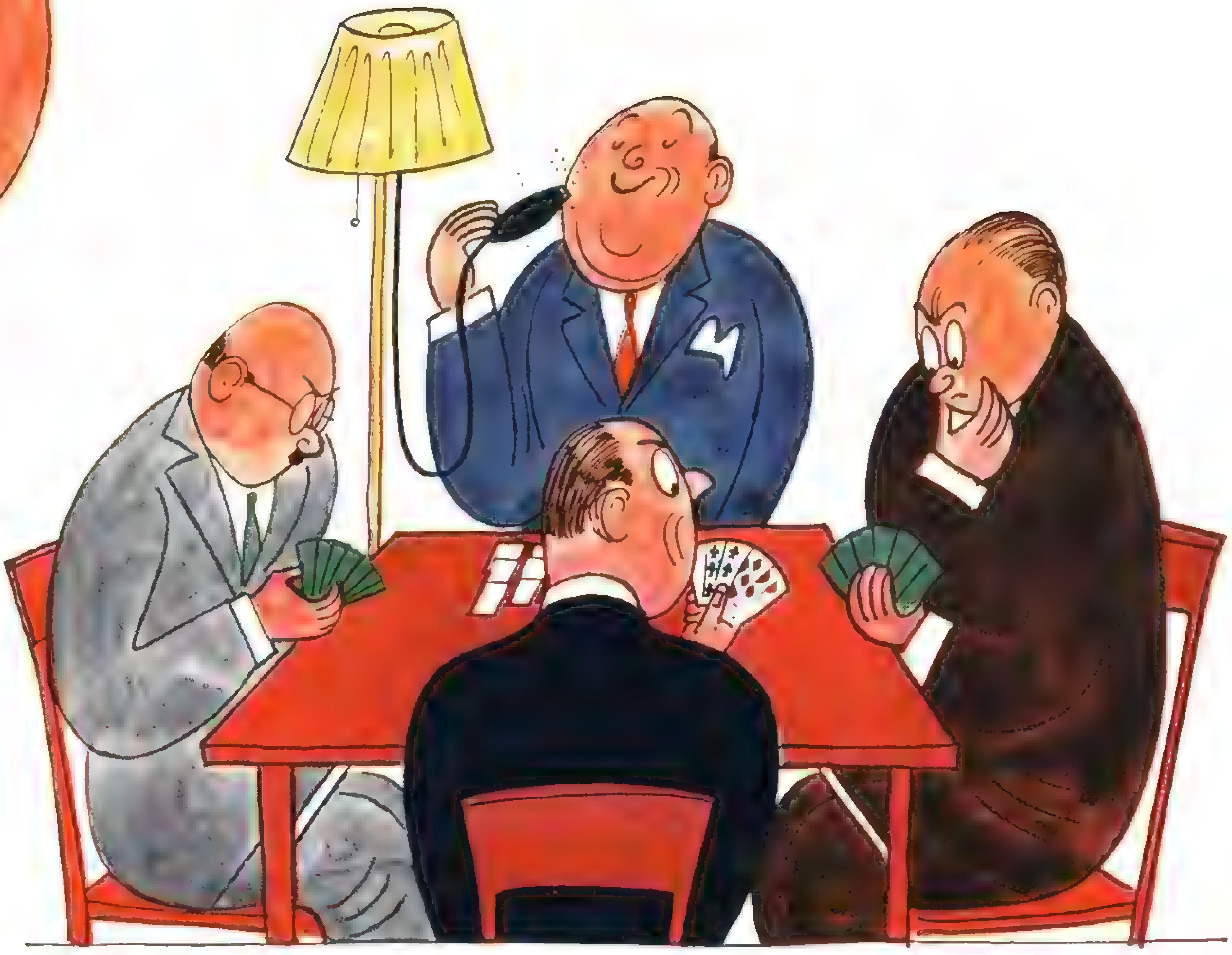
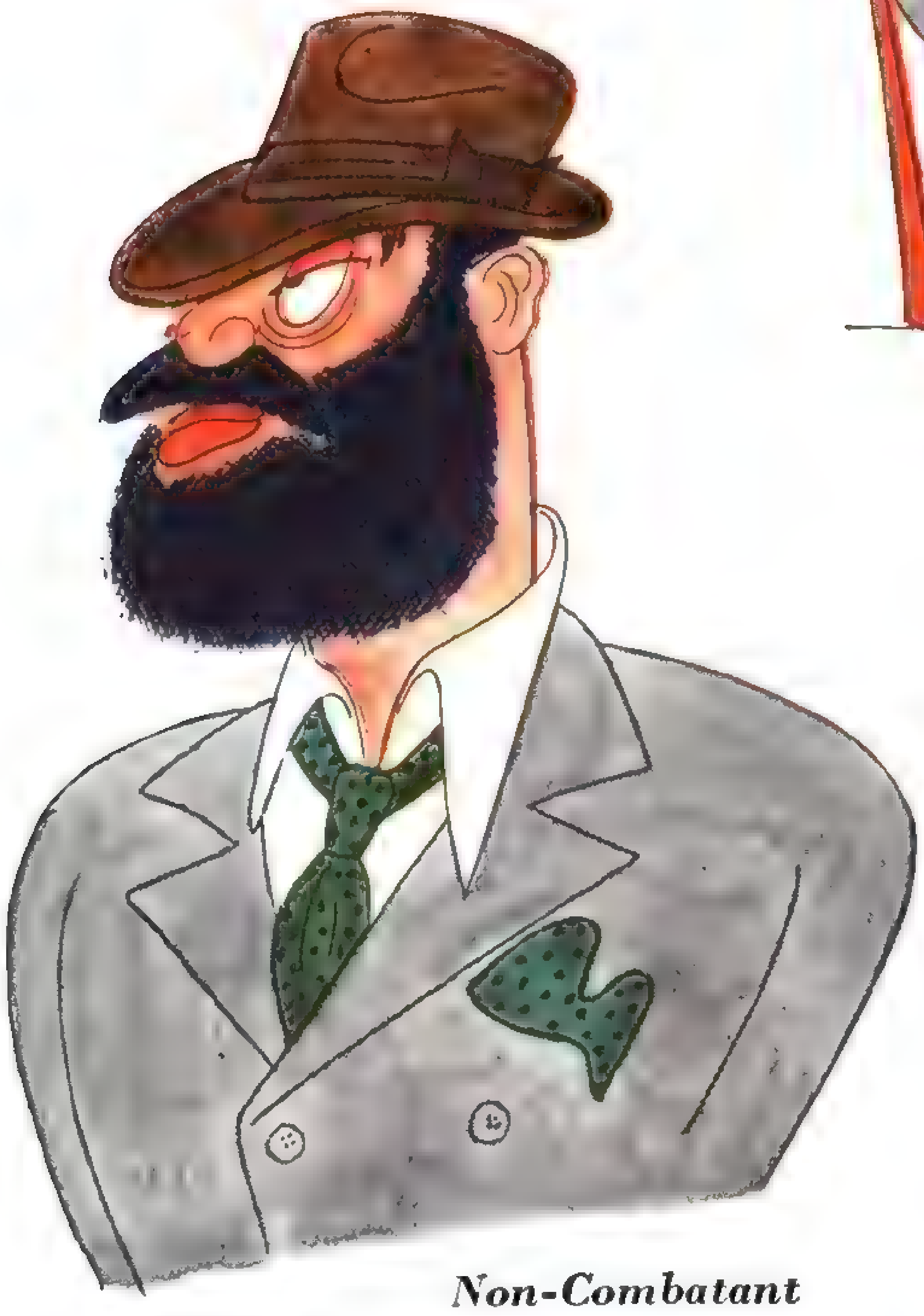


Frustration



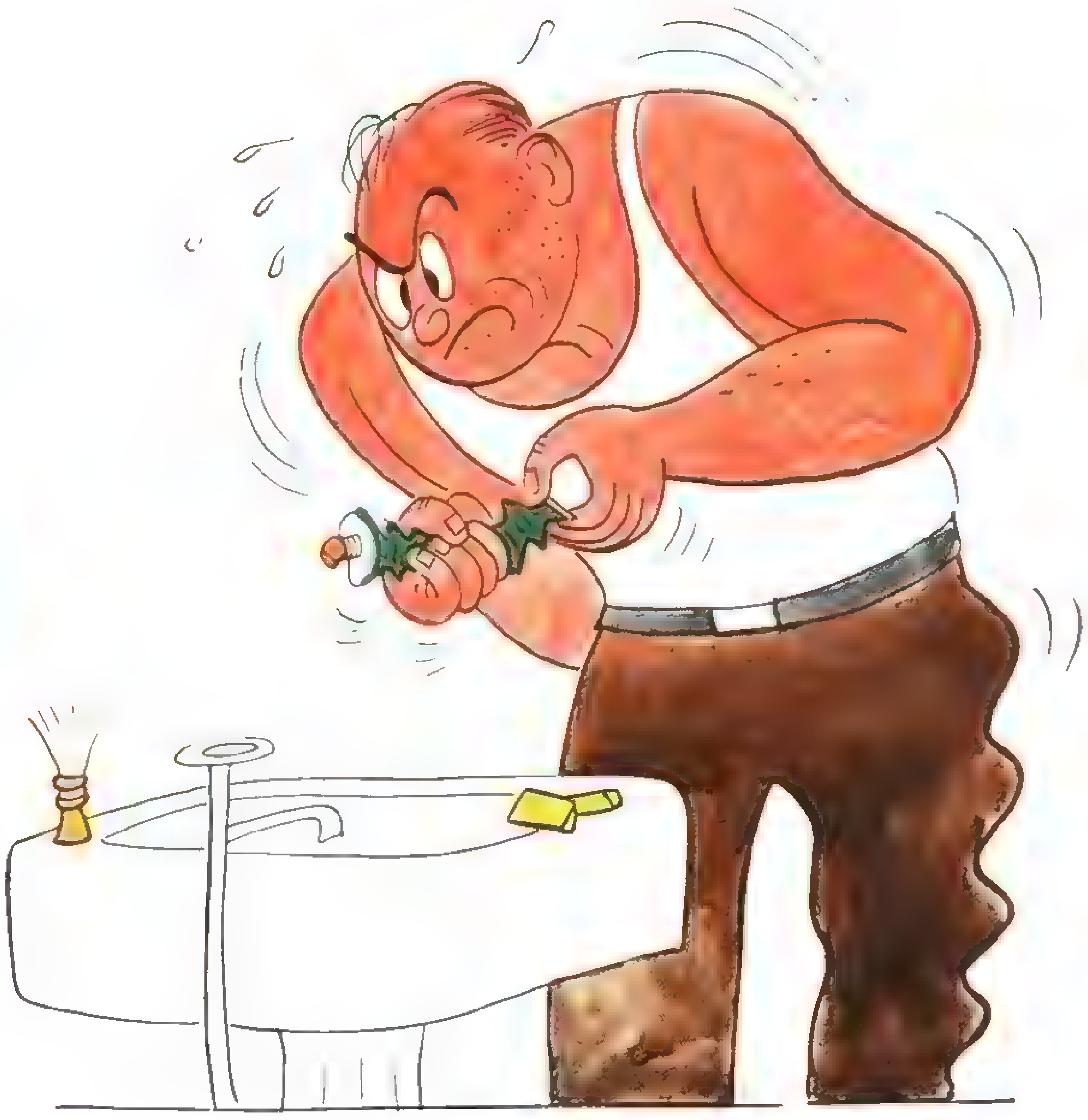
Recalcitrant Utilitarian



Non-Combatant

Beefing About the Bush

by RODNEY DE SARRO



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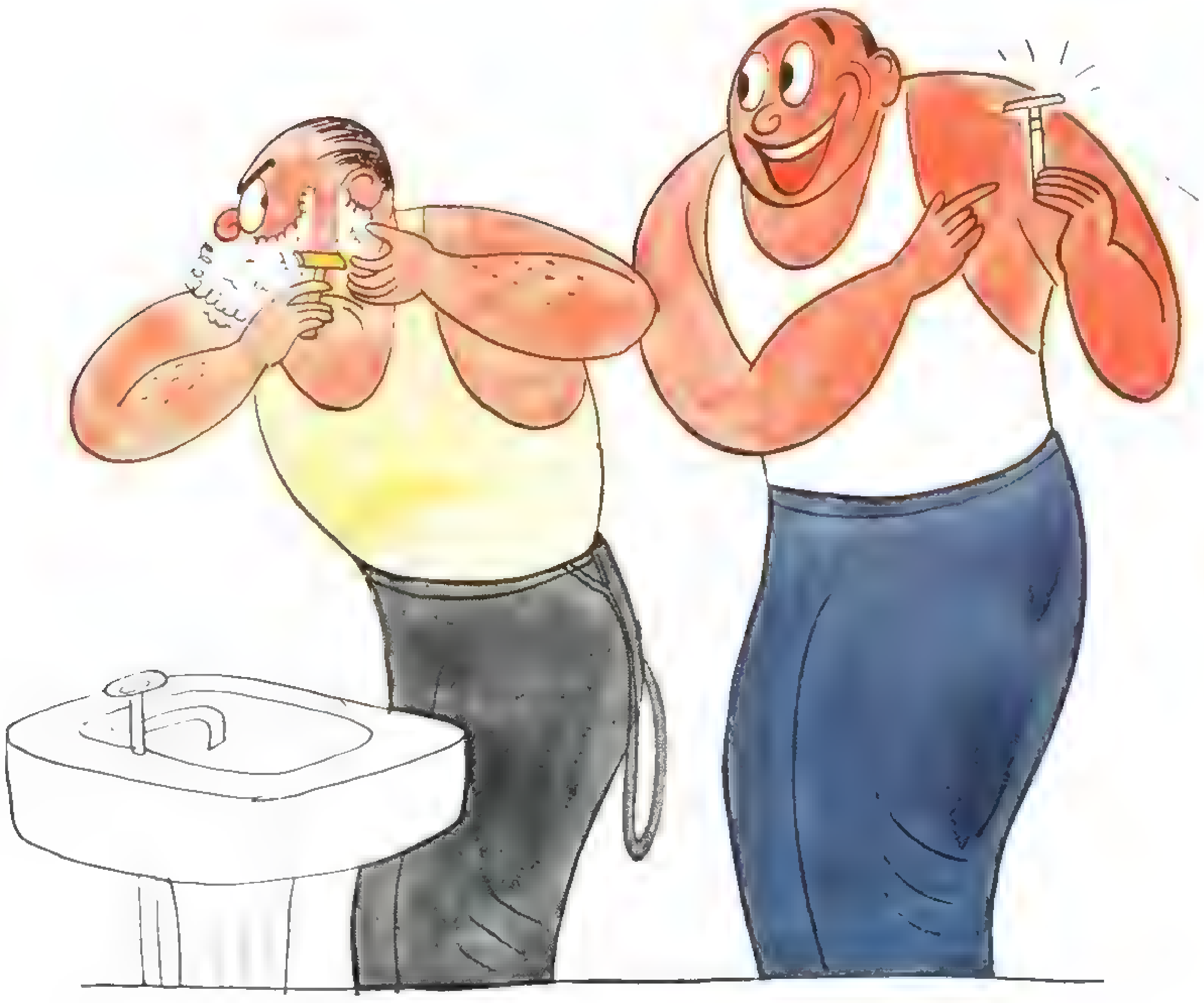

Heckler

Plain Horse Sense

Mr. Pope's horse didn't want any traffic with reporters and gaping tourists, so he wouldn't show off

by WALTER BROOKS

SATIRE

BUT ED, I NEED YOUR HELP!
WHO CARES ABOUT YOUR FUTURE

A lot of people that I have told about Wilbur Pope's talking horse haven't believed me and some of them have come right out and called me a liar. I suppose that is natural. They're the kind of people that burned people that said the world was round. And it doesn't make any difference to me. Ed isn't my horse. But it did make a difference to Mr. Pope when people wouldn't believe him about it. Because he was an advertising man and it was bad for him in a business way.

Of course Mr. Pope knew how to make people believe things and at first he wanted to draw up a regular advertising campaign with graphs and testimonials and a picture of one of the office boys posing in a white coat as a famous scientist and recording Ed's speech on scientific instruments. But Ed wouldn't stand for it. Mr. Pope took a bottle down to the stable and sat on the manger and argued it out with him. But Ed was adamant.

Look Wilb he said You know what will happen? Reporters and Hollywood scouts and these candid camera lunkheads and people with babies and their lunch in a bag—that's what will happen by the million. And all peeking and snooping. Except for your wife's friends we have a nice quiet life up here in Mt. Kisco. Why spoil it?

I respect your desire for privacy Ed said Mr. Pope but this is rather a special case. Nothing doing said Ed firmly. If you hadn't shot off your mouth about me in the first place nobody'd think you were goofy. Too much talk is your trouble. Well it isn't going to be mine. H'm said Mr. Pope, Of course, you know Ed I can shut you up and cut off your oats. No you can't said Ed You're too kind hearted. Well I guess you're right said Mr. Pope and he got up and went into the house and took Mrs. Pope to the movies. But he had had a good deal out of the bottle while he was talking with Ed and so he kept nodding off to sleep and then coming awake with a snort and saying excitedly Where am I? Where am I? So they didn't have a very good time.

Well Mr. Pope didn't say any more about Ed's talking but he had already said too much and had to take a lot of kidding from his associates for advertising men are great kidders. But when the clients begin to kid look out. And Mr. Pope's began to. And one day he had to go in to the head of the firm Mr. Weatherbee and tell him that Mr. Elihu Diddums of the Colonial Occasional Chair Co. had decided to place his account elsewhere. For Mr. Diddums like all manufacturers had a great sense of the dignity of his product and he did not care to have his advertising in the hands of a man who chatted with animals. And I suppose he was right for if he would not take occasional chairs seriously who would? I know I won't.

Well Mr. Weatherbee was pretty mad. And he told Mr. Pope that there was this about it—the advertising business was one thing and Baron Munchausen was another and the two didn't mix. Mr. Pope kind of smiled at this as who wouldn't? and Mr. Weatherbee got still madder and he puffed up and delivered a talk on the dignity of the profession which he kept ready for such occasions and then he said he would give Mr. Pope one more chance.

Well Mr. Pope knew what that meant. It meant that he would have to replace the lost account with that of the Groly Marine Engine Corp. which he had been working on. He had got up several presentations for Mr. Groly all hand lettered in three colors and had spent many hours working on Mr. Groly but in order to get the account he had to take it away from Bishop & Opper with whom Mr. Groly was as well pleased as any manufacturer ever is with his agency. But anyway he went over to see Mr. Groly again.

HOW'S ABOUT A LITTLE CHAMPAGNE?
RODNEY deSARRO

But Mr. Groly was in a frolicsome mood and would not talk business. All he wanted to talk about was these stories he had heard about Mr. Pope's horse and he certainly did squeeze the last drop of fun out of the subject. But at last he got serious and he said Frankly Pope all this horse business has put us rather off your outfit. I grant you your stuff is clever. But is it sound?

So Mr. Pope put up an argument. The big appeal of the Groly engines was that they were fool-proof and for years their slogan has been A Child Can Run It. Bishop & Opper had continued with variations of this and with fair success. But recently they had sent out a page ad showing a child operating a Groly and coming in first in a motorboat race with the caption And A Little Child Shall Lead Them. This had offended some religious groups and so Mr. Pope was able to cast some pretty sour slurs on Bishop & Opper. He did this indirectly of course for advertising ethics forbids knocking a competitor. It is a sort of blasphemy.

But Mr. Groly was unconvinced and at last he said No no Pope I'm afraid it's no sale. Just on account of this horse business? said Mr. Pope incredulously. But my dear Mr. Groly—No use said Mr. Groly emphatically. And then he laughed and said Tell you what: prove to me that that horse of yours really can talk and I'll give you the account. You will? said Mr. Pope Why that's easy. I'll ride him over to your place—you're only about four miles from Mt. Kisco—and you can have a talk with him yourself. So Mr. Groly said that would be fine and he invited Mr. Pope to bring Mrs. Pope and Ed and come over Sunday and spend the day.

So that night Mr. Pope told Mrs. Pope about the invitation but he didn't say anything about the condition attached to it because Mrs. Pope didn't believe that Ed could talk either. She had never heard him say anything except when Mr. Pope was around and she said Mr. Pope was just doing ventriloquism and pretending to have Ed say a lot of things to her that he didn't dare say himself. But Mr. Pope wanted to talk it over with Ed so he went down to the stable and began to tell him about what had happened.

But Ed was in kind of a bad humor. What the hell is an occasional chair? he asked No don't tell me. I don't believe I could bear it. Well so you lost the account? What do you want me to do—wear hearse plumes? So as Ed was in no mood to be helpful Mr. Pope decided not to tell him about Mr. Groly. He'd just ride over and trust to luck that Ed would talk. There was no use appealing to his better nature. He didn't have any.

Well they went over to Mr. Groly's on Sunday. It was one of these big estates by *House & Garden* out of Renaissance Italy and there were pergolas and pools and a lake with Groly motorboats as thick on it as pennies in a collection plate and Mrs. Pope was delighted. Although she was mad at Mr. Pope for riding over on Ed and making her drive alone in the car. But Wilbur is so attached to that horse she explained to Mrs. Groly You know it's quite touching. Well the horse may do your husband a good turn yet

Continued on page 119

Take Me Out to the Football Game

Universities do a hell of a lot more to give the crowd a good show than appears on the face of the gridiron

by RALPH CANNON

• SPORTS •

Most of the millions of fans who show up for the big football games every Saturday afternoon of the fall probably believe that these huge spectacles simply roll onto the boards by spontaneous combustion. All that is required to stage one of these shows, in the minds of the spectators, is merely to let each team know a year or so in advance that the game is scheduled for that afternoon. The facts, however, are that the staging of such a show is far from as simple as all that. There is a stupendous amount of intricate specific detail that must be attended to before such a game can be put on before an assemblage of sixty or seventy thousand people.

Most of this detail by now has become so routined from systematic repetition that nobody realizes that so many wheels are spinning behind the scenes. Any time sixty or seventy thousand people are gathered together in one enclosure innumerable precautions have to be taken for their protection and safety. Nearly all of this work is done long before the game begins, and it begins to affect the crowd long before they even come in sight of the stadium. Few of the oncoming crowd have any conception of the efforts of the university organization to protect them even along the highways where streams of cars are steadily speeding toward the huge magnet of the stadium.

Between the city of Chicago and Champaign, Illinois, for instance, where the University of Illinois home games are played, arrangements are made whereby wrecking cars leave the big town at regular intervals following the football crowd to be ready to help any motorist who has run into difficulty along the way. The same arrangements are made with other cities sending large crowds to the game. After the game these same wreckers leave for their home towns at regular intervals with the same thought in mind —helping anyone in distress along the road.

For several weeks before the opening of the football season, a committee of traffic experts works on the problem of handling the many automobiles, the access of which over the networks of slab roads in these times has done so much to increase the normal attendance at all big games. The state police, the military department of the university, the city police, the athletic association, the university physical plant and the university department of highway engineering all cooperate in handling of traffic. Parking lots are provided for the spectators, usually with no charge. An observer stationed on top of the stadium watches the flow of traffic and with a telephone switchboard that enables him to talk to every major intersection directs traffic into the various lanes leading to the best parking lots. This work alone calls for an organization of two or three hundred men. The cost of parking cars of itself runs to seven or eight hundred dollars per game at state universities and elsewhere when free parking is provided.

Even with a stadium as small as Cornell's at Ithaca, it is necessary to provide approximately ninety traffic policemen and to insure the presence of state police, in addition to maintaining a hundred undergraduates as ushers, not to mention some sixty gatemen.

Not only on the highways are the arriving fans being protected unknown to them, but also on the special trains. Pickpocket detectives are employed from the big cities, and these men operating in pairs have their own system of picking up pickpockets. Two or three times during the trip they travel from one end of the train to the other spotting men known to be thieves. Very often when the detectives are seen on the train, the pickpockets have dropped off the train and given up the ghost for the day. Together with a few arrests at the stadium gates, this system where employed has reduced losses from fifty to one hundred per cent.

Once inside the stadium, the fan is surrounded again with an invisible network of protection from suffering and disturbance. First-aid rooms are equipped; nurses and doctors are available. An intricate system of stadium control saves the peaceful spectator from useless annoyance by disturbers of the peace. Football games, particularly in cold weather, have long been prevalent and convenient places for drinking, and since the repeal of prohibition drinking at football games has been constantly on the increase. So far as the drunks themselves are concerned, this is all right and legal; but when they cause annoyance to the others, who constitute the majority, methods are used to curb them.

To protect the fans who are present to enjoy the game rather than the gin, at many modern fields the entire stadium is wired with a signal placed in each entry way. Patrolmen are always on the lookout for trouble makers. If an individual is spoiling the game for those around him the patrolman in that section flashes a signal to a signal board, and a squad of huskies promptly arrives and removes the offender at that vicinity. He is placed in safekeeping in a room provided for that purpose where he can enjoy the effects of the gin, but not the game. Eventually he may be turned over to the city police and prosecuted.

Stringent efforts are made at most universities to curb drinking because of this disturbance of other customers and because of the subsequent threat of accidents on the highways. The campaign against drinking nearly always gets definite results. At one game at the University of Illinois in 1934 the caretaker took from the stadium several truckloads of empty bottles. With the same number of people in the stands, and weather conditions just the same at a game in 1937, just twelve bottles were found in the stands.

Every Wednesday before a big game, the manager of athletics meets with the division chiefs of the ushers, ticket sellers, building and grounds maintenance men, police, city traffic department, guards, coaches and public address men, to discuss the last game and plan order for the next. These different divisions represent, at the University of Washington in Seattle, for example, about six hundred people who compose the stadium crew for managing a football game "off" the field.

Not only are the physical protection and mental composure of the fans taken care of, but also their appetites. In the stands at the DePaul-Illinois game last year there were as many as 3,020 hot dogs sold, along with approximately 7,000 ice cream bars and 494 boxes of candy or about 11,856 pieces of candy. At the same game 42 cases, or 1,008 bottles, of soft drinks were dispensed to the patrons. This was a Boy Scout Day, and although not the top game on the card, it nevertheless did better than the bigger games in concessions.

A total of eighty boys was employed as hucksters, who have a pretty good chance because there is no effort to make much of a profit on the stands, the concessions instead being run principally for the convenience of the spectators and to give students a chance to earn money and see part of the games. It is estimated that the salaries of the students run about a fifth of income from the concessions for the year's games.

Among the most famous of the hucksters is Sutak, famous in the Rocky Mountain district, who claims to be world's champion peanut vendor. He is a glib, fast talker, sharp as a barbed wire and always ready with a retort for any fan who would best him in a duel of wisecracks.

"Nuts to you for a nickel!" "Delivered by air express, collect," "It's tagged for the gent in the black suit," are among his favorite expressions. He walks along the sidelines at football games. When a customer shouts for goobers, Sutak winds up and cuts loose. Invariably, the sack of goobers lands in the customer's lap. He even throws a curve with a sack. He says he charges only a nickel for the goobers but adds five cents to the cost for the display. His curve is no joke either, for Sutak, who says he has no first name (the boys call me "Jack") earned a trial

Eric Lundgren

LITHOGRAPH BY ERIC LUNDGREN

in baseball on his ability to curve goobers.

He attended Colorado College, finished school and now operates a thriving peanut business in Denver, where in one week he sold 6,000 bags of goobers, thirty-five to a bag, 210,000 peanuts. Sutak (Sutax—two sacks, no sales tax—with Sutax) takes his business seriously and knows that showmanship is worth its weight in gold. He changes costumes three times during a game, and his voice can be heard above all the other vendors.

Programs at a football game are about as big an item as hot dogs. The distribution of these begins many months in advance of the season. The manager must first take the schedule of games for which programs are to be issued, and with the assistance of the ticket manager accurately forecast the probable attendance on each occasion. The number of programs to be printed for each game is then determined, and, based on the expected circulation, national advertising rates are established. All of this must be done at the very beginning of the calendar year because a large part of the income is derived from national advertising and competition for the advertiser's dollar is very keen, since advertisers are not unaware that the college football crowd with money to spend offers a good opportunity to tell their story.

As an attraction to national advertisers, the football programs are more and more filled with interesting editorial material, pictures, cartoons, etc. The engraving and printing has undergone much improvement. In fact, the program has become the official souvenir that the football enthusiast takes home with him after the game. A crowd of 50,000 seldom yields more than a dozen programs discarded after the football game.

The problem of distributing the program is a difficult one because a crowd of 50,000 or more must be thoroughly canvassed in less than an hour. Students are used exclusively to sell programs at nearly all schools. These students are recruited by the university employment office from the students who have registered for employment. Because these students have to miss much of the game, they are allowed a very liberal commission.

On Wednesday afternoon before the game a convocation is held for all students who are to sell programs, and instructions are given out by a manager who has had years of experience in the work. The program manager explains to the salesmen the selling price of the program, which is usually twenty-five cents and his commission, which is usually five cents. The programs are delivered, tightly wrapped, in packages of fifty. The student is provided with a limited number of receipt cards, each one of which is good for one package of programs. The meeting, of course, ends with a little pep talk, but the average student salesman, most of whom are experienced from previous games, usually needs only the opportunity and good weather to make his sales.

Having estimated the attendance as accurately as possible, the program manager has printed approximately one program for each two and one-half people who will attend the game. The territory around the stadium is divided into seven districts, with a distributing station in each district.

On the morning of the big game the programs are loaded on a truck at 10:30 and the entire lot transported to the stadium. The salesmen appear about 11 o'clock to get their first packages. Although the game does not start until 2 o'clock, the salesmen know that there are many out-of-town visitors who come directly to the stadium and these may want to secure their programs before the rush starts.

About 2:30 the truck again visits the distributing points and picks up any unsold packages of programs and the receipts held by each distributor. These receipts are then sorted and checked against the hundred or two hundred salesmen. All of this work is finished before the end of the game, at which time the salesmen in large numbers report at the cashier's window, bringing with them their unsold programs, ready to pay for the programs they have sold, less their commission.

The whole campaign is conducted under pressure. Within one hour following the final whistle the programs have all been accounted for and the money received and checked. Some enterprising and energetic students make as much as ten dollars in an afternoon, though the average is nearer five dollars.

During the summer months, it is necessary to make complete plans for ticket sales; canvass thousands of alumni; receive, file and fill their ticket applications, all in the proper order; and at the same time try to insure satisfaction in their various more ardent groups at all times. Publicity relative to tickets is sent out by August 1, and from then on eight to ten girls are kept busy constantly at the ticket office, which is kept open six days a week until the end of the season.

In midsummer prices are set for the coming season's games based on past experience and what the opponent can be expected to draw. In July tickets are printed, invoiced, and checked with the stadium chart. Be-

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Rosebuds of the River Queen

Not a ship had passed for twenty-eight years, but she came out to wave her handkerchief or lantern

by HARRY L. BOLTON

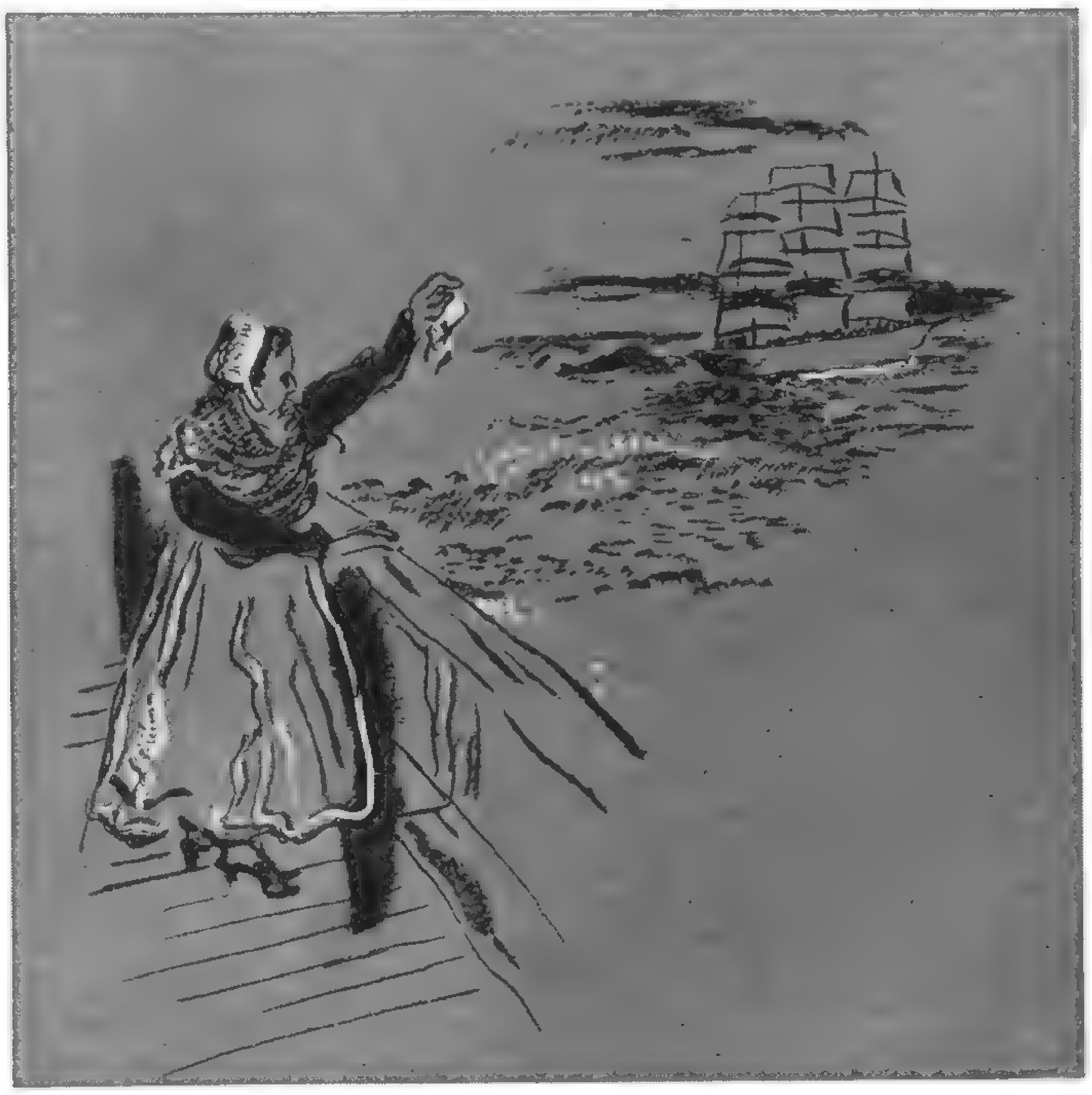
• FICTION •

Some wait for a man to go away, she waited for one to come back. Day and night for twenty-eight years, at least.

At the time the thing stuck fast in my throat, for my own young heart was broken. I had seen one of the deep red rosebuds that I had bought for my girl in the lapel of another man's coat, and had seen the other eleven below her window, on the sidewalk.

The M. and M. T. Company's good ship *Quantico* sailed that night from Baltimore with me on board. We had no sooner passed Charles and Henry when the Atlantic's wintertime seas and a blizzardy gale sent half of the passengers floundering in prayer. Off the Carolina capes, sand washed up on the decks. It was what I wanted. With memory of my long-stemmed rosebuds. I stood wrapped around a davit on the boat deck, and watched the boiling surges all but engulf the ship. I cursed the sea and defied it. I laughed, then cried, then laughed again, and when the spray, and snow, and salt-slop froze stiff in my clothes, my numbed arm relaxed its hold around the davit. I was slipping away, and at the next roll of the *Quantico*, the sea would have me. I remember saying or thinking, "Hurry and roll."

The Second Officer, Tom Gairbuck, whom I happened to know, came on to me and hauled or carried me into the saloon-smokeroom, where he poured four half-pint drinks of whisky into me. Then he and a steward lugged me to my cabin.



Next day seas and gale carried on the same, and I sat in the saloon playing cutthroat casino for the drinks and five dollars a game. Toward evening the snow turned to rain. With borrowed boots, slicker and sou'wester from Tom, I stood again by the davit on the deserted boat deck. Shortly after midnight, Tom came up and asked me what I thought about it. I told him not very much, and asked him if he had ever seen fresh red rosebuds on a sidewalk. He said something about having seen them there several times. Then he laughed and asked if I had forgotten the curative powers of the rich-blooded Creoles of New Orleans. We watched the black sea and sky for a while, and wondered at the thickness of the rain, and the unsteadiness of the wind. The lookout on the foc'sle head could not be seen, and the ship's constantly sounding fog horn seemed never to sound from the same place. We started down the plunging deck ladder and made for Tom's quarter, and there he asked if I had ever before come in to Savannah by sea, and that if I hadn't, not to forget to be up on deck when we wound around up the Savannah River. I took off his oilskins and asked what about the Savannah River. He told me that I could see the rosebuds of the River Queen, and that my own wouldn't seem quite so important.

All that night the *Quantico* bucked and fought her way to the south, I lay awake in my love-tormented misery. The dull light of morning slowly came, the rain slackened, then stopped. The clouds broke loose and a pale dirty sun sneaked out as I fell asleep.

At noon, the steward, by Tom's orders, rapped loud at my door, so I dressed ceremoniously and made hungrily for the dining saloon, and was very busy on my second order when Tom's brass bound sleeves came alongside me. He looked at the evidences of my vast meal, and told me that I could hang my head in shame and apologize, when we passed the River Queen. I told him point-blank, "Tell me and be done, what about this River Queen. What is it, some hocus-pocus your rotten steamship line has rigged up for tourists?"

I thought for a second he would hit me. When he spoke his voice was harsh and very, very earnest.

"Listen, Mister, for twenty-eight years there's been a ship going up or coming down the river, calling in at Savannah, on an average of one every two-three hours. And, Mister, summer and winter, day and night, there's never a ship passed in that twenty-eight and more years, that the old River Queen hasn't come out to wave her handkerchief, or her lantern. Rigged up for tourists, hey? You and your damn petty be-damned rosebuds. Blah! And Blub-blub. Mister, I've seen the dumbest, most beast-like hammerheads God ever dipped out of scum and put in the crew of a ship, stand suddenly stiff when she waves her lantern, and the ship's whistle toots back, and they uncover in the rain, and sob. Every sailor that's ever called at Savannah knows about her. A rig-up for tourists, hey?"

I realized that it was time for me to draw in my horns, so I respectfully said, "Oh, pardon me, Tom. Strange I never happened to hear of this, I been deep water quite a lot too. But why does she do it?"

He gulped a little and said, "Why? Why?" Then he snorted and advanced the completely irrelevant and well-known fact that now that three-fourths of the passenger list were sea-sick and couldn't eat, the company stood to make a little money. I told him that everyone knew as much, so go on about the River Queen.

"Oh," he told me, "She had a little rosebud trouble, like you, like me, like everyone has. But hers has never left her. Yours probably will as soon as we dock in New Orleans. She and a young fore-mast hand fell in love, and while her father and mother were against her marrying a common sailor, they finally agreed, that if he took one voyage and came back a mate, they'd consent. They lived then in the same big house by the river, where she lives now alone, and which you'll see tonight, if the *Quantico's* bottom holds. When his ship was towing down to sea, he stood in the peak of the bow with his handkerchief out, and when about opposite the house, the side door to the balcony bursts open, and he sees her struggling with her father to get out and to wave to him. She made it after a bit, and so they stood and waved and waved their handkerchiefs long after there wasn't anything to see to wave to. I understand that she was using two handkerchiefs, one to wave with, and the other one for her eyes. He never came

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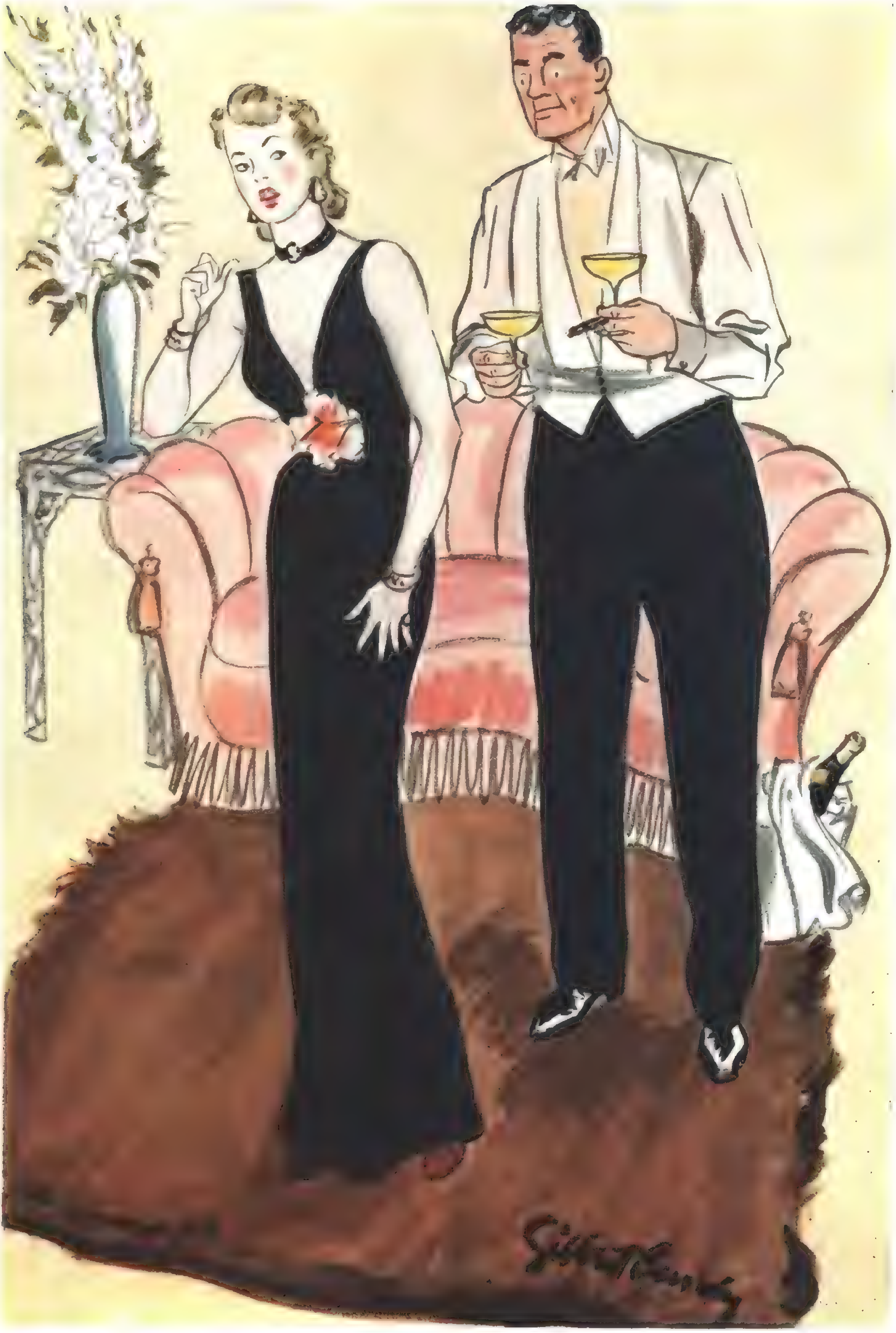


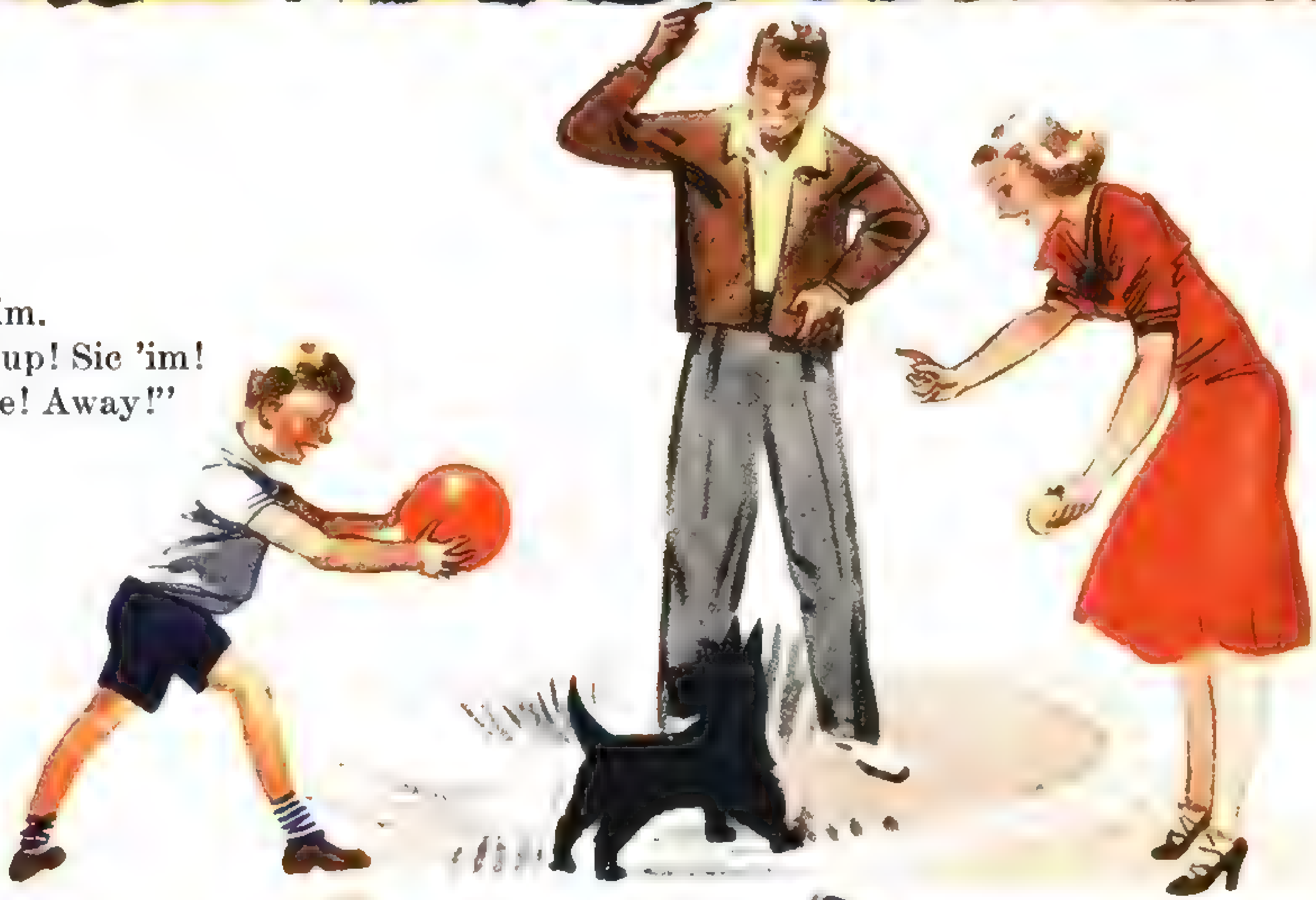
"I can always tell when I've had enough by the look in your eye!"

DOG DAYS

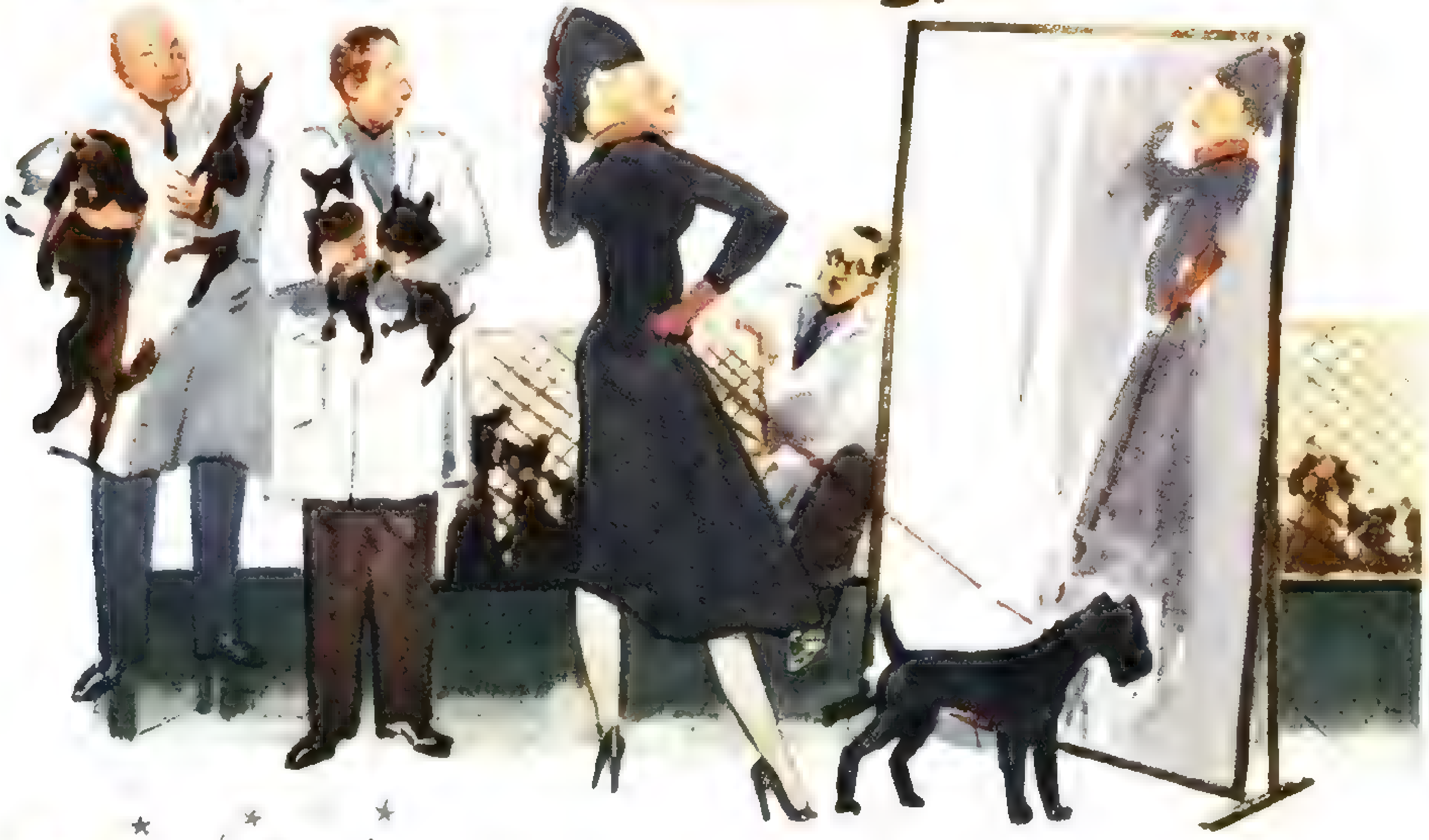
by

E. SIMMS CAMPBELL

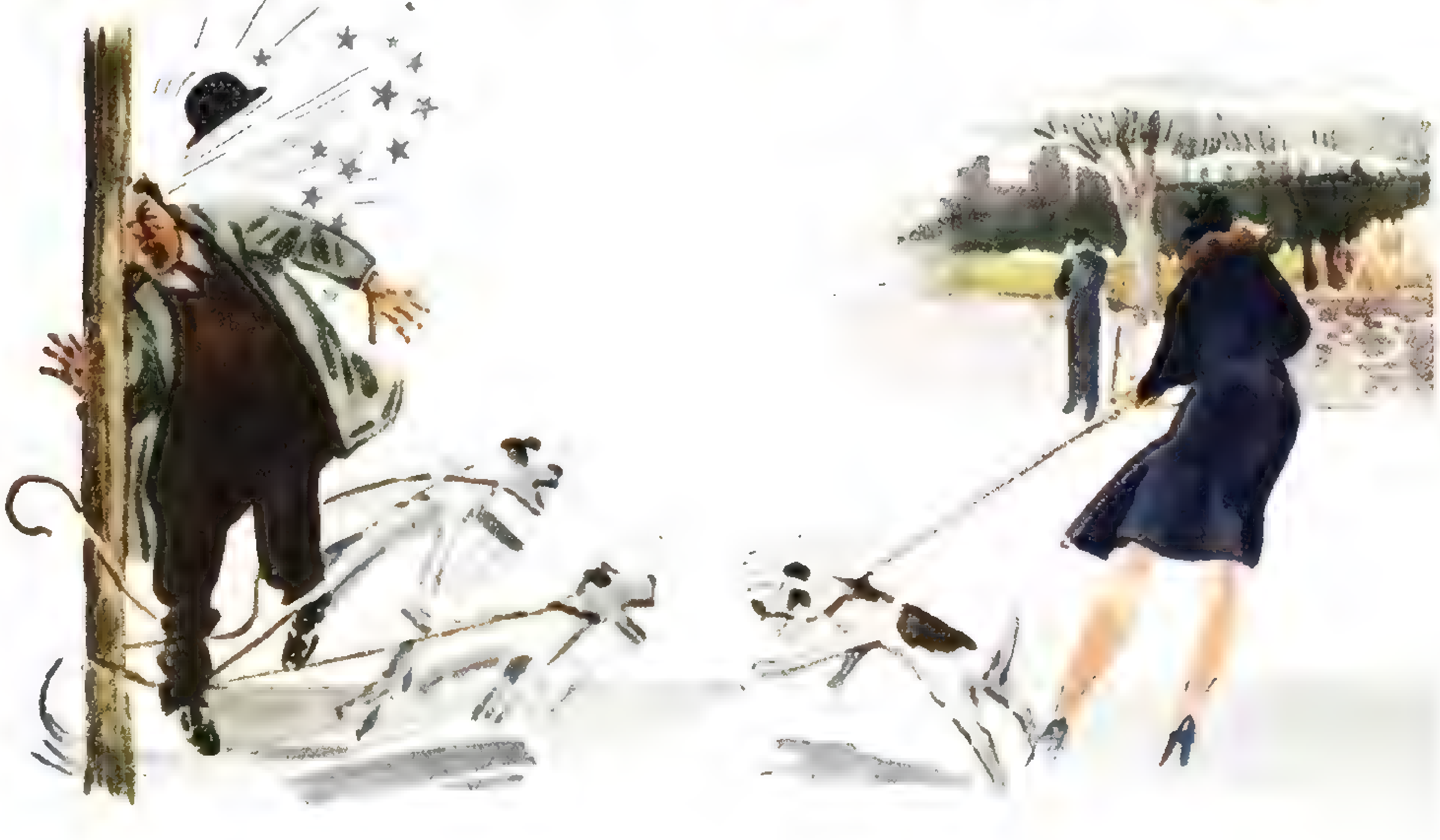
A dog is asked to take a lot.
In fact, he's always on the spot.
He's got to know your every whim.
"Here, catch! Now jump! Stand up! Sic 'im!
Lay down! Play dead! Come here! Away!"
Are orders issued every day.

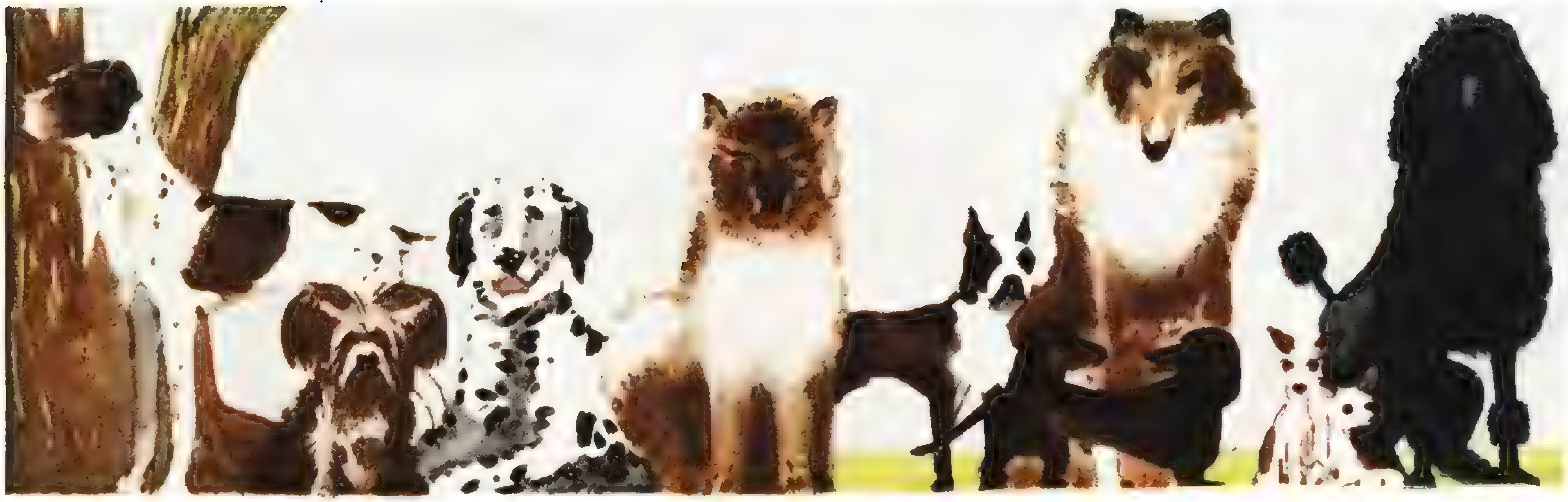


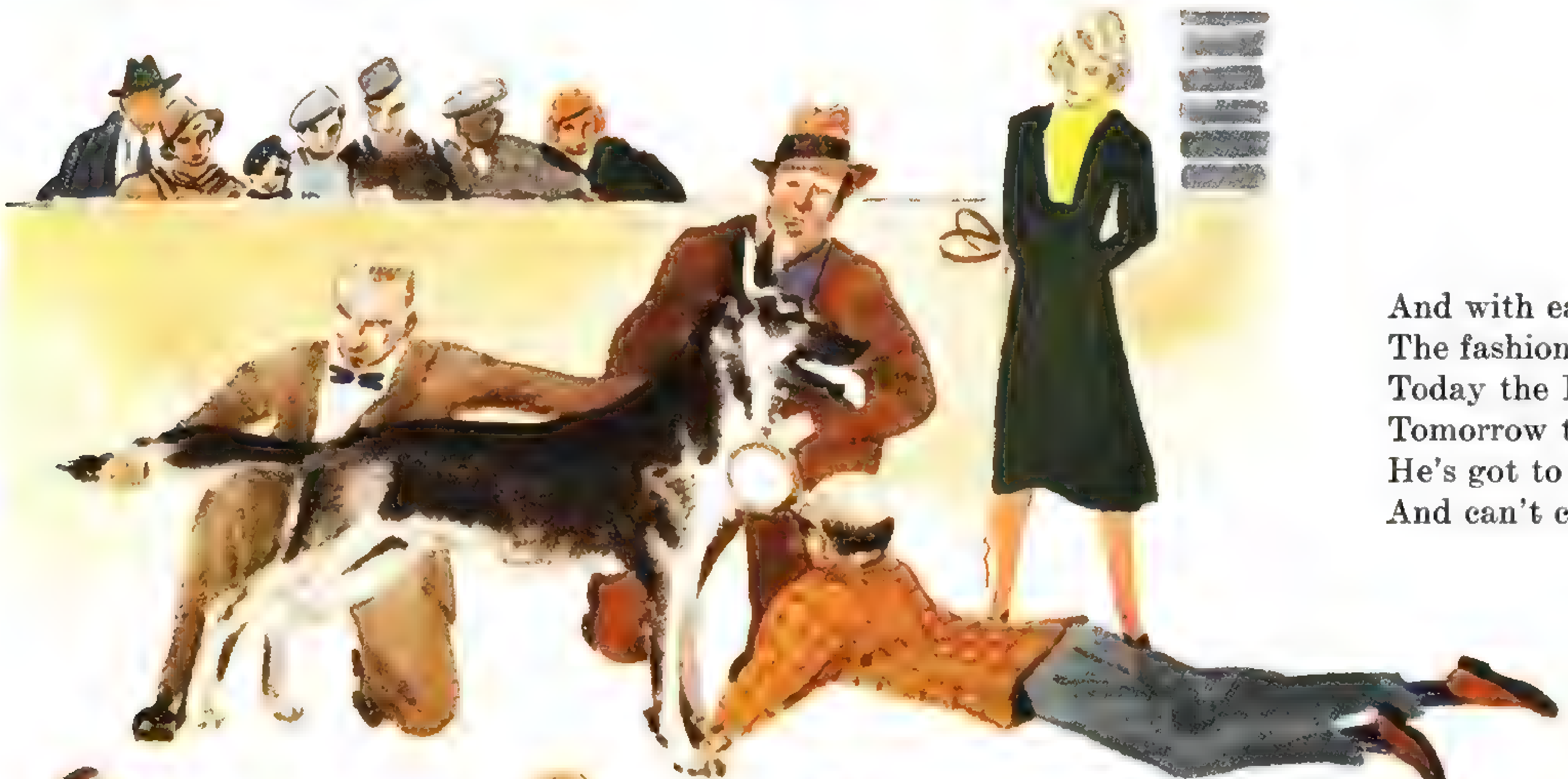
The ladies want him neat and trim
To match the outfits they are in,
A Kerry Blue, a Black and Tan,
A regal Chow or Sealyham.
He mustn't wrinkle up his nose;
He must be smart, just like her clothes.



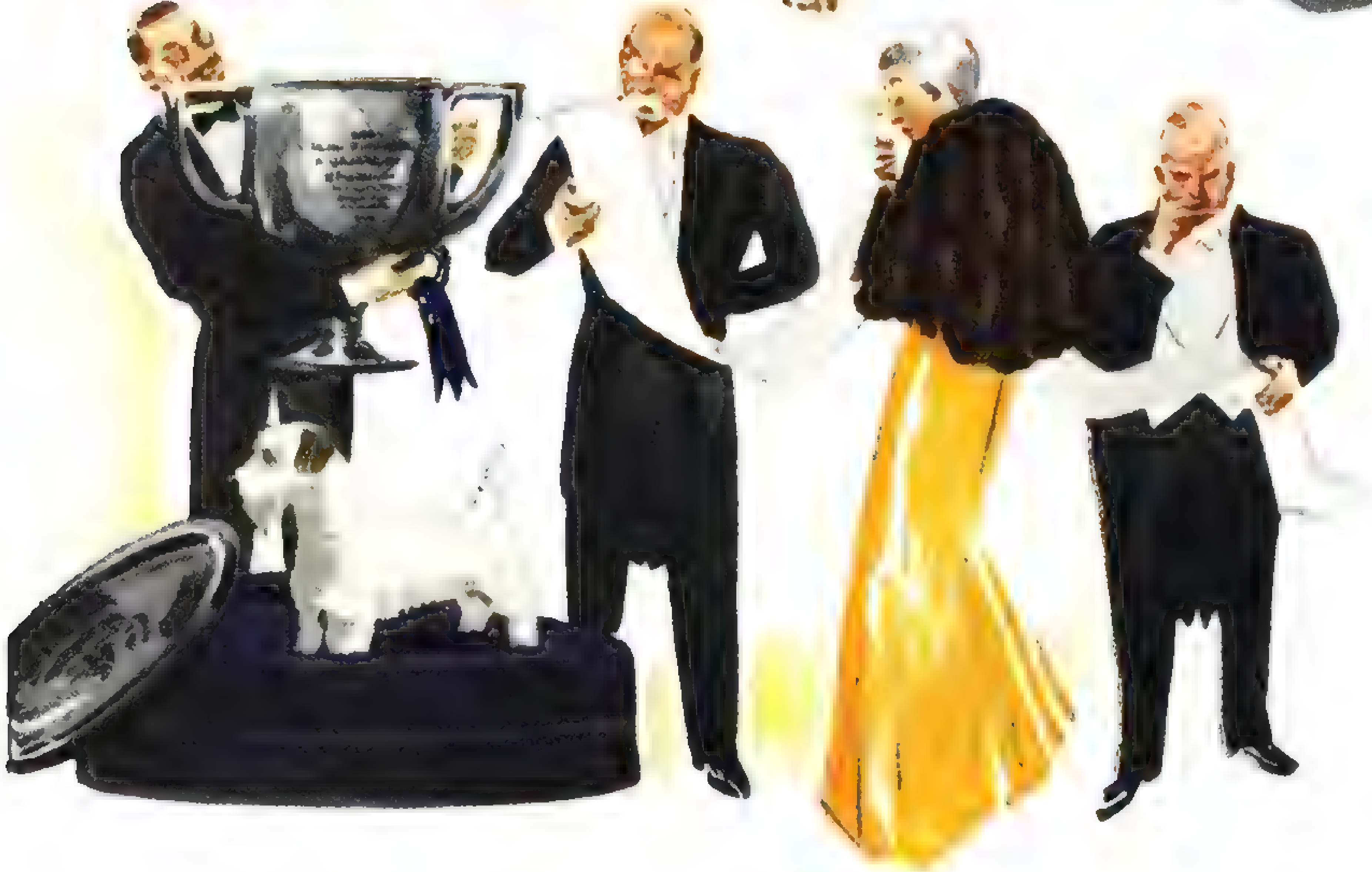
He mustn't sniff; he mustn't speed.
He mustn't tangle up his lead.
He mustn't roll where dogs have been
Then wonder why you rave at him.
He mustn't bark at cats or strays.
Why, his whole life is built on nays.



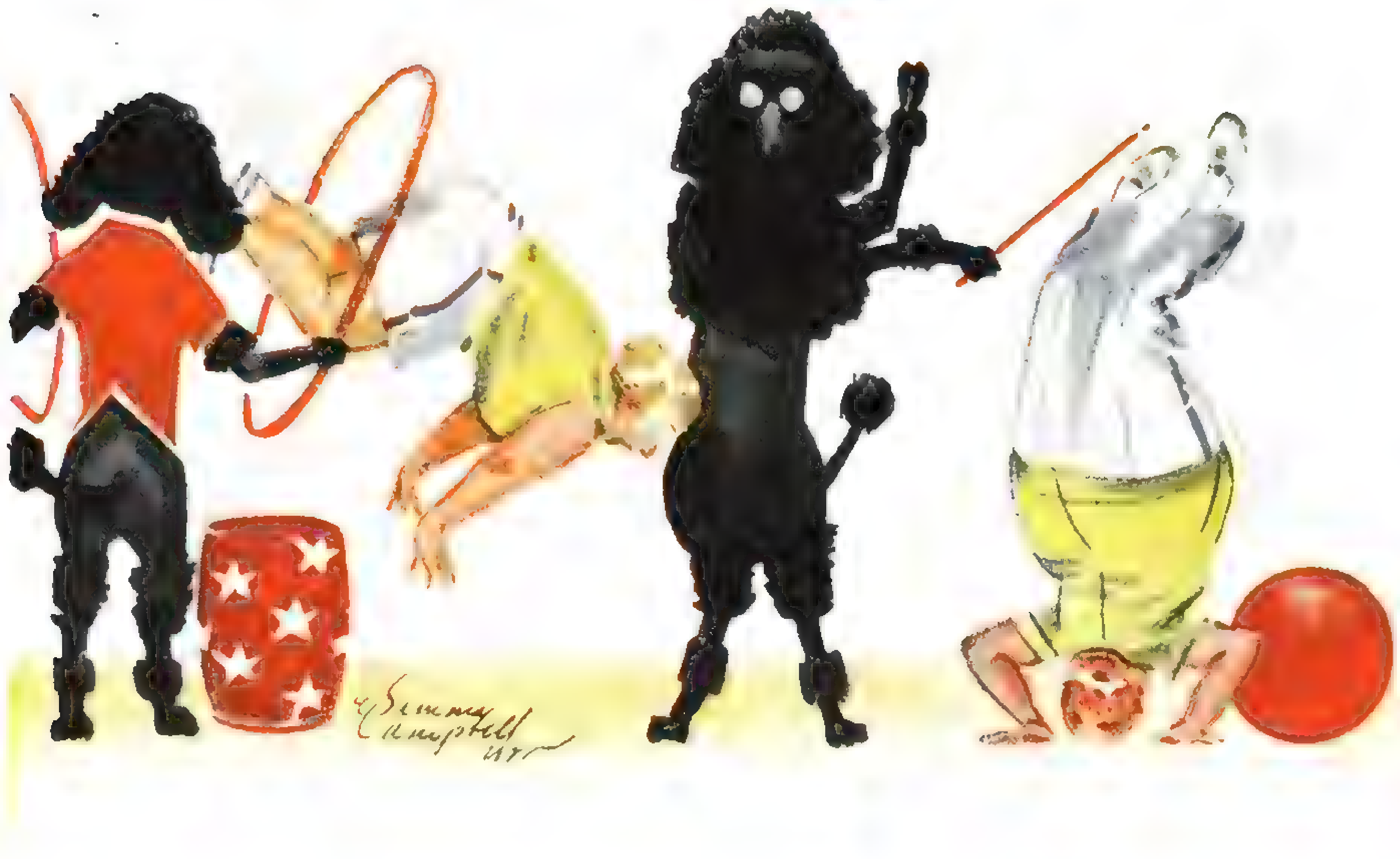




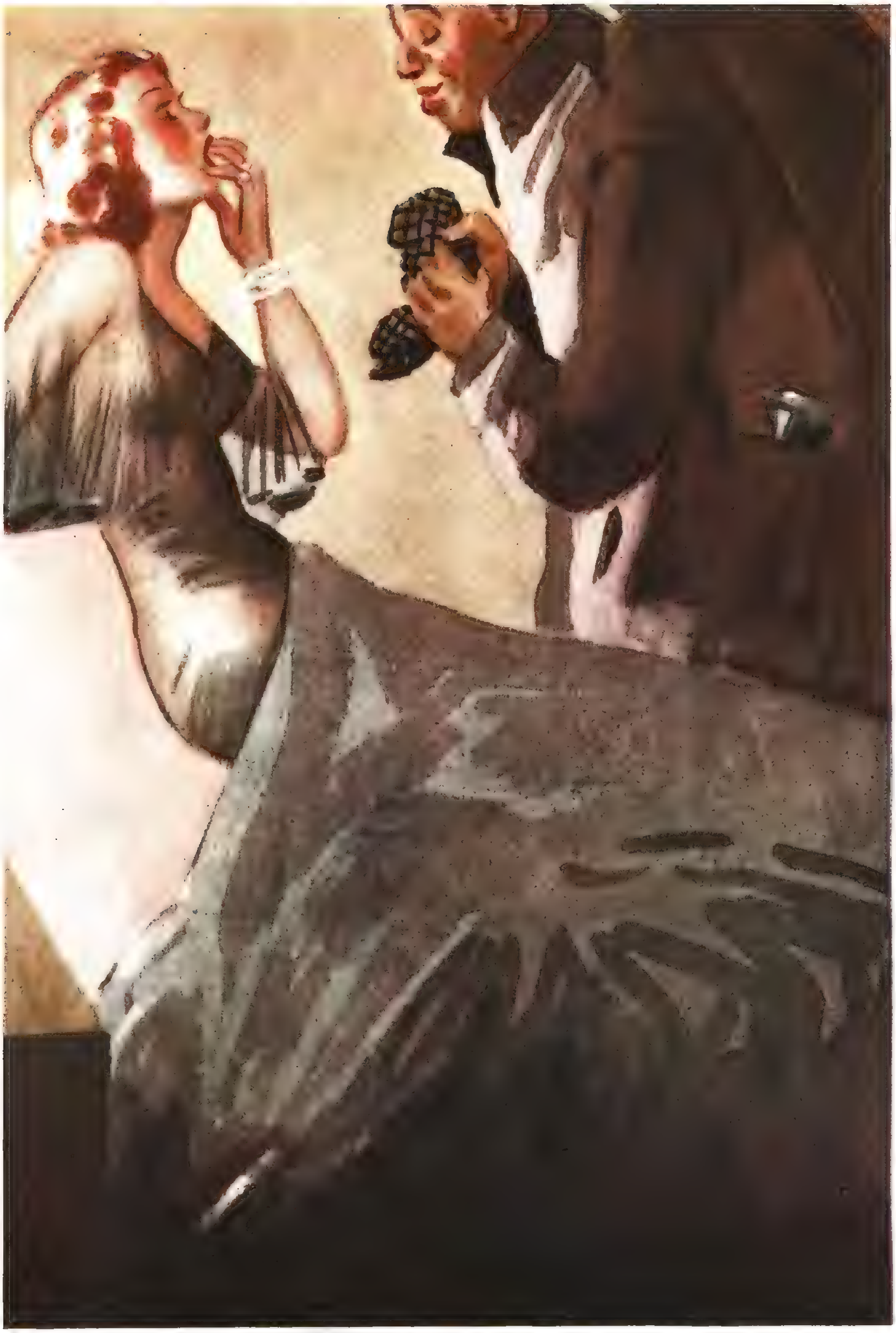
And with each year, in all the shows
The fashions change in dogs and clothes.
Today the Dachshund's quite the thing.
Tomorrow the Hairless may be king.
He's got to win in all the classes
And can't come up, not from the masses.



To pass the bench of A. K. C.
He almost is an F. F. V.
To win a prize, a Best in Show
He has a thousand things to know.
His blood and that of all relations
Must be quite blue—three generations!



Whether he's pedigreed or not,
He's always asked to take a lot:
A nod, a tone, a flick of hand.
It's always HE must understand.
Whatever his breed, he makes no fuss.
He'll never ask as much of us.



"All I want is your jewelry, lady—fool that I am"

Law of the Game Warden

Hunting or fishing, you're likely to run afoul of the law and it's worse if you try to combine them

by DON CHALMERS LYONS

SPORTS

All animals found upon the earth, in the seas, or in the air, can be classified as *ferae naturae.* or "of a wild nature." However, considering the legal entanglements between sportsmen and State, private individuals and sportsmen, one begins to wonder which should really be termed wild; the animals hunted, the fish angled for, or the sportsmen themselves. The hunter who this fall saw something sitting on a log some distance ahead of him, watched it a while, and then shot believing it a bear, shot again after the man cried out, belongs in the latter classification without any question of doubt.

Hunters and fishermen, however, are as a rule pretty good fellows although they must be pardoned for their universal tendency to tell tall stories about their conquests, particularly when in a contemplative mood, unharassed by the trials of field and stream. Most of them seem to have a delusion that they have some individual rights, but today it is really very difficult to ascertain exactly what privileges they can call their very own. Certainly any sportsman, having laid aside his guns and tackle for the season, and being of an analytical mind, will soon find himself bewildered. The legal status of various sports and the conflicts between the rights of the State as trustee for the public at large, the property owner, and the sportsman who attempts to enjoy what he has presumed to be his inherited rights, fill volumes of law texts with complex and disagreeing decisions, some of them very surprising.

Only one basic law has withstood the assaults, or insults according to the mood of the reader, of time, and it is the bulwark of the sportsman's rights, but now even this is apparently slated for modification in the light of new decisions. This law has existed from the early days of the Justinian or Roman law, and states in substance that animals wild by nature belong to the State in trust for the people who can obtain ownership by reducing them to possession either by killing or capture. The right to obtain such ownership is further substantiated by the old English laws as pointed out by that eminent lawyer, Blackstone. He states that there is a distinction between private and common property and that the individual has a right to reduce part of the common property to possession and thus acquire a qualified ownership (2 Bl. Comm. 410).

In many instances the State's rights in the ownership of game in trust for the public exists only as an unwritten law; however, there are now a number of States which by legislative action have stated that they have certain definite rights in the ownership of game, basing such claims, not alone upon the Roman laws, nor the old English ones, but upon the newer laws of conservation of natural food supplies, reserves, game, and lately human life.

Can we say that game, wild by nature, is the property of the general public, and all that remains for said Mr. Public to obtain possession is to kill or capture it? It is fortunate that it isn't quite as simple a procedure because Mr. John Q. has been known to be very greedy at times and perhaps not as sportsmanlike as he should be. Steps have been taken from time to time to prevent the capture of game in unlimited quantities or at seasons when it is inadvisable from a breeding standpoint. Such restrictions are just and equitable. It may be presumed that they were made for the general good of the public in order to assure a permanent supply of game and they meet the approval of all good sportsmen, but there are other laws. Many a hunter and fisherman calls them—well in his saner moments—restrictions. The greater his knowledge of the restrictions placed around his carefree enjoyment of the age-old sport of the chase and art of angling, the blacker his mood is apt to become, for there may seem no solution to his most bewildering of problems, his relationships with the landowners. He realizes that a solution must be found in order to insure his enjoyment of the privilege of hunting and fishing in the future.

On the other hand the landowners have problems which have been theirs since the beginning of time; namely the rights of ownership of private property. These rights should by this time be pretty definitely established by many court rulings, but a study of the law shows that the reverse is the actual fact. The landowner has such laws as these in his favor; 177 U. S. 190 states, "The exclusive right to hunt upon a particular tract of land is vested in the ownership of such realty and no one can trespass upon such premises without the consent of the owner." However then one begins to find exceptions. There is the following decision in England which states, "It is held that one may justify the trespassing upon the lands of another if in the pursuit of a fox." 1 T. R. 334. In Vermont, 74 Vt. 208, one must buy a fence or he finds that it is not a trespass to enter unenclosed lands of another for the purpose.

The various courts have said that the granting of hunting or fishing rights on private lands is within the statutes governing frauds and as such permission must be obtained in writing. The Michigan legislature in 1927 passed a very comprehensive act, 285 Mich. 6301, concerning this which has since been termed the Horton Trespass Act. Under this law no hunter can enter private property for purposes of hunting without the written permission of the owner. To make the law more rigid in its application, prosecutions are made in the name of the people of the State of Michigan rather than the individual property owner. The same general act states however for sake of diversion, that, "nothing shall be done for the purpose of depriving or attempting to deprive individuals from any or all of their opportunities of shooting or hunting—." Take it or leave it, who wins?

Notwithstanding the above disagreements as to the rights of the landowners, one finds little concerning new methods by which the hunter can enjoy a day's recreation in the field unharassed by No Trespassing signs, except in some instances where there are active County sportsmen leagues working hand in hand with the farmers, etc. Otherwise, even though the sportsman thinks he has some inherent rights, No Trespassing, still means exactly that if the landowner can make it stick.

The fisherman is somewhat better off than the hunter for under most present rulings he is actually permitted legally to trespass even though fish have been designated as game. 116 California 397 states as follows: "The fish within our waters constitute the most important constituent of that species of property commonly designated as wild game." So game is game even if fish, but fortunately for the fisherman, fish do not come under most of the laws governing game.

The rights of the fisherman in their relationships with private property owners are established by, 59 New Hampshire 259, which specifies, "At common law the right of fishing on navigable waters was public and common to all, and in waters not navigable it was limited to the riparian owner of the soil and belonged exclusively to him." To amplify this a recent Supreme Court ruling states that the property rights of the owner

Continued in center of page 122

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Arguing that old films had better remain in their cans and that we Americans ain't absorbed in sex

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

If there is anything duller than a dramatic critic who remains on the writing job between seasons, you tell me. A dramatic critic's business is obviously the criticizing of drama and when there is no drama to criticize and he stalls his customers by talking about a lot of other things he is likely to present himself in the light of a public accountant playing ticktacktoe. It isn't so much that what he writes may not be interesting. It is rather that, interesting or not, it isn't what his public expects or wants of him. You don't call in and pay a piano tuner to discourse on politics, theology, and amiability of the colored upstairs maid.

Yet critics, with no plays at hand to review, persist in doing that very thing, or something like it. English critics in the off-season, for example, are fond of confecting touching little essays on the Sussex downs (preferably when a soft mist settles over them), the morning song of the larks in Surrey, the excellence of the French wines they found on their holiday trips to Paris, and the beauteous barmaid they ran across in Cheltenham. Even Walkley and Shaw in their critical heyday were not above it. When he had no plays to write about, Walkley used to devote himself to pieces on the new armadillo in the Zoo, the new psychometry, the blackbirds perched in the Chaumontel pear trees near his country house, Charles I's infirmity, so-called American civilization, the art of letter writing, hotel entertainments, election circulars, and lipsticks. (If you doubt it, consult his collection of articles published under the title, *More Prejudice*.) As for Shaw, when the theatre was for the time being denied him, you'd get his ideas on Fabianism, vegetarianism, the dangers of bicycling, and what a devil of a time his sore foot was giving him. There were also little pieces describing the joys of sitting on the grass in the quiet countryside.

Our American critical boys during the loafing period similarly fill space in divers ways. Just before going off the deep end altogether, you are likely to get end-season papers from them on Chekhov's influence on Aurania Rouverol or some other such topic more or less directly related to the theatre. But then the real subterfuge begins. There will be lyrics to Nature, as contacted somewhere in Connecticut or New York State, arguing that watching a potato grow is ten times more inspiring than watching a dozen performances of *Hamlet* or *Work Is For Horses*. There will be, from the more migratory and adventurous brethren, communiqués from far points on the piquancy of eating breakfast in a Barcelona hotel while an insurgent airplane drops bombs into one's coffee, on the Neon signs in Tokyo that remind the correspondents exactly of Broadway, and on the surprising circumstance that no one in Hollywood seems to talk about anything but moving pictures. There is also sure to be at least one article about a ship's concert and maybe one other on the automobile trip the writer took up Nantucket way.

Although the new season will be getting up sail when these lines appear, they are perforce indited in the summer interregnum. Nevertheless, instead of indulging in one or another of the extrinsic dodges customary to the period, I shall startle everyone by talking about the theatre. Here, then, are several notes concerned with it culled from a recent cuff:

I

Doubtless appreciating that the Pulitzer Prize has lost almost all its repute as an award for merit, the award committee has now apparently tried to make peace with the public and gain a little of the latter's good will for itself by bestowing it regardless upon plays that have proved themselves popular at the box office. Thus, four seasons ago, it gave its prize to that dish of mush, *The Old Maid*, already a big box-office hit; three seasons ago to *Idiot's Delight*, already a sellout; two seasons ago to *You Can't Take It With You*, which was then doing a land-office business; and this last season to *Our Town*, also already a promising candidate at the ticket-till. All this naturally persuades the public to view the Pulitzer judges as very acute critics, inasmuch as the judges' opinions coincide with its own. Watch next year's Pulitzer award and see if the same kind of logic isn't pursued by the committee. The whole business is as comical as trying to make a critical name for oneself by giving a prize for architecture to that bank building that has the most money in it.

II

The critics may protest all they care to, but the fact remains that if a young actress wants to make a big hit with them let her be certain to find herself a rôle that veers heavily toward the sentimental and moral. She will then stand a dozen times better chance for good notices than if she is cast in a rôle of harsher contours. The critics are much more sentimental and moral fellows than they like to admit. Thus, last season, the most laudatory reviews were reserved for Martha Scott, as the sentimental young bride of *Our Town;* Julie Haydon, as the sentimental true believer of *Shadow and Substance;* Jessica Tandy, as the sentimental sister of *Time and the Conways;* Jane Wyatt, as the sentimental princess of *Save Me The Waltz;* Vera Zorina, as the delicate cherub in *I Married an Angel;* Uta Hagen, despite the lapse in morals, as the sure-fire sentimental Nina in *The Sea Gull;* Jacqueline Porel, as the sentimental ugly duckling in *French Without Tears;* and Nancy Kelly, as the sentimental deserted child in *Susan and God.* The only exception was Frances Farmer in *Golden Boy* and even there, despite its overtone of brazenness, the rôle was preponderantly on the sentimental if not moral side. It has always been next to impossible for a young actress to fail with the critics as Kathie in *Old Heidelberg*, as Sonia in *Uncle Vanya*, as Deirdre in *Deirdre of the Sorrows*, as the heroine of *Griselda*, as Flavia in *The Prisoner of Zenda*, or as the heroine of any fairy tale. The young actress who plays bitches, even though she be something of an acting genius, generally has a much tougher job convincing the soft-hearted boys.

III

That Hollywood does something to the minds and previous condition of education of even its more literate denizens is once again indicated in the case of Mr. Nunnally Johnson. This Nunnally is a fellow greatly superior to the general run of the fowl out there, yet his protracted residence in the California film swamp has apparently taken its toll of him.

Katharine Cornell, it may be recalled, when not long ago told by a film producer,

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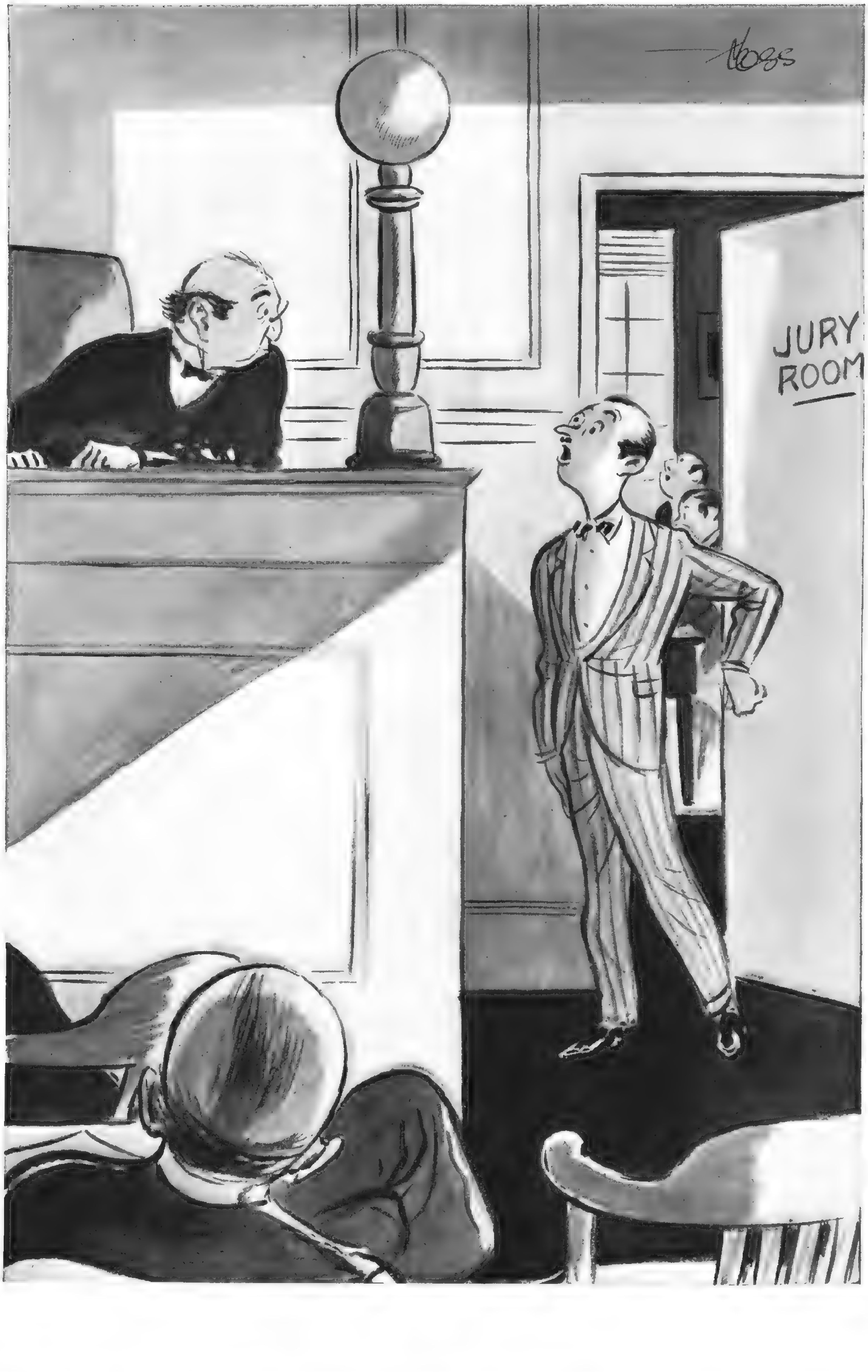
Hoss
JURY ROOM

"Could I call my wife? I never make an important decision without consulting her!"

Roulades and Cadenzas

If you're over twenty-five, you can't crash the Philadelphia Youth Concerts without a gang of ten, count 'em, kids

by CARLETON SMITH

▪ MUSIC ▪

The Season—whether you are ready for it or not—is here. For the next nine months too many of our evenings will be filled with triviality, tedium, and the misplaced heroism of sitting propped up in tall collars and stiff bosoms . . . while limelighted racketeers emit uncouth noises, vulgar broadsides and innumerable other outrages against the true and holy principles of art.

There's no mistaking it: the Sunday supplements are filled with candid "shots" of bulging virtuosi and incredible sheafs of programs no more appetizing than the menus of a hot-dog stand and lumbering pianists again have curry-combed their war horses. Remodeled prima donnas have put aside their calisthenics and are making ready to descend on us with *The Last Rose of Summer*, *Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark*, and the Mad Scene from *Lucia*. Tenors Tauber, Kiepura, and Gigli are reviving the same half-dozen arias they have revived every year since I was in knee-britches. Baritones Tibbett to Eddy, inclusive—done-brown by the summer sun—will cover the same geography lessons with us: the *Road to Mandalay*, the *Luxembourg Gardens*, the *Suwannee*, the *Volga*, and *Ol' Man River*.

Already the Met is exercising its menagerie. The dragon, the donkey, the forest-bird, the swan, and all the other aging fossils who hide in the brownstone house, are stretching themselves for the longest season since Gatti. Highlights include a gala performance on December twelfth, celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of Kirsten Flagstad's first appearance on any stage . . . and the rooking of *Depuis le jour* by a corsetless Hollywood diva with her stockings taped to her skin—the better to show off her figure.

Concert halls have booked three and four shows a day. Audiences are to be run in and out in shifts. Traffic cops have been assigned to separate the critics. Goggle-eyed prodigies, about to burst, are tightening up their scales. The expenditure for *début* recitals is exceeded only by the national debt.

Glamor and gossip top all previous highs. Farmer Heifetz is emerging on the screen. Horowitz and Rosa Ponselle are returning from seclusion. Lotte Lehmann and Lauritz Melchior have discussed inaugurating "coaching" studios to cash in on their reputations while they have them. Italy may make Toscanini divvy up his winter's earnings to the fascist cause. All other Italians must. Stokowski is undecided whether to leave Garbo long enough to dust off his scores in Rittenhouse Street or whether to sequester her there.

Other batonless conductors are busy applying generous gobs of elbow grease . . . the better to rattle the bones of the venerable deceased. Our maestri take the view . . . in which too many laymen seem to concur . . . that there is no need to pay particular attention to the expressed wishes of Mr. Mozart, Mr. Brahms, and Mr. Schumann, *et al.* Nobody cares—anyway, the old boys are safely dead.

* * *

Up in Elysium, nevertheless, every Sunday at the cocktail hour, they get together, swap yarns, and take counsel on what's happening in our music halls.

"By Juniper!" muses Schubert. "I never thought it could be done . . . packing a hall for my chamber music by putting my name in headlines . . . with no Kreisler, no Rachmaninoff, no encores, no deadheads . . . and then filling the house Sunday after Sunday. . . ."

"And why not?" roars Beethoven. "I knew it all the time. We don't need Hollywood ballyhoo and claptrap, bouquets and flashlight cameras. We never did. Give me half a chance and I'll wipe that brassy upstart Wagner off the stage. . . ."

"Well, they've done it for you fellows . . ." chimes in Bach. "And now, at last, they are giving my concerti a chance, playing them on the instruments for which I wrote them and not in some heathenish, burlesqued arrangement. I never could forget the effrontery of those Americans asking Busoni's wife if she were Mrs. Bach-Busoni."

The concerts they were discussing, of course, were those of the New Friends of Music. Founded two seasons ago by Ira A. Hirschmann, music lover and vice-president of Saks Fifth Avenue, they are our most phenomenal and rewarding concert series. They prove, as no other concerts do, that there is an eager audience for the most intimate, the rarest and purest manifestations of the human spirit. They demonstrate that, musically, we have come of age, or, at least, have put on our first long pants . . . that for some of us a thirst for knowledge is supplanting a desire for pseudo-sophistication: we want the real thing, not merely the label and the palpitation.

"It's about time," announced Mr. Hirschmann when he inaugurated these concerts, "that somebody threw the circuses out of the concert halls and that the show business was returned to Broadway where it belongs and virtuoso fireworks gave way to music. Roman candles may be exciting on the Fourth of July, but when a musician's personal pyrotechnics take precedence in the public's mind over his musicianship and the music he plays—why, then, it's time to call a halt."

The New Friends offered two series of eight Sunday evening concerts. Top prices for the series: less than one dollar a concert. All compositions played the first season were by Beethoven and Brahms; the second, by Mozart, Schubert, and Schumann. When people phoned to inquire who was playing, they were told: "Beethoven!" or "Mozart!" Scanty mention was made of the artists, who were selected because their talents particularly suited the music at hand.

In other words, programs were made first, to show the many-sidedness and the magnitude of a great creative achievement. Artists were chosen afterwards. All elements foreign to the music itself: the exploitation of personalities, the inclusion of display pieces, encores, flowers, admission of late arrivals, interruptions between movements, intermissions, were abolished. Free passes, which (except in the case of six or seven artists) account for eighty per cent of the audience, were tabooed. The Mayor paid for his tickets and a five-hundred-dollar reward was offered to anyone who could locate a deadhead.

There were no patrons, no lists of box holders, no women's committees, no teas. Single-handed, Mr. Hirschmann organized the concerts, signed the artists, made the announcements. If they failed, he was willing to take the blame. He had faith in the public's willingness to buy the best. And he agreed with the corporation executive who told his wife when she shouted how wonderful it was for Lindbergh to fly the Atlantic and fly *all alone:* "To me, it would have been much more wonderful if he had flown with a committee."

In spite of pessimistic predictions by critics and managers, only vertical admission could be had on the day of the first concert. Music lovers came from Philadelphia, Boston, Hartford, the suburbs. Tenement dwellers rubbed shoulders with Carnegie Hall box holders and

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GERALDINE SPRECKELS
Hurrell Photograph

HEDY LAMARR
Hurrell Photograph

The Candid Cameraman

An English critic, in a guest article, points not too politely to the finger of propaganda in the British film pie

by GLYN ROBERTS

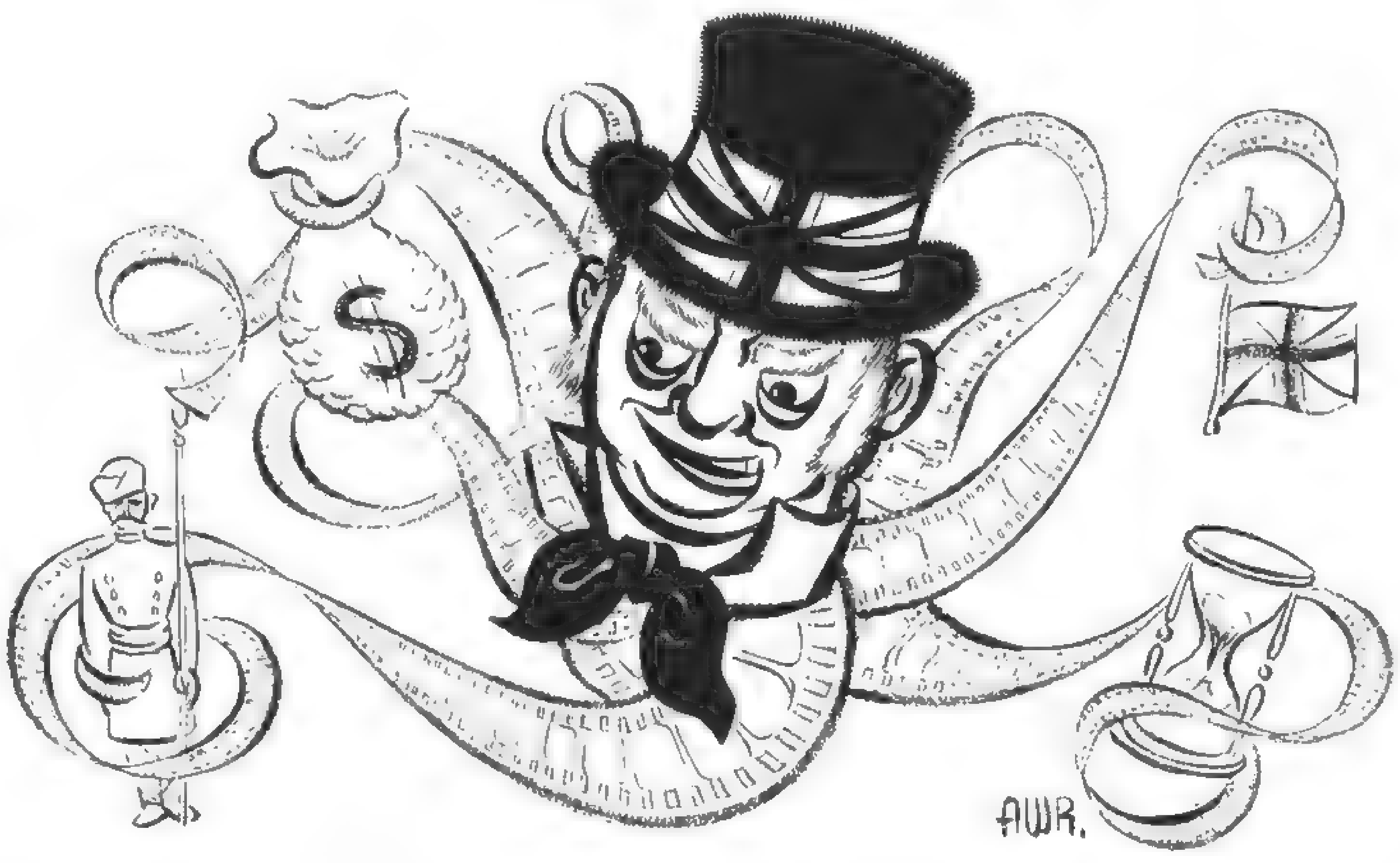
MOVIES

THE British film industry counts today. And this is a pretty new thing. Ten and even five years ago it scarcely ranked. Serious and massive books discussing the picture-making business could be and were written in which whole chapters would be devoted to even the modest efforts of Czechoslovakia, Austria, Japan and Hungary, let alone the United States, France, Germany and the Soviet Union, while the quantitatively important production of Great Britain would be disposed of with a contemptuous paragraph, as artistically non-existent and commercially insignificant.

Four years ago Robert Flaherty, Hollywood trained, made *Man of Aran* for Gaumont-British, and Britain's first and — to some critics—only prestige film was shown. It won various international awards.

Since that time British pictures have won an increasingly substantial share of their own national market, the Empire market, and, on a much smaller scale, that of the outer world.

What is most interesting of all, and a fact almost completely unknown to the world and neglected by British journalists and "trend-finders" is the alarming way in which British production, a sizable affair today, has been quietly and effectively geared into the beautifully oiled and directed British propaganda machine for the perpetuation and strengthening of imperialism and reaction.



Propaganda in films is nothing new. The average product of the contemporary cinema carries a very definite core of sociological and economic "message," often skillfully concealed but never absent altogether. Different countries specialize in different types of "content." The U.S., meaning Hollywood, is good at the red herring, the sentimentalization of the very rich, the glorification of commercial greed and the ambitious go-getter. Russia, during the "heroic" period of the Soviet regime—say, up to the end of the first Five Year Plan—gave us electrifying, emotional, usually humorless calls to action, dynamic and disturbing. Since the population has been given a relatively high material standard of living, the films have reasonably enough supplied more subtlety, humor, romance and orthodox entertainment. Germany, since *Metropolis*, has churned out plodding stuff dealing with collaboration between Capital and Labor, Austria, endless nostalgic drivel about the gracious charm of pre-War Vienna, hansoms, heel-clicking officers, Vienna Woods and so on. France, her film industry still controlled by Conservatives, specializes in extolling—with humor and wit—the bourgeois virtues.

Britain is on the job in a big way now. And the British know all about propaganda. They call it Information, and the first basic principle upon which they work is that their propaganda shall never draw attention to itself. They even begin to fool themselves that there is no such thing as a propaganda machine outside Berlin and Moscow.

The harnessing of the considerable film-making industry working in fifteen to twenty centers around London to the requirements of the famous "Permanent Needs" of British policy was a hard job. It has been done. As such things always are done by the English, it has been done quietly, gradually, unobtrusively. No noise, very little friction and morbid publicity. The same brand of cosmopolitan near-geniuses and live-wires is alive and active in British pictures as one finds in Hollywood, in Paris (see Paul Morand's amusing *The Epic Makers*) and, before 1933, in Berlin, but they have been brought into line, Hungarians, Americans and all.

The usual British methods were employed—the famous English week end (which seduced even such alert fellows as Vincent Sheean and John Gunther), the diplomatic lunch, the genteelly flag-waving banquet, the inspired and beautifully understated leading article in semi-official newspapers, the freezing-off of credits to the unco-operative, the turning-on of the tap to those who play ball with skill and obedience, the offering of official co-operation "from the Services" to those who will take the approved line, the astute tossing around of honors and decorations.

Three years ago there were scores upon scores of companies making pictures in and around London. A terrific collapse swallowed two-thirds of these and severely shook the largest single unit in the business, Gaumont-British, the gigantic producing and exhibiting network of the four Ostrer brothers of Polish extraction.

Today by far the biggest man in British films is a tough, genial, able, whisky-drinking Glasgow Scot, John Maxwell, who has for years been turning out scores of cheap and blatantly lowbrow comedies for the provincial market. Maxwell has been seeking control of Gaumont-British for some time and, although the whole situation is still complicated and very uncertain, he seems likely to succeed. He appears to nurse definite ambitions in the direction of the complete trustification of the industry.

Big capital is now taking over the relatively few and pretty strong units left in the business. After a certain amount of squeezing, screaming, dog-eat-doggery and back-stabbing, the City and Whitehall are definitely running British pictures in their own interest. And provided the right films are made, these men don't mind who makes them. Just as they allowed the Levantine Zaharoff to run armaments and steel for them, the Bavarian Hirsch (Lord Hirst) to build their electrical trust, the Armenian Gulbenkian and the Dutchman Deterding to set up their oil Empire, they are glad to have the Hungarian Korda and the German Pommer, the Americans Ritchie, Goetz, Howard, and the Frenchman Clair to make pictures glorifying the Union Jack and hosing patriotic zeal all over the far-flung Empire. It's the goods that matter.

Herein is the explanation of the amazing success which the previously unfortunate Alexander Korda has had in Britain. Korda, a lugubrious, spectacled and talented Hungarian, left a small Magyar town to do newspaper work in Budapest, and soon was busily making films in that city, in Vienna, Berlin, Paris and Hollywood. He was not a big success anywhere, but he learned languages and some other things. A few years after talkies came in, he reached London, and after some struggles and disappointments, clicked deservedly with Charles Laughton's *Private Life of Henry VIII*. Korda took his chance. Since that day he has made himself easily the most publicized personality in British films, always crossing the Atlantic on mysterious deals involving two or more of Sam Goldwyn, S. R. Kent, the Schenck brothers, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Chaplin.

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On the Record

While the orchestra gives, alligators clap their hands, stamp their feet, yelling "Jam That Tram" and "Yeh, man!"

by CARLETON SMITH

• RECORDS •

"The world is reverting to savagery . . . . the closest parallel to last evening's entertainment would be found in the jungle . . ." corned a sober Boston critic after Benny Goodman's recent jam session in Symphony Hall.

Maybe so, but there is no need to apologize for our popular music. It's our baby, born, bred, and fed by us . . . a child of our times and our nature, not successfully duplicated by the rest of this uncivilized world. It springs from a sincere, inborn feeling . . . . from our living. The authenticity of its emotion, if that bothers you, is demonstrated by its universal appeal. There must be something vital and umph-y in it to excite people at both ends of the earth.

Films and records carry our dance tunes to Laps above the Arctic Circle, to Arabs at the equator. In icebound Siberia theatres offer *Rose-Marie*. In Naples or Bologna, do the kids in the street whistle *O Sole Mio* or *Santa Lucia?* No, they hum *Smoke Gets In Your Eyes* and *Carelessly*. Fact is: today we manufacture the world's folk music.

All right, suppose its values are transient, they are also very real. Jazz may have no more to do with music, as defined by Grove's dictionary, than its weird vocabulary has to do with English, as defined by Webster's, but there are millions of people to whom it is the *only* music.

These millions are not all Americans, either. A year ago the fourteenth of July—France's Bastille Day—Leo Reisman and his orchestra played on the steps of the *Opéra* in Paris. Fifty thousand Frenchmen jammed the great square and stood fascinated, refusing to move, cheering tune after tune. It was music they admired—and had heard before only from a machine, for French orchestras are unable to copy it.

* * *

Think back fifteen years to the time when Vincent Lopez gave a concert in the Metropolitan Opera House and collected a bill for two hundred forty dollars to pay for the carpets ruined by his agitated admirers. If Benny Goodman jammed in the brownstone dump today, they'd have to lay a new floor.

Many things have happened in these fifteen years: many things have happened, even, in the seven years since Bix Beiderbecke laid down his trumpet and started a swing band among the angels. New kings and queens and crown princes have inherited the earth. A colored aristocracy of counts and dukes holds sway over jitter-bugs, alligators (those who can't make swing, but drink it in) and the whole menagerie of swing fans. Chick Webb and Goodman have battled for the championship in the Savoy Ballroom with five policemen to knock the crowd off their platforms. Decision went to Webb. Connie Boswell has put *Martha* in the running again, sold more records of *Ah, So Pure* than Caruso. The *Tales of Hoffman* Barcarolle has gone the way of all familiar tunes.

Jazz's prodigies have come of age. Their early classics command more money from record collectors than Flagstad's plum-label discs. The Goodman Quartet has replaced the Flonzaley.

Swing has developed an Academy, a literature, a language all its own. A course in Swing has been offered at the New York High School of Music. The penguins in the Aquarium have been exposed and have Swung.

Alligators returning from abroad report you can get a native version in almost any country if you know the password. In France, it's *Mettez y de l'entrain;* in Italy, *Piu presto, piu vivace avanti;* in Bulgaria, *Maxamz;* in Switzerland, *Rassegher;* in Spain, *Metanla vida;* in Soviet Russia, *Bistree;* in Egypt, *Hayyasha;* in Latvia, *Supo;* in Germany, *Mehr Feuer;* in Norway, *Spill hurtigere;* in Sweden, *Spela fortare;* in Finland, *Tiuhenna tahtia* (remember this for the Olympics); in Jugoslavia, *Raspali;* in Portugal, *Metein vida n'isso;* in Persia, *Zut;* in Swahili, *Pesi sana kabisa;* in Japan, *Ikiwoi wo tfukenasai.*

At home twenty-four thousand showed up for the last Swing Carnival on Randall's Island. The Columbia Broadcasting System's Saturday Night Swing Club has checked off its 110th consecutive broadcast. Swing has had two official birthday anniversaries. Snooty hotels have had to let down their hair and hire hot bands to keep their customers coming. Eddy Duchin switched from a "society" to a swing band and is now shelling out. This year a name band will rake in more than a half million. Two dozen dance maestri will pay income tax on more than conductors to whom the *New York Sunday Times* devotes a half-page. This is not to imply they're better (though some of them are). It simply indicates that they put their music in Everyman's living room.

* * *

Music that was born on the hot lips and agitated fingers of a handful of darkies who started life as stevedores, cotton pickers, and river rats along the Mississippi, has wiggled its way into the sacred precincts of Boston's Symphony Hall. There yowling, whistling, thigh-slapping, camera-clicking addicts terrified the ushers with shouts of "Beat it Out!" "What jam!" Girls in chinchilla wraps and gents in top hats swayed and bounced in their seats. Tapping feet, nodding heads, hunching shoulders, glassy stares, mouths dropped down, arms flapping like seals, all testified to the efficacy of Swing. The busts of classical composers gasped, took their breath, and tried to give. Three women fainted.

In New York swing brought the police inside a theatre on patrol duty for the first time in history. A crowd of youngsters staged a demonstration that made a football game look like a prayer meeting. They danced in the aisles, onto the stage, and put Mae West to rout, hissing her off the screen so they could have their beloved "cats."

Benny Goodman, Swing's King, has stood on the podium of Koussevitzky, Toscanini, Bruno Walter, and Barbirolli. He not only has thought of attacking chamber music, he has. RCA-Victor released his recording with the Budapest String Quartet of Mozart's ineffable *Quintet for Clarinet and Strings* as Musical Masterpieces Album M-452. It is clearly labeled "NOT a stunt."

The King has expressed the opinion that chamber music is too often played in a way that sounds cold and unfeeling . . . . that "there is as much room for variation and creative interpretation in chamber music as there is in *River Boat Shuffle.*" He finds Mozart a "cat," Brahms not in the groove.

* * *

According to its proponents, swing itself is no longer shapeless, but has reached a definitive state. It has become an art form, exhibiting all the formal rigors and economy associated with classicism, including a very real development of a musical idea. It is mostly related to Bach, they say, to the Bach of the fugues and the Brandenburg concerti.

Its performers are creators, assuming the role of the composer to being as divinely inspired as any of the great masters. Playing swing is an untaught art . . . . something you either can do or you can't. It is an effort to "escape from the prison whose bars are the

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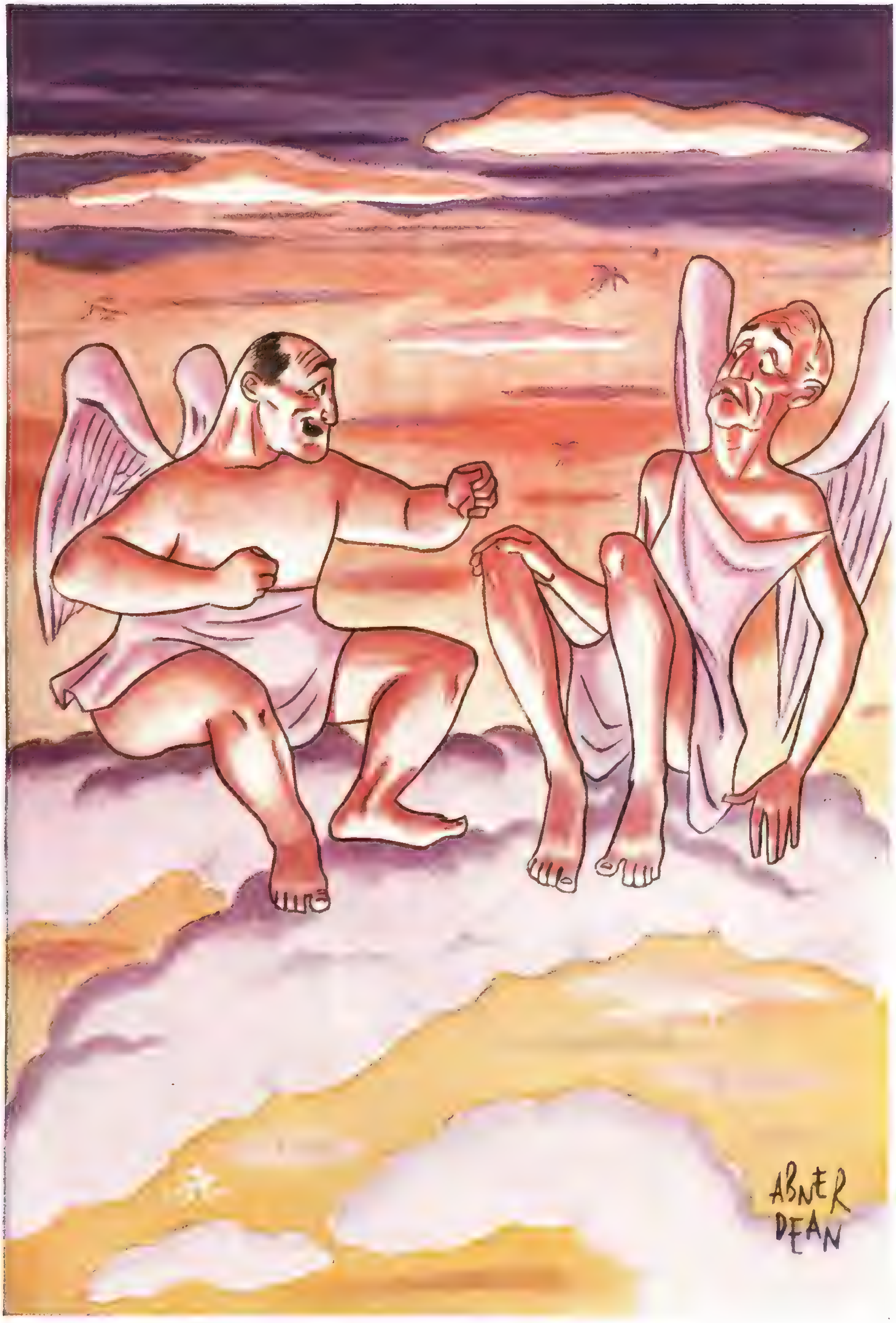
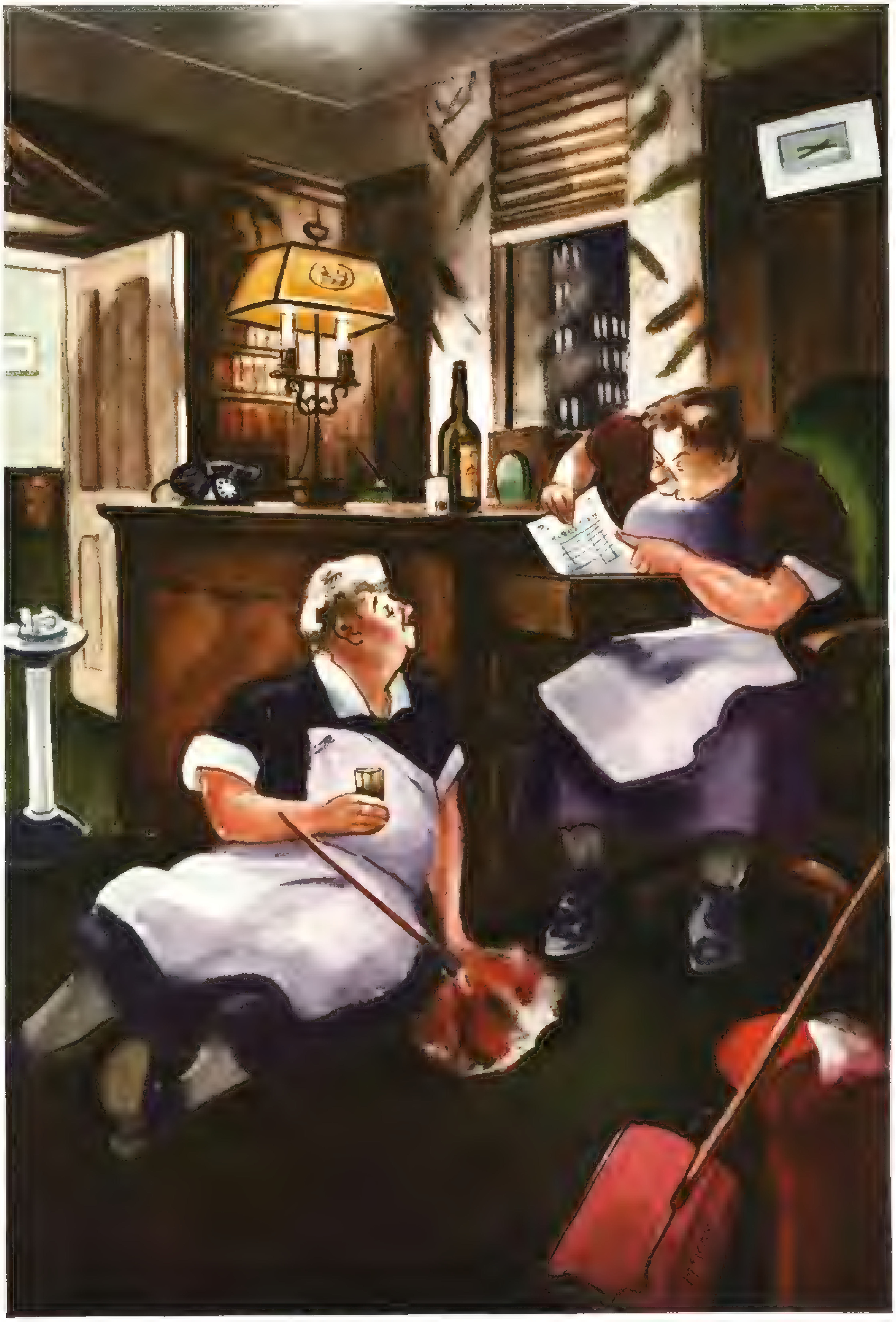


"—I feinted with my left, then crossed a right to his chin and the first thing I knew here I was"



"He's getting low on Scotch—I'll just fill out one of these requisition blanks"

Whiskey from Contented Yeast

In the old days it was a break to get good whiskey, but science has changed all that and nothing is left to chance

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

• POTABLES •

When the economic history of this revolutionary era is finally written, there will emerge one surprising fact—for the first time in a long, long time, the victory went to the consumer. It will be set down not exactly as a bloodless revolution for there was that long period of suffering known as the Prohibition Era. But even out of Prohibition came blessings, as any scrutiny of the liquor industry will disclose.

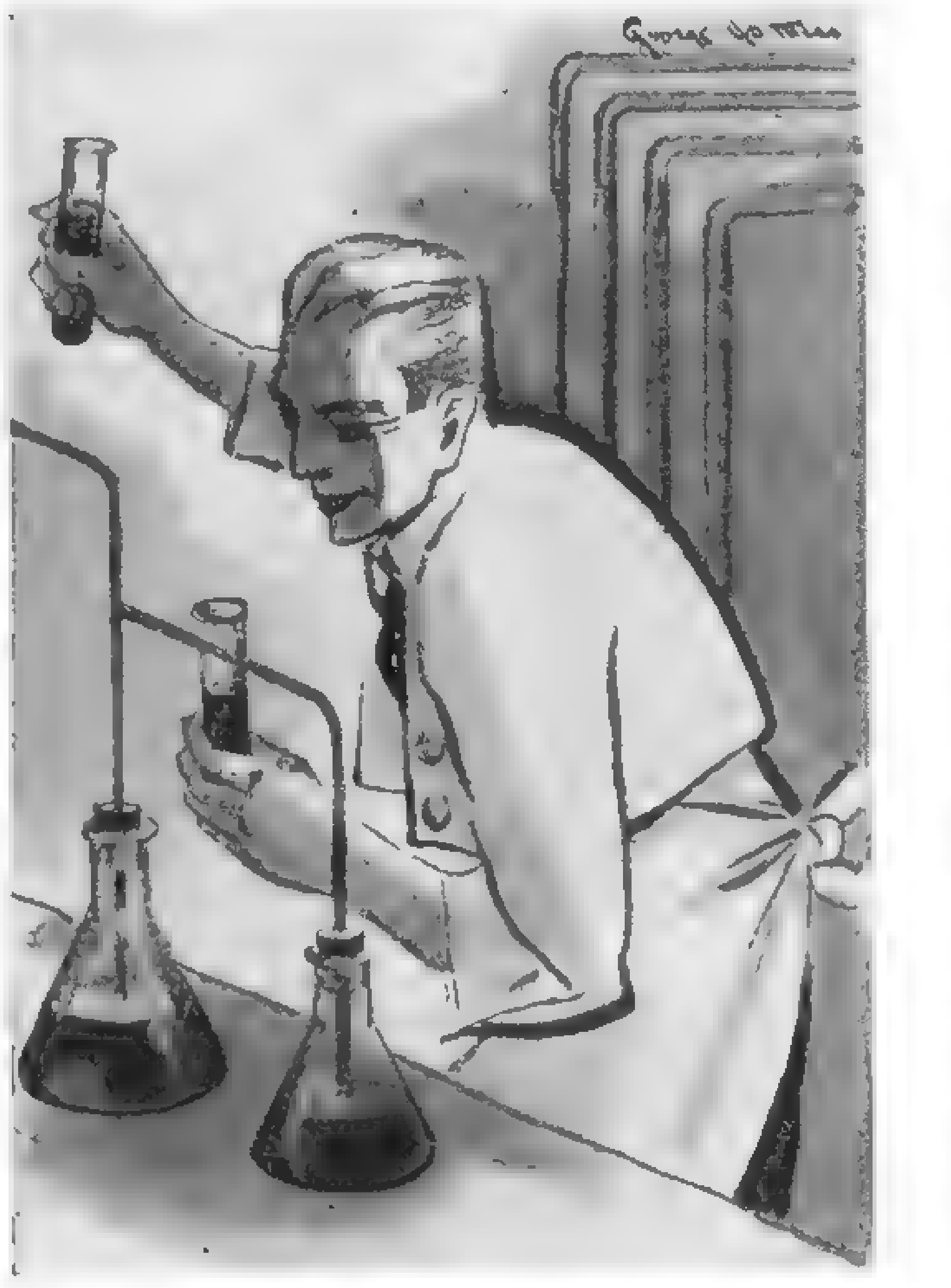
Take, for example, the business of making blended whiskies for the great American taste. A whole new procedure has come into being; quietly and without much fanfare the whiskey distillers have moved from the horse-and-buggy epoch to the machine age. You may turn a sympathetic ear to the old man when he talks about the past glories of the old days, but don't weep any tears for him. He is much better off today, and so are you, enjoying liquor that has been manufactured under modern methods as compared to the hit-and-miss methods of the Gay Nineties.

Your correspondent has recently made a thorough study of the situation. From the mammoth sales and executive organizations, to the distilleries (whole cities in themselves) he has stuck his nose into barrels and his eyes into figures. He came away from the task overwhelmed with the enormity of the project being carried on so that you may have a pleasing potable suitable to your taste and palate.

The main difference between the old and the new whiskies is not a matter of content; it is more a continuity of standard. Your father got good whiskey, very often, but when he did, it was a break for him and the distiller. There was no scientific knowledge of what was wrong when a batch did not come up to expectations, and no knowledge of what to do to correct it. If you were a distiller, you did your best and hoped for the best and when it didn't come off, you prayed for better luck next time. And the further back you go in point of time, the worse the picture becomes. God knows how our forefather stood up under what was in the jug, except that he took it out in fighting bears and Indians and making fertile plains of the forests. Too, he did not reside in steam-heated and air-conditioned houses and his liquor often made up the deficiency in firewood.

Pasteur, of course, is the real saint of all vintners and distillers. He, working to discover the cause of the disease that killed off Europe's vineyards, came upon the knowledge of fermentation and the yeast plants that make it possible. Since Pasteur there has been a steady climb into the scientific method. As there are at least ten kinds of good union yeast, working regularly and orderly for ten different masters, you can imagine the chaos that existed when they distilled without any knowledge of yeast. Something made the mash bubble and work. If the right yeast was working in the right medium, the distiller was lucky and he brought off a fine liquor. If the wrong kind of yeast got in, he was more than out of luck. Even today the great fight is against a wild and unwanted yeast. You could grab a handful of bolshevik yeast right out of the air. The modern distiller keeps his yeast happy and contented in the best of homes. These nurseries are also locked up at all times to keep the yeast pure in lineage; there can be no bar-sinister in the yeast family.

After Repeal, the distiller was confronted with a set of circumstances that might have estopped the average entrepreneur. Naturally during a long period of inactivity, there was no technical progress made in the business of distilling. The distiller found himself with the scant equipment that had been operating in the commercial fields and a few remnants of an industry that had been dead for fourteen years. And that is a long span in the tempo of American industrial progress. To have waited until the technician caught up with a newly opened field would have been disastrous. The best thing he could do was to hold on to the best things of the past and begin work, adapting his plant to the newer methods as they were discovered. To indicate how the distiller has met his problem was observed by the writer in several of the largest of the distilleries. Beginning in 1934 with any kind of equipment that could be converted into the distillation of whiskey, the plant closed down for the summer and installed complete new equipment, all of which had been developed and perfected within the last four years.



One of the best holdovers from the era before Prohibition was the blender himself. Like the tea and wine taster or the coffee blender, the whiskey blender is an endowed individual. Blessed by the gods (or at least by one, Bacchus), he has managed to survive the machine age. He also has managed to fit in with the new order of things and can work along with science, permitting the test tubes and the photo-electric cells to verify and check his work. These blenders, distillers tell us, are born, not made. Some of them are Scotch, some of them are of old American stock. They form a small and select guild guarding their sacred secrets, seeing that no bitter words cross their tongues or colds cross their noses. For the nose is as much a factor in blending as is the palate.

But before we come to the blending, we will step back to the beginning of making whiskey. The grain comes usually from the Middle Western states, the northern ones producing the most rye and barley, the middle ones the most corn. Even at this early stage the scientist comes into the picture. With the co-operation of the state agricultural chambers, grain is graded scientifically and the distiller buys the best grade. After being received at the distillery, the grain is cleaned, freed of all extraneous material, and then ground.

To the ground grain is added the barley malt, which contains diastase, the element that changes the starch of the grain into sugar. Then the yeast is added and the sugar is changed into alcohol. In case you want to spring this on your bartender, the family name of the yeast used in whiskey making is *saccharomyces cerevisiae.* Maybe it is just as well that you don't bring that up. But it is all important to the distiller. Under the microscope the chemist in the distiller's laboratory looks at the yeast and can tell by its peculiar shape whether or not it has followed the laws of eugenics and heredity. An illegitimate son or daughter around the lot could ruin the whole process. A yeast not belonging to this family could set to work and produce a set of acids or compounds not congenial to good whiskey. The yeast family is one of the best members of our complex society. It produces new families about every fifteen seconds to a minute, under suitable conditions, and when done with its work of making alcohol out of sugar, gracefully and happily dies. No old age pensions or benefits to worry about.

During the process of fermentation the laboratory is hourly on guard. Every stage of the process is watched to see that nothing departs from the norm. These reports are forwarded to the main laboratory and a case history of each batch of whiskey kept on file. As each batch has a serial number, which it gets as grain and carries through to

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Who Wants an Honest Lawyer?

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was brought to a happy ending. At least that's what they both thought, but like the guileless citizens they were, they reckoned without a lawyer's tricks.

Two weeks later the business man had a telephone call from the debtor.

"What's the big idea of your starting a suit against me when I have paid you every penny I owe you?" demanded the debtor indignantly.

"I don't understand. I never started any suit against you," said the business man, genuinely puzzled.

"Don't stall! The bank just told me that one of the commercial agencies has reported that you have a suit pending against me. It was started by that lawyer of yours who wrote me the letter."

"This is the first I knew of it. It's all a mistake. I'll get it straightened out right away," the business man promised.

An hour later he was in the lawyer's office.

"This is an outrage," he stormed. "He paid me in full and now you have started a suit against him."

"I haven't started a suit against him now," corrected the attorney. "I started it the same day I wrote the letter."

"Why, and by whose authority?"

The lawyer grinned brazenly.

"By your authority, of course, and because I know you of old, my friend. The day you turned this matter over to me I had you sign a form of power of attorney authorizing me to undertake whatever litigation I might consider appropriate. I don't ordinarily ask clients to sign such an authorization, but I felt that I needed it from you and, as it has turned out, I was right."

"A cheap lawyer's trick," sneered the business man.

"Call it whatever name you like. When you brought that bill to me for collection, you had gone the limit to collect it yourself without success. You figured that a stiff letter from a lawyer might bring in the money because the debtor could not afford litigation over it. That's exactly what happened, but you didn't let me know you had collected the money personally as a result of my letter, nor did you say anything to me about a fee. All you wanted was a strong letter on a lawyer's letterhead and over a lawyer's signature. You felt pretty sure that you could do the rest and the collection would cost you nothing.

"That's old stuff, and I happened to know that you have pulled that trick on some other lawyers around here. So, proceeding under the power of attorney which you signed, I started a suit against your debtor the same day I wrote the letter, but I didn't have the papers served on him. I figured that, sooner or later, he would find out about the suit and, having paid you in the meantime, would demand that the suit be discontinued on the record. He's entitled to a discontinuance, but as I am attorney of record for you as the plaintiff, the discontinuance must be signed by me."

"You had better do it at once if you know what's good for you," roared the business man, livid with indignation.

"Maybe so, but first you had better pay me a proper fee for the nice collection which you made on the strength of my letter—a collection, you will recall, that you were unable to make before I wrote the letter. I won't charge you anything for the suit, but I am entitled to a proper fee on that collection."

"This is blackmail!" thundered the business man.

"Fancy names again, I notice," laughed the attorney. "However, just pay me the fee I've earned, and we'll all be happy."

"Happy! Why should I be happy?"

"Your conscience will be happy because I've saved you from doing me wrong. You should thank me. I've made an honest man of you."

No wonder the rest of the population has about decided that all lawyers are dishonest. But if they are, perhaps it's because of supply and demand. Who wants an honest lawyer anyhow?

Rosebuds of the River Queen

Continued from page 82

back. Ship foundered. Somewhere off Falklands. All hands. I dunno just when she started it. Reports differ. Some say she was in an asylum for a while, but the medicos said she wasn't crazy, only wanted to wave her handkerchief whenever she saw the tops of masts moving up or down the river. So they sent her home. Her mother died, then her father, but she's stayed there alone ever since. She's always ready. A handkerchief in her hand every minute of the day, and a lighted lantern through the night. How or when she sleeps God knows, and twenty-eight years is a long, long time."

"I suppose she looks at incoming ships as his, with him on board, and at outgoing ships taking him away again."

He nodded, "That's the bleeding how of it. Figure it out when she goes through. She's waited and watched, and counted minutes, and at last seen him and his ship coming back, and waved her welcome, something like sixty thousand times. And sixty thousand times she's seen him and his ship go out, never to come back. That's a lot of welcomes, Mister, and farewells, for one heart to stand."

I said something, what I don't remember. Tom went on, "Rig-up for tourists, hey? Wait till you see her come out in the rain tonight, and you won't think so. We'll reach Tyhee at the mouth of the river around two bells, and a couple hours or so later—depending on whether this rain gets much thicker, we'll be passing her."

I felt a bit subdued at all this, but there was something I wanted to know. "Tom, now how does she know when a ship is coming, either up-river or down. There isn't any sound to speak of, and she lives there all alone, and she must sleep sometime. She might catch all of them through the day, but how about the night?"

Tom gave me a nasty little smile, but answered very patiently, "Some ships, even the biggest, have an unwritten order to whistle for her as they draw near, and also, to toot a couple more in answer when she waves, and not only that, but toot a couple more to her as they pass by. But the majority of ships don't whistle in advance. Years ago she had to have a nurse for a while, and this nurse swears she smelt 'em. That's possible when the wind is right, but this nurse says that even when she was lying dead—oh, from a sleep producer—and the nurse wouldn't be hearing a thing, but maybe the wind blowing through the festoons of the Spanish moss in the oaks, she would all-at-once move, sniff a little, then open her eyes, sniff some more and reach for her lantern. The nurse says that every time a ship's close, coming up, or going down. Well, I must get up on the bridge. Come up after while if you want to."

I went to the smoking-room, but yesterday's card players were absent, so I sought solace again on the deserted boat deck, and there spent the afternoon, wishing that we were going direct to New Orleans, without first calling at Savannah or Jacksonville. Tom had spoken of Creoles who would quickly replace my girl who had thrown down my rosebuds. Creoles? Creoles me eye! What did a lousy first or second mate know about me and my affairs? What did he know about rich-blooded Creoles that I didn't know? I knew Creoles as rich-blooded and as well as he. Now the clouds were thickening and drawing down their black brows. The rain started again. Then stopped. Started again, then stopped. The wind kept veering around the compass, then blew hard and steadily from on-shore. Freakish. Spits and dabs from big seas stung my eyes. The ship's bugle blew for dinner, and stewards came 'round the decks clanging their iron triangles. Let 'em keep their dinner and their Creoles and their River Queens, to hell with 'em. Why, she had lain in my arms fifty times or more, and whispered, unasked, "I love you, I love you." Did he, that wore my rose in his lapel throw the rest from the window or did she? Did he put the rose in his lapel or did she? If he threw them to the ground did she remonstrate—even a little bit? Or did she smile and whisper to him, "I love you?"

I was standing again, half wrapped around the boat davit, when the ship rolled, the sea came up to meet me, inviting alluringly. My arm relaxed and I whispered to the sea, "I love you, I love. I'll be with you in a moment."

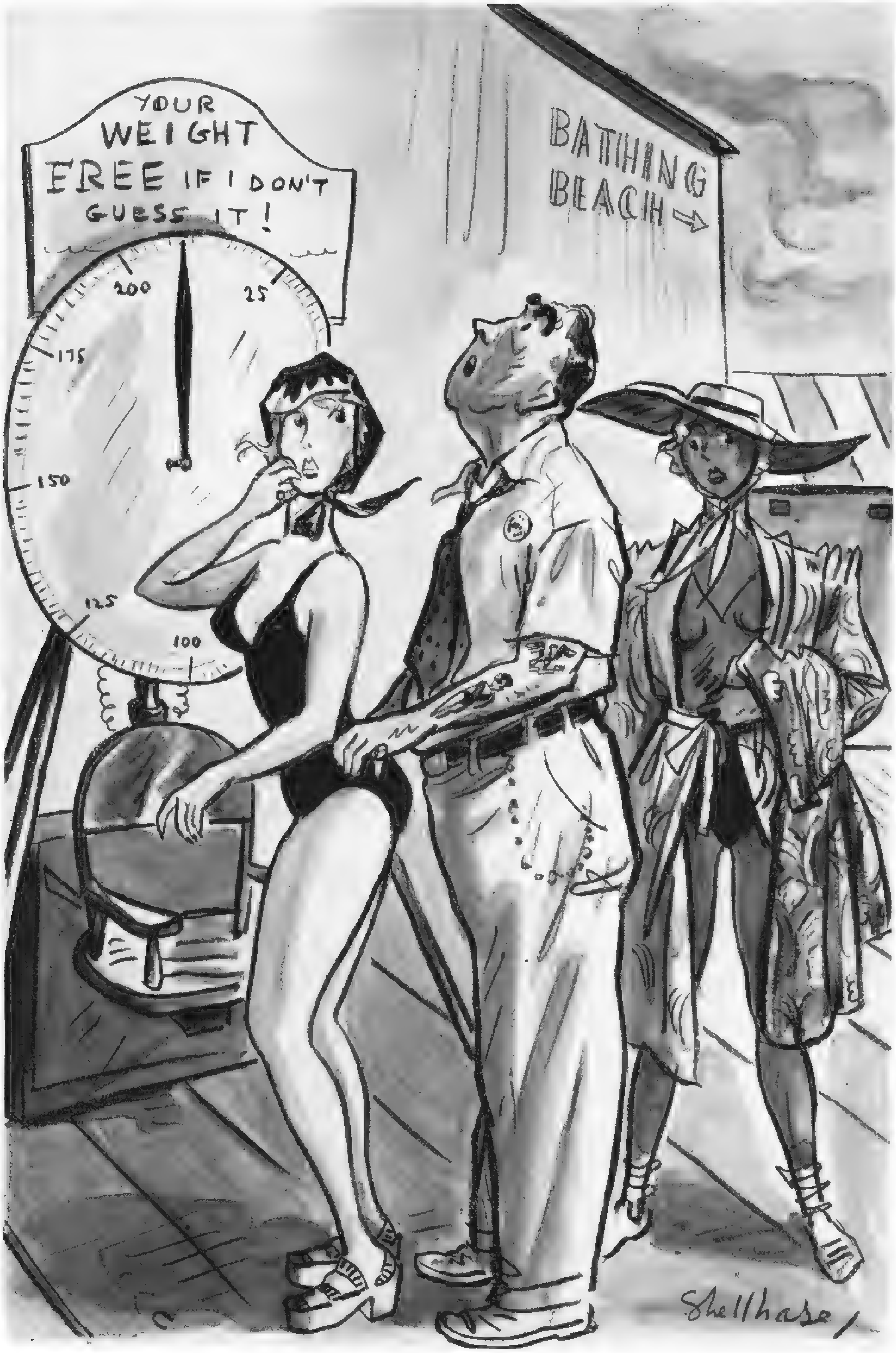
Something gripped my arm and turned me around. It was Tom. He stuck his face close to mine and spoke rough—"Come on you poor droop. Whaddya standin' here all soggy for, in this dust storm?"

We went below where two stewards took me over. As Tom turned to go, he said. "Get all hot-bathed and rubbed down, and in dry clothes, and in my oilskins, Mister. We are now standing in for Tyhee Light at the mouth of the Savannah, and in three hours we will show you some rosebuds that amount to something."

While I was hot-bathing—as Tom called it—the ship's pitch and roll had all but stopped. A steward said, "We are in the river now, sir." I was treated to a long massage, given thick, hot soup, and was in dry things and Tom's "dirty weather gear," just as he came back. We went out on deck in a thick blinding rain, at ten minutes to three in the morning. The ship seemed to be moving over the land, going around broad gentle curves. Never a sound but the faint, deep-down beat of the engines and the spattering rain.

Several well-swathed men and a few women were standing at the port rail. A stocky-built fellow turned from the rail saying, "I don't want to see it again after all." Minutes went slowly. The low banks were hardly visible. Tom pointed and spoke low. "Just around the next bend." A woman started to cry. A pock-marked seaman brushed his sleeve across his face. We drew opposite a large two-story house set back from the bank among the trees, when a door flew open, and out on the balcony rushed a woman waving a bright clear-lighted lantern.

My God! How that lantern waved! Back and forth! Criss-cross! Now up and down, jigging and jumping like a child in hysterics! Swift sweeping figure-of-eights! Then, as we were drawing farther away, her tempo slowed, sadly like a pendulum running down—the *Quantico's* great, hoarse whistle tooted twice. I put the night glasses to my eyes, and saw her close and clear, her meager form tensed convulsively, her white hair. Saw the streaming rain on her face—but no, the balcony was wide and roofed. It couldn't be rain—then branches shut her from us, but a small speck of light still moved slowly, back and forth. The rosebuds of the River Queen.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175
150
125
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By popular request, Esquire presents a new Gag-Line Contest similar to the one which appeared in the July issue, but with MORE PRIZE MONEY!

$5,000.00 in cash will be awarded to the persons who submit the best gag-lines.

A new cartoon, without title, will appear in the October, November and December issues. $1,200.00 in prizes will be awarded each month to the persons who submit the best gag-lines for each of these cartoons. Total monthly prizes, $3,600.00. In addition, Grand Prizes of $1,400.00 will be awarded for the best entries of all submitted.

Study the cartoon on the opposite page; write a Gag-Line for it and send it in at once. You will find it great fun—and you may be tickled even more upon receipt of a cash prize.

THE RULES

1. Gag-Lines must not exceed 15 words.

2. Originality of thought, appropriateness, cleverness of idea and clearness of expression will count. Handwriting and decoration will not be considered.

3. Jack Benny, Fred Allen and Phil Baker have consented to serve as a Committee of Judges. Esquire reserves the right to augment this Committee. Entrants agree to accept the decision of the Judges as final. In event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

4. This offer is open to everyone except employees of Esquire-Coronet, Inc. and their families.

Jack Benny

Fred Allen

Phil Baker

These
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CELEBRITIES
WILL ACT
AS JUDGES
!

5. Suggestions may be submitted on the coupons published for convenience or on a facsimile. Contestants may submit as many suggestions as they wish but each entry must be submitted on a separate coupon or facsimile. Name and address must appear on each entry.

6. All entries submitted become the property of Esquire and may be used in whole or in part as the publishers see fit, without consideration. No entries will be returned. Acceptance of these rules is an express condition of each entry.

7. All entries for the October contest must be received by midnight, October 15, 1938; for the November contest, by November 15, 1938; and for the December contest, by December 15, 1938. Address entries to "Gag-Lines," Esquire, P. O. Box No. S, Chicago, Illinois.

THE PRIZES

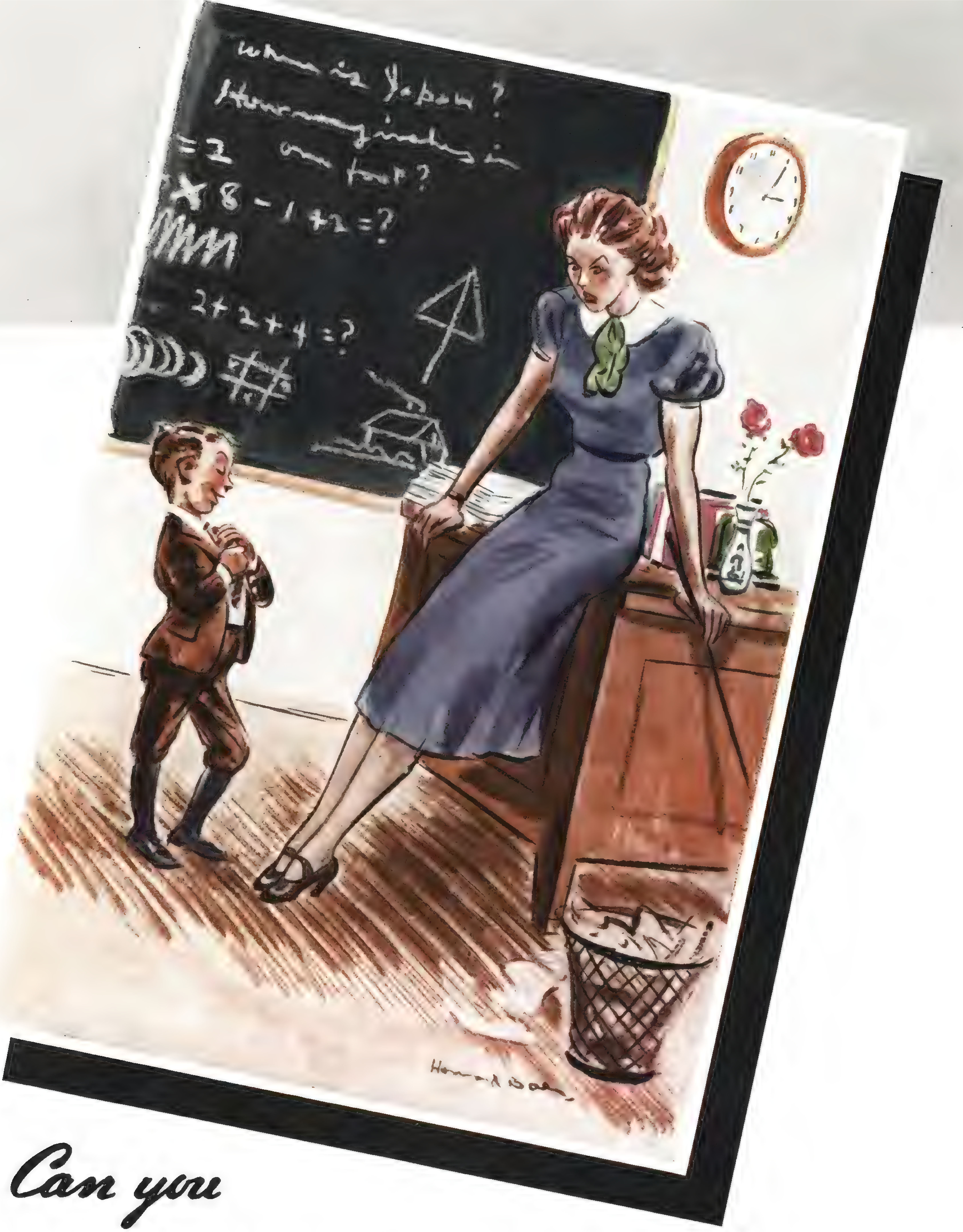
Monthly Prizes:

5 First Prizes	$100.00 Each	$500.00
5 Second Prizes	50.00 Each	250.00
10 Third Prizes	25.00 Each	250.00
20 Fourth Prizes	10.00 Each	200.00
40 Prizes each Month		$1,200.00
Three Month's Prizes		$3,600.00

Grand Prizes:

1st Grand Prize	$1,000.00
2nd Grand Prize	250.00
3rd Grand Prize	150.00
	1,400.00
TOTAL PRIZES	$5,000.00

MAIL YOUR *GAG-LINE* ON THIS COUPON


Where is Japan?
How many inches in one foot?
=2
8-1+2=?
2+2+4=?
Howard Baer

Can you

SUPPLY A CLEVER GAG-LINE FOR THIS CARTOON?

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

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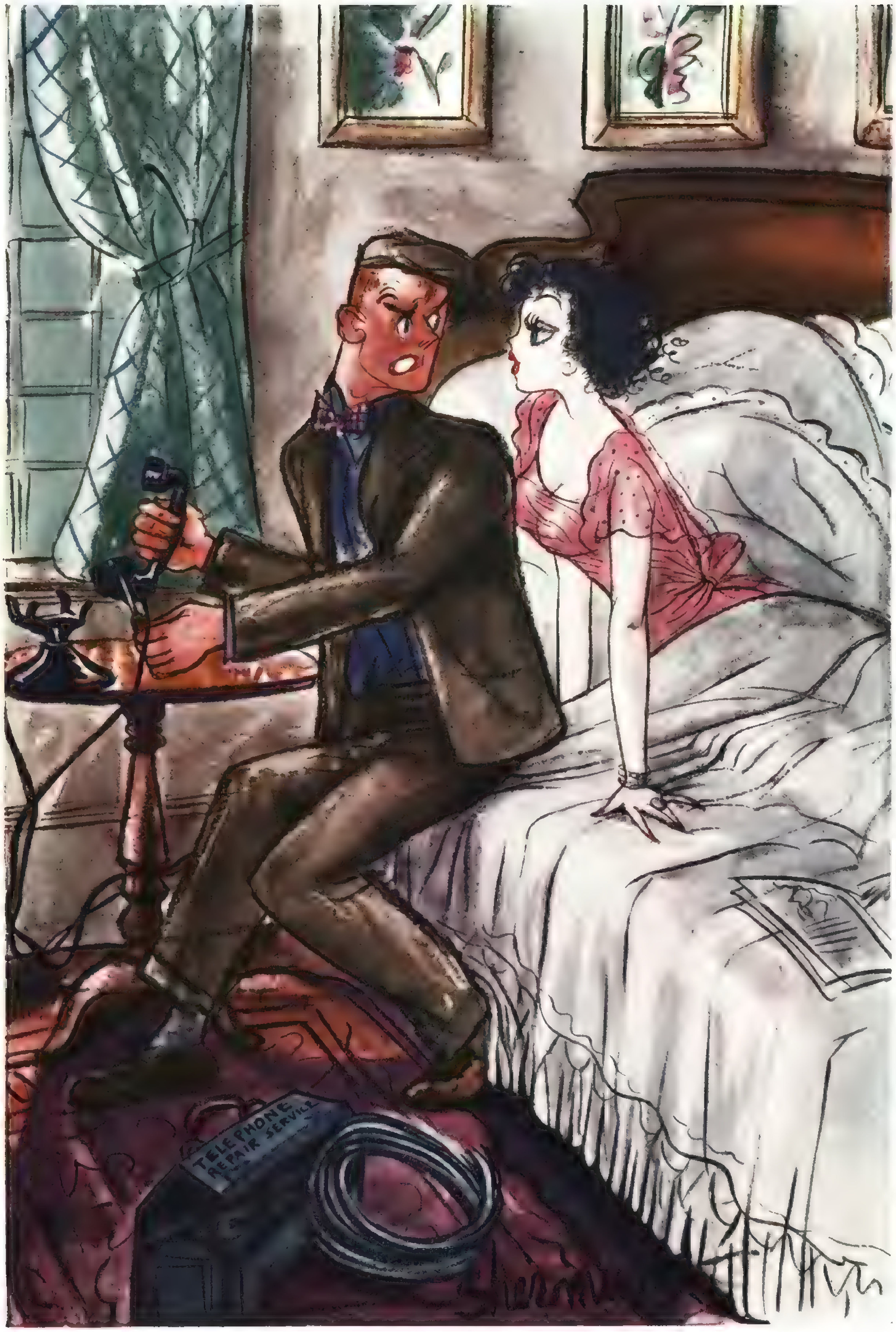
Gag-Line for Cartoon in October Issue:________________________________

____

*My Name is*____

*Address*____

*City*______________________________*State*______________


TELEPHONE
REPAIR SERVICE

"Please, lady—I can't work with someone looking over my shoulder"

The Little Father

Continued from page 71

noon when he trapped Bud in one of the trees, his record was one of complete failure.

But Bud had the ill luck to be caught and the indiscretion to believe Jake's promises of immunity. When he dropped out of the tree, Jake pounced upon him, knocked him down and gave him a dozen or more lashes with the whip. Bud bore the brunt of all the bitterness Jake had accumulated from his many thwarted pursuits.

He came home a few minutes later, sobbing and breathless. Ugly welts curled like livid snakes around his bare brown legs; there were nasty purplish bruises on his arms and one across the back of his neck. He found Father and me weeding the little vegetable patch in the backyard and chokingly told us what had happened. Father leaned on his hoe and said not a word while Bud was speaking, but when the stammered, broken recital was done, he dropped the hoe and took Bud by one hand and me by the other. He spoke but a single word. "Come!" he said.

Never had we seen him walk so purposefully, so rapidly. Never had we seen him look so big, so fierce, so determined. His face was grim and his eyes were hard and his hands clutched ours so tightly that it hurt. But we were too surprised to think of such minor pains. Bud, in his amazement, had stopped crying and was staring round-eyed through his tears. Both of us had to proceed at a dogtrot in order to keep pace with Father's rapid strides. When we started out I thought he was going to the police station to report Polhemus, but I soon discovered that he meant to take the law into his own hands. He never uttered a word during that whole resolute march to the Polhemus farm.

Jake was coming out of the barn when we entered his dirty littered yard, and I saw his jaw drop as our expedition bore down upon him. He was an ugly, unshaven man, with little blobs for eyes, and a long thin prow of a nose. "What d'ye want?" he cried, his nasal voice treble with alarm; though why he should have been alarmed at the sight of two boys, and a man a good foot shorter than himself, I don't know. My father did not reply but continued his inexorable approach, Bud and I still moored to either side of him. "What d'ye want?" Jake cried again, backing up against the barn. "What right ye got trespassin' on my propity?" Still my father did not reply, but now his breath came sharply between his tight lips.

When we were almost upon Jake my father abruptly released Bud and me. It would be absurd to say that he leaped like a tiger at Jake's throat; for all his ferocity, he was still no tiger. But if you can conceive of a lamb gone suddenly wild with fury; a lamb incredibly imbued with a desire to kill; a lamb forgetting its own puny limitations and, in a moment of exalted anger, attacking a wolf—then you have some idea of how Father leaped at Jake Polhemus that afternoon. Yes, he *leaped*, as if projected by a powerful spring. The top of his head struck Jake's jaw; his fingers closed around Jake's scrawny neck. The two of them went down, Father on top.

I suppose the whole thing was fantastic, but to Bud and me, as we stared entranced at the strange violent little man who was our father, it seemed like the most natural thing in the world. He was simply vindicating our faith in his invincibility: every child knows that when the necessity arises his father can lick anybody on earth; and although Father had neither the equipment nor the manners associated with valor, and until that day had never demonstrated any of his heroic qualities, I don't think our confidence in him was ever completely shattered. We believed in him, and we saw in his belaboring of Jake Polhemus the validating of our belief. I always afterwards regretted that my mother was not there that afternoon. She, more than we, needed her faith restored.

Father shook Jake violently by the throat and beat his head upon the dusty ground. Jake made vain, terrified attempts to defend himself, but he put more reliance upon his lungs than his strength. He screamed for help. He vowed that he was being murdered. He pleaded for mercy. Father might have been deaf and dumb for all the heed he paid to Jake's cries, for all the sound he made as he shook the gaunt, craven man.

He jumped to his feet suddenly and picked up an old ax-handle that lay near the barn door and stood over Jake with the handle raised as if to strike. Then I became really frightened, for it looked as though he meant to batter Jake's skull. Every inch of his little figure seemed to quiver with a suppressed passion to strike the now paralyzed Jake. He looked like a terrible figure of vengeance. But he did not strike Jake, although he seemed scarcely able to control the impulse.

"Listen, Jake Polhemus," he said in a hoarse, dreadful voice as he stood above the prostrate figure. "You listen to me: If you ever so much as touch a hair on one of these lads' heads, I'll come back and kill you. Kill you, you understand, Jake Polhemus? I'll beat your brains out!"

"I didn't mean—" Jake whined.

My father spat upon him. "You're a dirty rat, Jake Polhemus!" he cried with the splendid vehemence of a hero in a melodrama.

Oh, he was magnificent that afternoon!

He tossed the ax-handle aside and turned his back upon Jake. "Come on, boys!" he said.

Bud and I followed admiringly at his heels as he strode out of the yard. His head was high; his stooped shoulders strangely broad and square; his step elastic and sure. Bud frisked after him, forgetting the pain of the welts upon his legs. "Gee, Pop!" was all he could say.

But when we were a block away from the Polhemus place, my father suddenly stopped and leaned heavily against a tree. His face was ashen, his body trembled, and he looked as though he were going to be ill. He had to hold onto the tree to keep from falling.

"Gee, Pop!" Bud said in an awed whisper, taking him by the arm. "You sure showed him!"

"Yes," Father said in a weak voice, a sickly grin on his lips. "I guess I did, didn't I?"

Always after that when he was blue and discouraged or perhaps feeling too keenly his insignificance, Bud and I would whisper to him: "Gee, Pop, remember how you showed up old Jake Polhemus that day!" Somehow that never failed to raise his spirits. Sometimes I would observe a small secret smile on his lips. I imagined he was recalling that Saturday afternoon and savoring again the sweetness of his triumph. The memory of that event was a deep, hidden reservoir of strength which sustained him when everything else had failed.

I remember one time when my mother was scolding him for some reason or other (the provocation escapes me now), and as usual he was meekly submitting to her disapprobation; but when she concluded with her inevitable stricture, "Ah, the trouble with you, Herbert Scudder, is that you're not half a man!" he entered a mild demurrer. "There's them that think I'm man enough," he said with the slightest suggestion of complacency. "Jake Polhemus now, for instance." He turned to Bud and me for confirmation. "Eh, boys?" he said.

"You said it, Pop!" we said.

IV.

It was nearly fifteen years after that afternoon that I received the telegram from my mother. "COME AT ONCE," it said. "FATHER HAS HAD STROKE CONDITION VERY SERIOUS." I was in New York at the time and I got on a train and came right home.

He was unconscious when I arrived, but I went upstairs anyhow and stood beside the bed with Bud, who was already there.

"There's not much we can do," Bud whispered. "The doctor says he hasn't a chance. It's probably just as well, I suppose. He'd be a helpless cripple, and he'd hate that."

"Yes," I said. "I guess he would."

"Gosh, I hope he comes to before he goes," Bud said. "I'd sort of like to say good-bye to him."

"Yes," I said. "So would I."

There was no sign of pain on Father's dry, dusty face. Even the complicated tracery of wrinkles which lined his brow and spread around his closed eyes was smoothed in the peacefulness of his unconscious slumber. If it hadn't been for his difficult breathing one would never have guessed that he was not merely enjoying his usual sleep. His body, outlined beneath the covers, looked small and fragile.

"He's such a *little* guy!" Bud said in a choked voice, staring down at the bed. "Such a *funny* little guy!"

The doctor said there was little possibility that he would regain consciousness but Bud and I stayed at his side and waited. Sometimes my mother joined us but the strain was too much for her and we finally had to give her a sedative and put her to bed. But Bud and I would not give up our vigil. We sat beside the bed for more than forty hours, through two dawns and two dusks, seldom speaking, seldom moving, except to lean forward and study Father's face intently whenever he showed the smallest sign of regaining consciousness. Bud's good-natured face was drawn and stricken; his gentle eyes burned darkly. We became stiff and weary; sometimes our heads fell forward and we dozed fitfully; but neither of us would give up our watch.

Then toward the end of the second day Father slowly opened his eyes and looked about him. At first he looked at us as though we were strangers, but gradually a tiny flare of recognition lighted his pale eyes. We saw his lips move, but he was beyond speech. He seemed to realize this, and a shadow of bewilderment fell across his face.

Bud leaned over the bed. A boyish grin lighted his face—Lord knows how he managed it!—and he spoke in a bright, cheerful voice. "Gee, Pop!" he said, "do you remember the day you lambasted old Jake Polhemus?"

A slow, crooked, happy smile spread across Father's lips and a deep, contented sigh shook his body.

Vestiges of that smile were still on his lips when the doctor told us that the end had come. #

How "Normal" Is Jealousy?

Continued from page 52

ously so—as long as you love your wife and think you see the satisfaction of your love endangered.

But suppose what your wife gives another is a satisfaction which you do not really want, or which in the nature of the case she could not give you. Then we can not only say your jealousy is neurotic, but what is much more important, *something can be done about it*—namely, to help you to see the situation in its true light. And that will be more than worth while doing, since no matter how unpleasant the effect of your jealousy on other people, it "hurts you worse than it does them."

If you are an intense and romantic sort of person, you probably *think* that what you want your wife to give you is whole-souled devotion. You wish to be "all the world to her"—or at least, all that matters. You cherish the age-old wishful dream that while

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence."

But the truth is that life with a woman who was so completely wrapped up in you would be about as exciting as spending your days in looking in a mirror. Marriage to a "clinging vine" sounds thrilling to a lot of men who haven't tried it, but those who have, tell a different story. The tree that acquires a clinging vine is smothered, and the man no less so.

The idea of wanting to be all the world to your wife really is a hangover from childhood. It expresses anew your small-boy irritation (and occasionally, terror) at the fact that mother was not always on hand when you wanted petting or protection. And unless you are still more than usually childish at heart, you could not stand very long the sort of woman *anybody* could be all the world to. What is more, I doubt if you could find her—except in a nursery. For even in Byron's day, adult, healthy-minded women had a lot of interests besides "love," and it was these—though the poet would have hated to admit it—that made their love worth the having.

Is it anything more than another way of trying to "own" your wife completely to be jealous when someone else gets from her what you could not, anyhow, have? Why, for instance, should it make you angry if she goes out with another man when you are away on a business trip? And why should you bristle if she happens to sit out a couple of dances with a man who interests her, when you did not want to dance with her in any case because you were so much absorbed in your partner of the moment?

Once more, if you will excuse my saying so, your attitude is childish—and I mean that literally. For to a child, other human beings are not really people: they are agencies or mechanisms which exist to satisfy his wants, and have no existence except when he does want something from them. The idea that they have feelings like his does not occur to him.

If you, today, have a car you are particularly fond of, you can lock it in the garage when you are not driving and be reasonably sure that it will be there when you get back. The car will not mind, because *it* has no feelings. But your wife *has*, though I dare say you have never realized you might forget it. And—what is especially important from your standpoint—the love which impels your wife to satisfy your wants is part of the total of her feelings, and is modified by anything which affects that total. If she feels you are depriving her of pleasure which she has a right to and could have without doing you any real harm, her love for you will be affected by that feeling, and in a way that you won't like. She will call you a dog in the manger—at least, in her own mind—and I wonder if that is not what you will be. I don't blame you for wanting to be as sure of her as you can, but if you will think about *her* feelings, you will see that this is not the way to go about it.

Her love is a "selfish" feeling, just as yours is. All that really holds two people together, whether they are married or not, is their *mutual enjoyment*—the things that they like to do together. The more such things there are, and the deeper and completer the enjoyment of them, the surer of one another the two people can be. Whether it is actual love-making, or bridge, dancing, the exchange of ideas, or a common interest in the children, the pleasures you share with her are the firmest "hold" you have on your wife, and there is no other that you can depend on. For to paraphrase the Scripture, "Where your pleasure is, there shall your heart be also."

Thus the only sane reason for jealousy is the realization—or fear—that some other person can give your wife more pleasure or happiness than you can. And the more you doubt yourself, whether rightly or neurotically, the intenser this fear will be. If you feel you are a failure, either as a lover, as an intellectual companion, or as a "provider," you cannot help being tortured by the possibility that she may find someone else who can give her what she wants more effectually than you can. Which brings us back to the principle that self-doubt is the greatest single cause of jealousy, even with the person you love.

But unfortunately self-doubt may drive you to make the biggest of all blunders—that of using *force* of some kind to prevent your wife from finding how much better off she might be with another husband. Whether this is done by physical duress, financial pressure, or the pull of moral obligation, it will kill the spontaneity of her love for you, and so in the long run the love also. For love that is not free and spontaneous is no love at all.

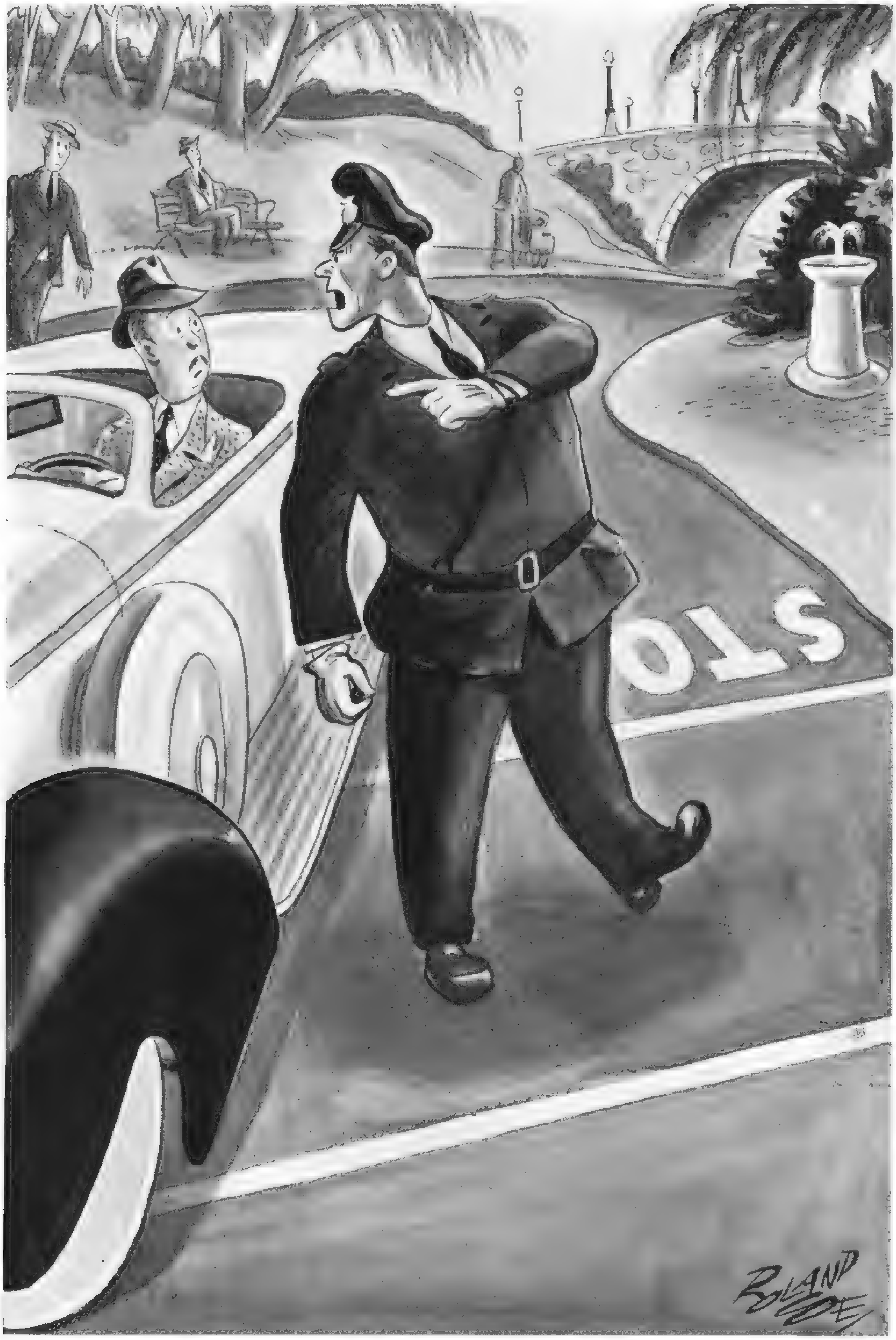
I know nothing about economics, and cannot say how essential "free competition" is to business prosperity. But I do believe it is essential to enduring happiness in marriage, and that in so far as it is shut off and some sort of arbitrary rule is substituted for it, the result will be an artificial relationship which is necessarily more or less unstable. If your wife feels that you are the man she must put up with because she is married to you, rather than the man she prefers to all others, you may have no outward reason to be jealous, but you will get no real satisfaction from your marriage. And if you are shocked at the idea of her occasionally wondering whether you really are her best bet, just be honest and admit that you have wondered the same thing about her.

How far what I call "free competition" can express itself in conduct is an individual question—or rather, a question of the individual's relation to the *mores* of the group he happens to belong to. Our friend Mrs. Spilkins probably would feel it was improper for her to dance with any man but her husband, and so would not think that he was "holding her down" if he took the same view. On a somewhat higher social level the lines are not drawn so tightly, although there are not more than a half-dozen cities in America where a woman could lunch in a public restaurant with a man other than her husband and not risk her "reputation." In fact, strange to say, the average middle-class married woman could indulge in passionate embraces on the country club veranda—perhaps even in the shrubbery around the first tee—without rousing half the comment that would come from having a man drop in at her house for cocktails when her husband was out. In that respect, we have still a lot to learn from Europe, where the possibility of real—and for that reason, "harmless"—friendships between men and women is taken for granted. I remember one returned expatriate who complained bitterly that "the only men a married woman gets a chance to talk to in this country are her minister and her doctor." There must be a lot of women who resent this, and it does not make their marriages more satisfying, to them or their husbands.

But since all men suffer some degree of self-doubt, and require some sense of security before they can live in peace and comfort, where do these ideas leave them?

There is one field of human relations where we do practice "free competition," yet do not feel at all insecure about it. That is friendship. You do not lie awake worrying over whether your best friend may find someone else whom he will like better than he does you: your long intimacy with him has built up a tie between you which gives you too much of an advantage over any new acquaintance. You know what your friend wants, and he knows what you want better than a stranger possibly could. And if this friend is also your business partner, with whom you have weathered the storms of years, he would be the last man in the world whom you would think of "doubting."

Yet there is no partnership so complete and no friendship so deep-rooted as those which develop in successful marriage. It is not a moral principle or sense of duty that draws Darby and Joan ever closer to each other as the years pass: to the pleasures they originally shared, there has been added the fact that they feel *at home* together, and "strange" when they happen to be separated. These are the real "ties that bind" in marriage, yet they do not gall the husband and wife because they have grown up from within, instead of having been imposed from without. In a marriage like this, jealousy no longer is a problem, and doubt, either of oneself or of one's partner, has long ago faded like a bad dream. I think such a marriage is within the reach of any couple who will dare to build it on the basis I have tried to describe. ⌗



"Don't think I'm through with you yet! I'm just going for a drink of water!"

Broadway's Artist

Continued from page 47

summate art. In Hollywood, it isn't as yet.

Though Mielziner holds that the stage has it over the screen as far as lights and colors are concerned, he envies the palaces in which movies are shown. "It's too bad," opines Jo, "that patrons of the stage, instead of being shown into gay, beautiful theatres, have to go to a side street hole-in-the-wall which is dingy, ratty, creaky, dusty, and with a one-arm seat, an unglamorous curtain. Often, the stage patrons are cheated of even an orchestra." Naturally, Mielziner thinks too that the public will soon tire of the present vogue of plays without scenery.

Though the theatre proper might remain status quo, Mielziner does not let this condition pertain to the stage itself. For example, in making the sets for *The Women*, Jo had a sharp problem which he solved ingeniously. There were twelve scenes. Changes had to be quick—less than a minute. He considered a turntable, a revolving stage. This he rejected in favor of platforms which form a complete stage, appointments and all, for each of the scenes. So, as the stage darkens and the curtain lowers, the entire platform, actresses included, is moved off. The next scene with the performers in their rehearsed positions, is moved on—slid in like the leaf of a table. No drapes or drops used. Each scene a complete interior—sometimes a bedroom, a beauty parlor, a gymnasium, a night club, or a bathroom.

In March, 1932, Jo Mielziner put on exhibits of some of his stage models and designs at Marie Sterner's International Galleries, New York. The newspapers commented at length.

Wrote the *New York Times* critic: "How many strings Mr. Mielziner has to his bow! He can turn from the dignity of *Judas* (a production for which he had designed settings) to the rollicking fun of *The Three Cabbies*, drawn for a revue dance number. He is a spirited, interesting figure in his field. We haven't encountered a dull piece in his exhibition."

John Mason Brown, eminent dramatic critic of the *New York Evening Post*, elucidated as follows:

"Mr. Mielziner has said that every play is its own designer. However, Mr. Mielziner is unable to keep himself totally out of the picture. In their colors, their execution, their selection of magnificent detail and their choice of style, they reveal the range of his imagination, make clear the excellence of his taste, and furnish exciting proof of his stormy sense of the dramatic.

"In short, they betray him as an artist who—fortunately for our theatre—is proud to go down to posterity on the hem of the muse's garment."

Like Gordon Craig, Mielziner is a stickler for authenticity. However, no pedant, he won't sacrifice in his sets genuine dramatic values for the sheer sake of authenticity. He doesn't think that's good theatre. His theories on stage design have largely to do with the spirit of a play and not with materials alone. His perspective towards his creative work is bound up entirely with his feelings about the life and flavor of a particular period in which a play is laid.

In his home on East Sixty-first Street, New York, Mielziner has a library of four thousand volumes—all on architecture, art, stage designing, costumes, history, *et al.* However, whenever he wants to get an authoritative mental picture of a certain period, he makes sure to find that picture as conceived by an artist of that period, rather than of a later period. The later might be better but Mielziner believes in going to the original sources. The contemporary artist's conception, he insists, is more attuned to the tempo of the period. For Katharine Cornell's *Romeo and Juliet*, Mielziner went to Italy, resurrected some contemporary paintings and architects' drawings of houses of the period of the play. In his opinion, such procedure was much more important than merely unearthing the specifications of what Julia Marlowe or Mrs. Siddons wore as Juliet.

A considerable slice of Mielziner's holidays are spent in research and first-hand studies of locales. Right after the Broadway theatrical season ends, he scrams to Europe, Asia, South Seas—anywhere so long as it's outside of Manhattan. In 1933, Mielziner went around the world. He claims that the trip paid for itself many times. Previously, he had done an African setting without ever having been in Africa. Though Mielziner may never do another African setting, albeit his jaunt to the Dark Continent taught him other things of value. He has been to Bali, Java, India, China and many other faraway segments of the globe. And he is going again. For 'tis his staunch contention that an artist must have a rich store of on-the-spot background, even though he may have the best source library in the world.

Jo Mielziner comes of distinguished ancestry. His father was the late Leo Mielziner, famous American portrait painter, while his mother, *nee* Ella McKenna Friend, was the Paris correspondent of the *Boston Transcript* and *Chicago Daily News*. She was the first woman member of the Foreign Press Association and in her time, which was around the turn of the century, enjoyed a journalistic reputation akin to that of Dorothy Thompson's today. His father's ancestors originally were Spanish-Portuguese Jews who were driven out of their native countries by persecution. His grandfather was the noted Rabbi Moses Mielziner whose authoritative writings on marriage and divorce formed the basis for the present divorce laws of the State of Ohio.

On his mother's side, Jo Mielziner is English-Scotch-Irish. His mother's people were New England pioneers. One ancestor constructed the first building for Harvard University—old Harvard Hall, since burned down and replaced. Jo's elder brother, Kenneth MacKenna, took the "MacKenna" from the store of maternal family names because William A. Brady didn't like the name Mielziner. The real name was Leo J. Mielziner, Jr.

Jo Mielziner was born, March 19, 1901, in Paris in a room adjoining his father's studio. At the time, his father was studying under Gerome, after a very successful career as a portrait painter in America. The language of the Mielziner household was French. In fact, Jo was ten years old and already an artist working in oils before he learned English in a school in London. There he also completely lost his French accent and picked up a decided British one which he still has. When Jo was twelve, the family returned to New York and he enrolled in the school of the Art Students' League.

Since oils were to be his medium, Mielziner left high school to attend Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, where he twice won the Crescent Scholarship giving tuition abroad. At nineteen, there was the grand tour. He visited the leading European capitals, spending weeks in each, haunting the galleries and absorbing the spirit and moods of the great masterpieces. Even then, however, the call of the theatre was sounding. After all, there was theatre blood in his veins. The great Charlotte Cushman was a distant cousin of his mother, and the latter's sister, Ethylin Middleton, had been a member of the Boston Museum Company and had played with Booth.

His interest in the theatre as the place for an artist quickened when as a youth he went with his mother to see a production of *The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife*, at the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York. An unknown young artist, destined afterward to become famous, had designed the unusual setting. His name was Robert Edmond Jones. To his influence, more than to any other single thing, Jo Mielziner attributes his final decision to give up painting as a profession.

During the World War, Mielziner served with the Marines. Although only a lad in his teens, several of his original posters done while with the Marine Corps were featured by the Government in its recruiting campaign. Demobilized from the Marines, shortly after the Armistice in 1918, Mielziner went to the directors of the then infant Theatre Guild, and asked to be allowed to "do something." He wanted to design scenery, but he didn't know his way about.

His enthusiasm impressed the Guild directors who listened to him. They told him to get some practical experience and then come back. He got the experience. Plenty. He apprenticed himself to Joseph Urban, then Broadway's leading scene designer, and became literally a "paint boy" at first. Later he did journeyman's work in the Urban studio as a painter. In the meantime, Jo had won his second scholarship from the Philadelphia Academy. After an argument with the powers that were, he persuaded them to stretch the terms of the grant so he could use the money to study stage designing in Europe.

Armed with letters from Urban, Mielziner went to Vienna, where Max Reinhardt was making experiments. He passed a year with this master of modern stagecraft, making occasional trips to Germany to study the work of the post-War expressionists.

Returning to New York, Mielziner went again to the Guild and gave them an account of his labors.

"I think," said the always modest Mielziner, "that I don't know much about this thing, but I want to learn and I've decided that a good way would be to become an actor for a little while and have some practical experience in some sort of stage managerial job. I want to get the hang of things behind the curtain line."

So Jo played the Dauphin's page in *St. Joan*, and doubled as assistant stage manager. Later, he became stage manager, and had a small rôle in *The Failure*, in which Winifred Lenahan and Ben-Ami appeared. Keeping his eyes and ears open, the youthful Mielziner learned the difference between a "baby spot" and a "sunlight arc," and made some interesting observations on the effect of light on various colored backgrounds. All this was good practical experience which helped him greatly in his later career.

Within the past two years, Mielziner, in addition to his theatrical work, has been handling an increasing amount of industrial assignments. He designed the buildings for the Dallas Exposition last year. He has done some distinctive window displays and fashion show sets. In discussing his commercial work, Mielziner holds that his job in the theatre is simply to take a bit of merchandise, wrap it up in cellophane and then show it. Similarly, he firmly believes the ideas of an artist can be sold to the industrial world.

Only thirty-seven, Jo Mielziner still has easily another twenty, or even thirty, more years ahead of him for further achievement. Already he has, in the short span of years, accomplished more than many another talented artist has in a lifetime. Resourceful, ambitious, a tireless and painstaking worker, gifted Jo Mielziner should retain his title as Broadway's foremost artist for years yet to come. #

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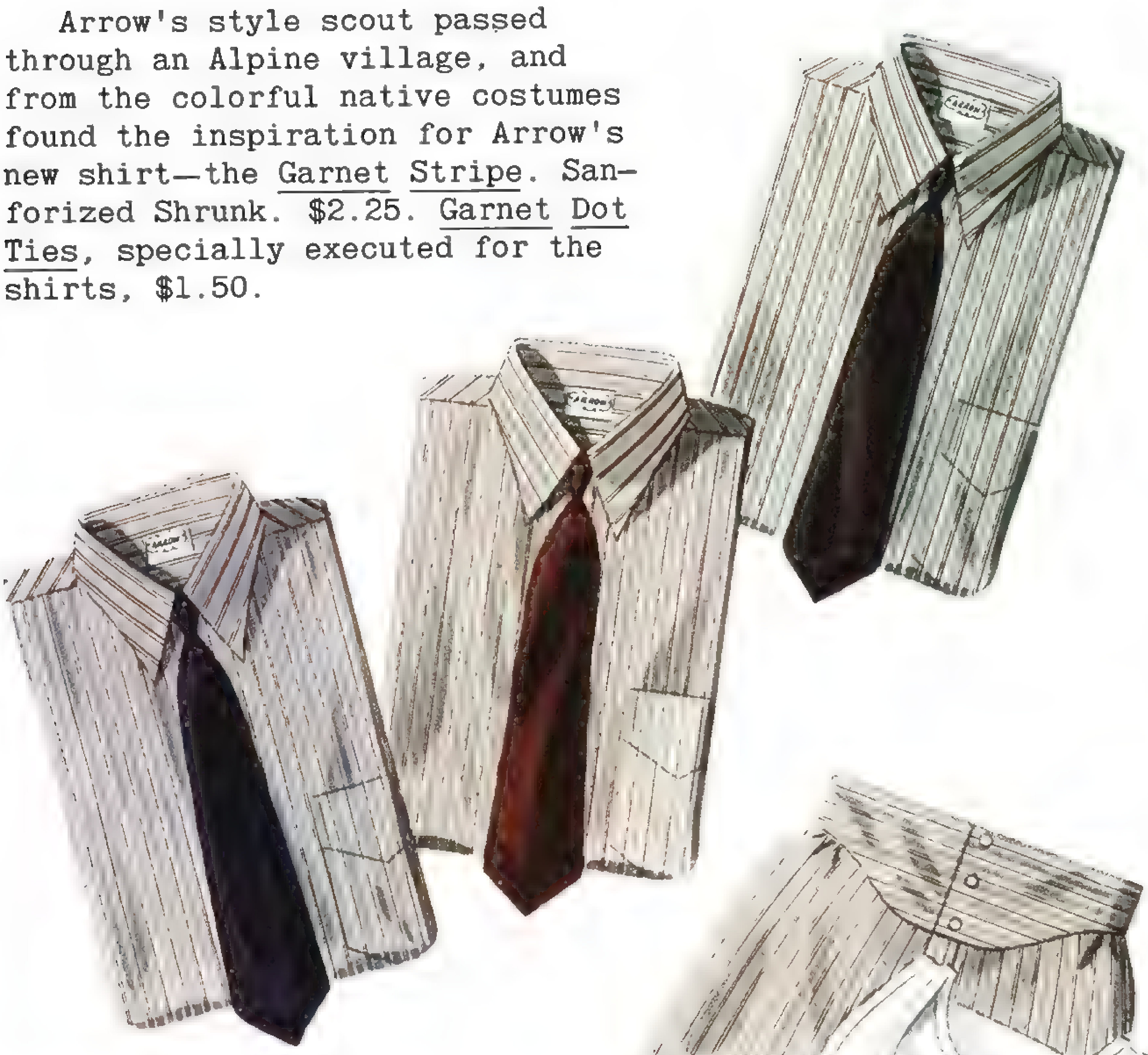
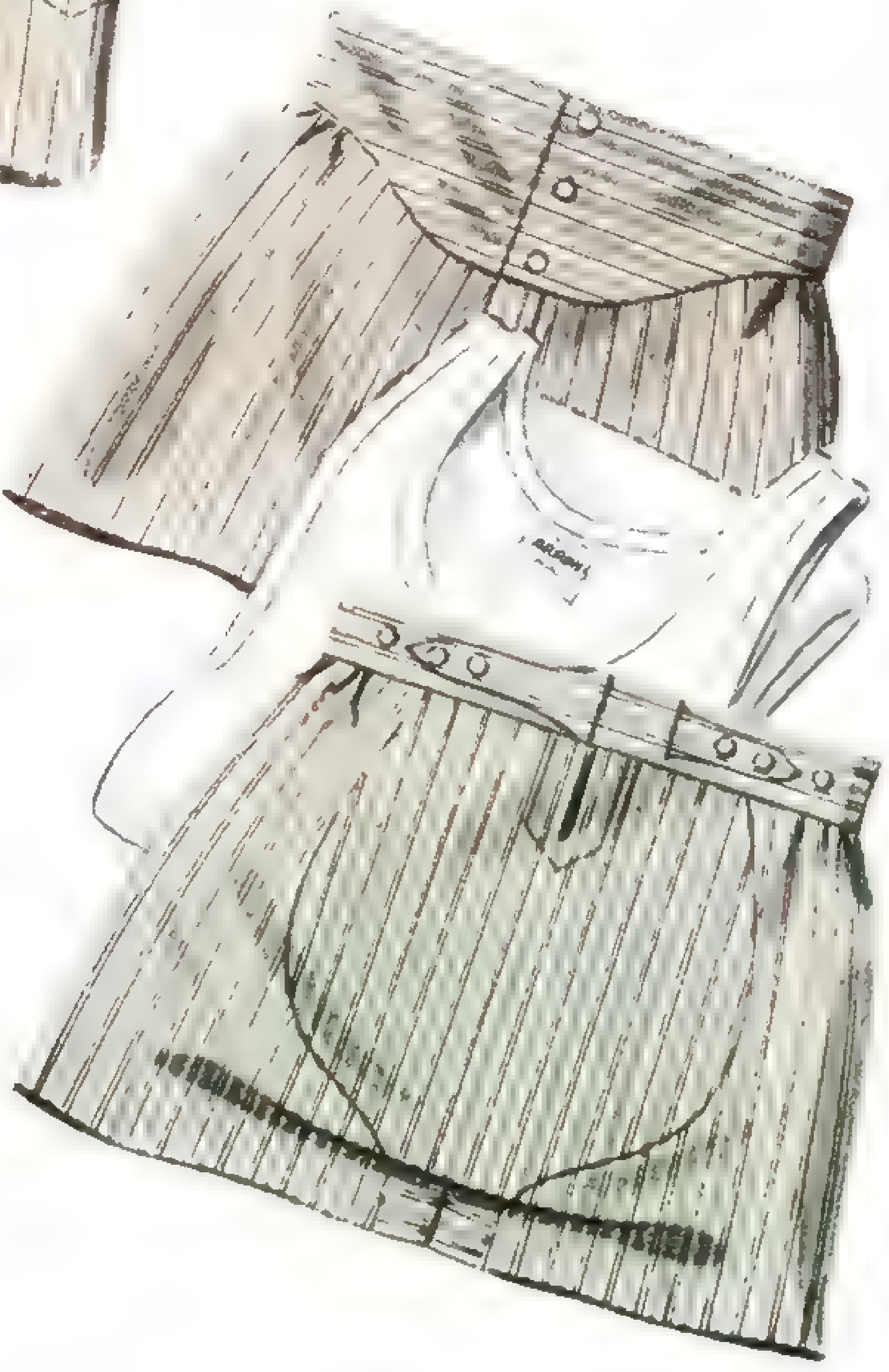
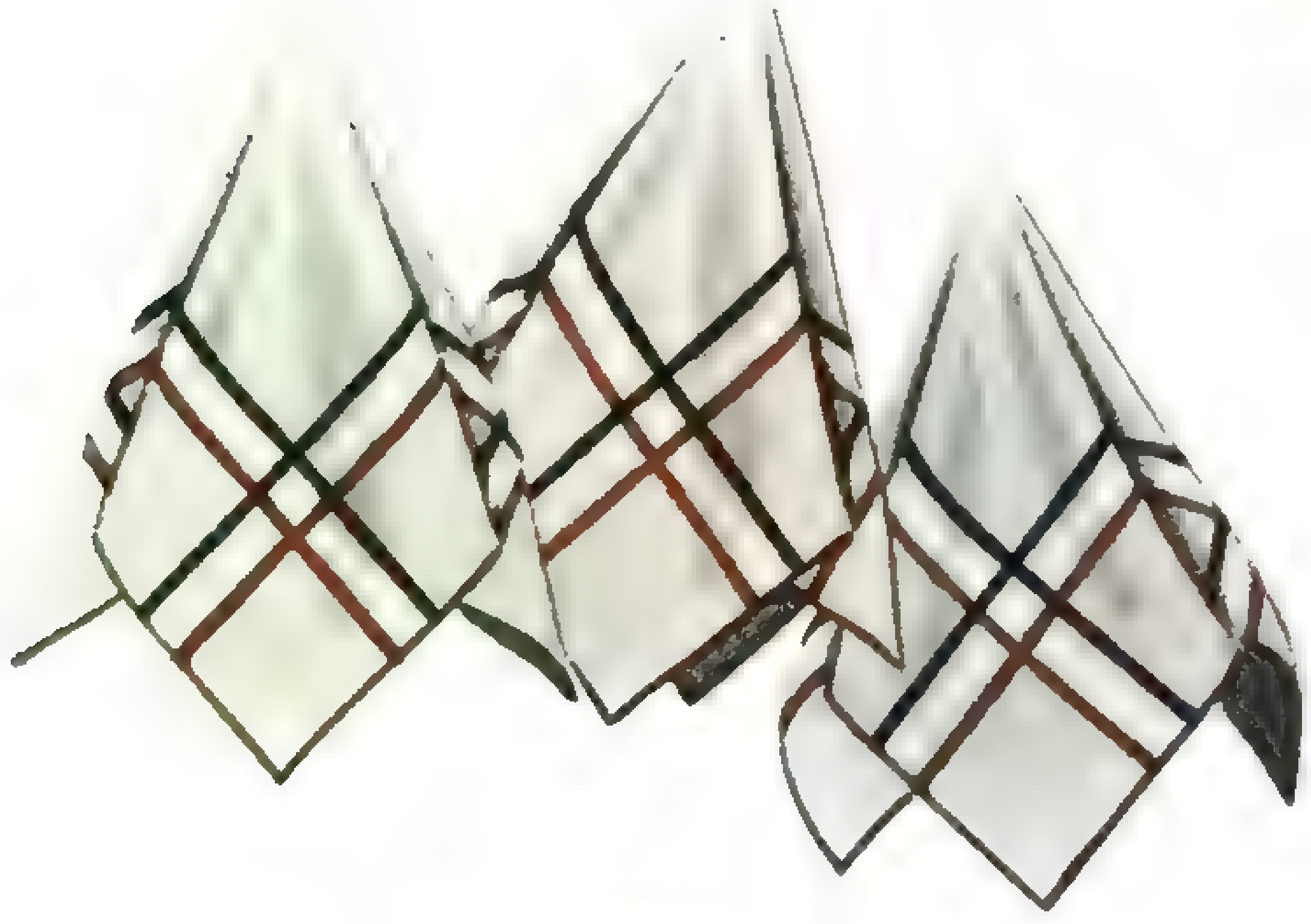
Arrow's style scout passed through an Alpine village, and from the colorful native costumes found the inspiration for Arrow's new shirt—the Garnet Stripe. Sanforized Shrunk. $2.25. Garnet Dot Ties, specially executed for the shirts, $1.50.

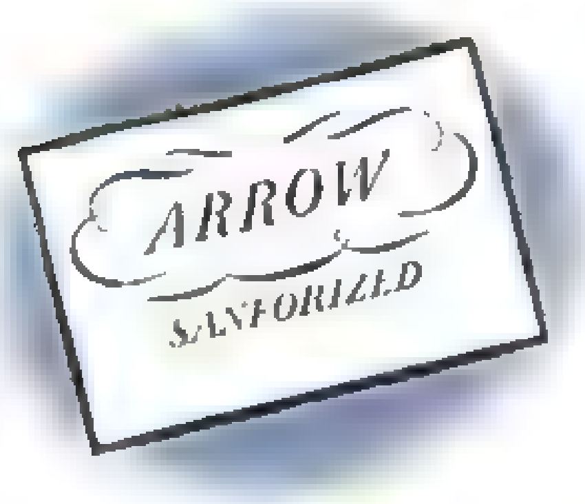


Lives there a short that doesn't hike up, twist, or knife your crotch? Sure, the Arrow short! It has no center seam and a roomier seat—all of which spells b-l-i-s-s. In Garnet Stripes, 75¢. Tops, 50¢ up.





The Garnet Stripe shirt and the Garnet Dot tie deserve a handkerchief that does right by them. So—Arrow has designed a special companion, Garnet Stripes. 50¢.



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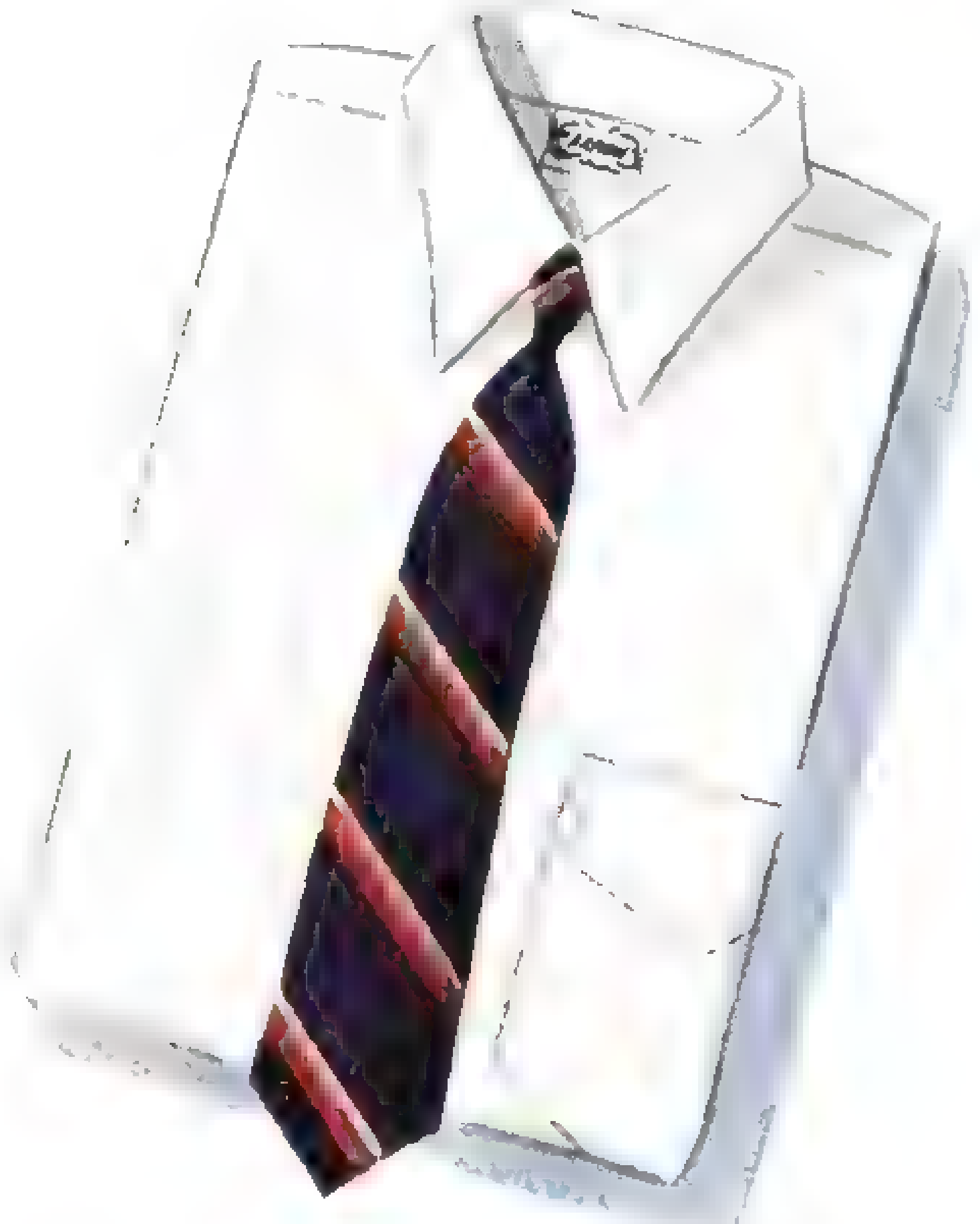

*Ironed without starch, yet it looks starched—never wrinkles.

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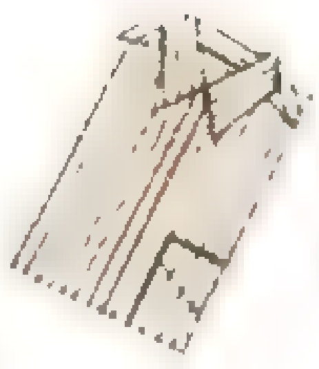
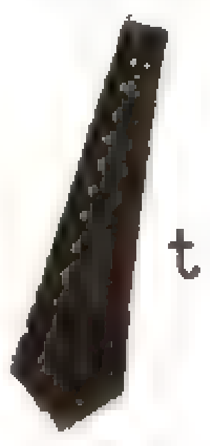
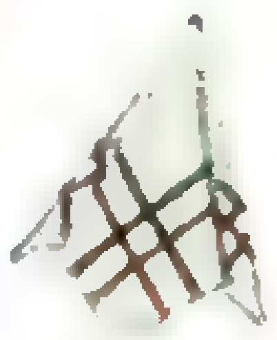
With brown suit

wear  shirt,

 tie, and 

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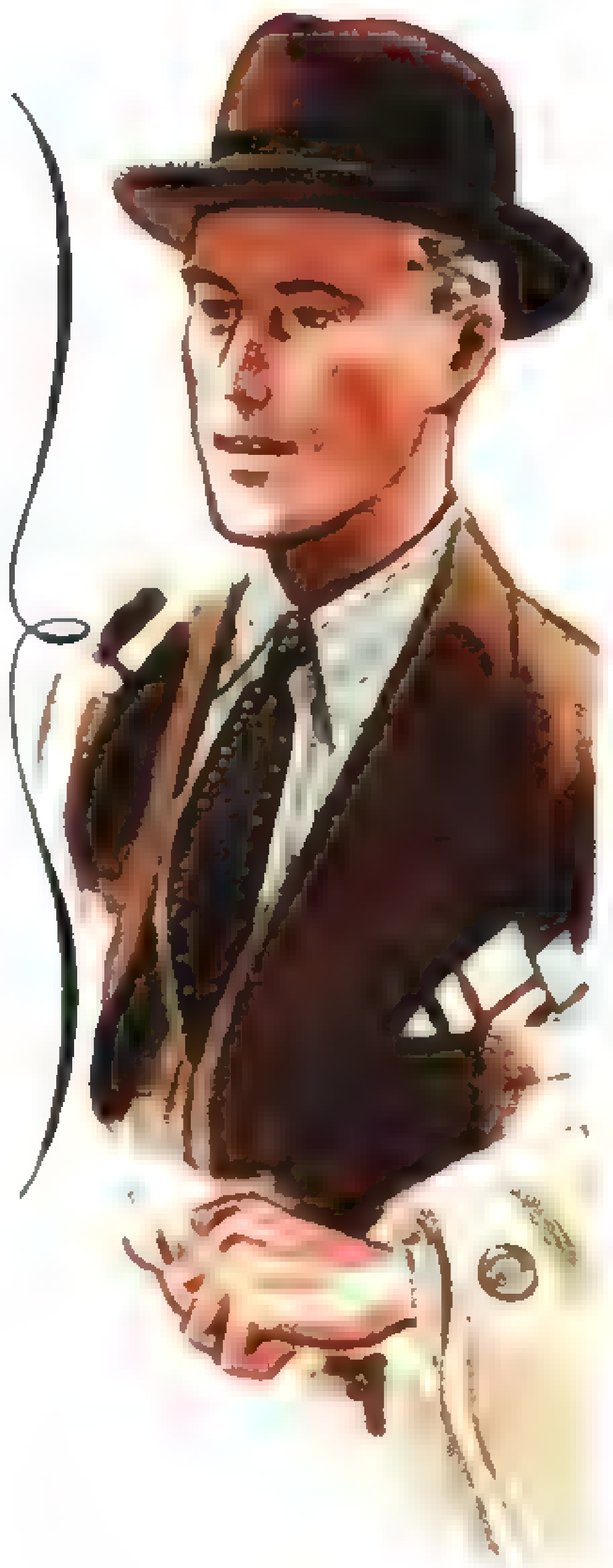
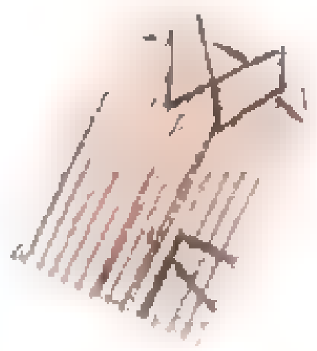
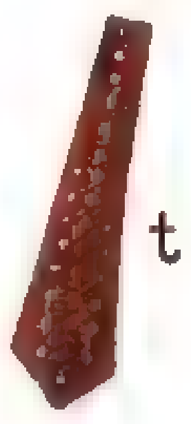
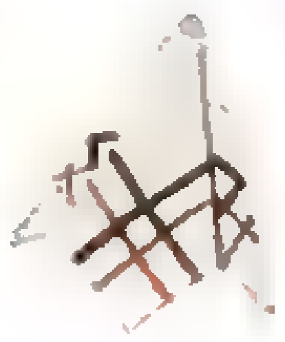


With blue suit

wear  shirt,

 tie, and 

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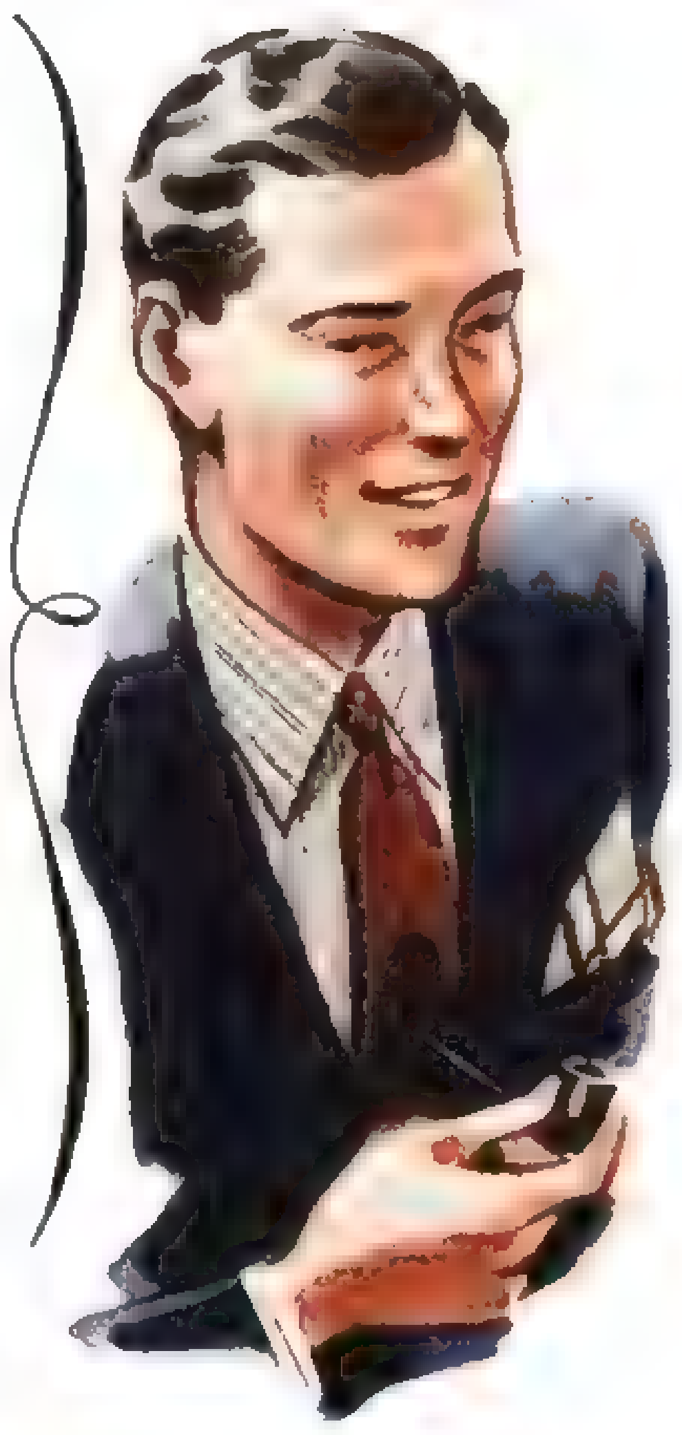
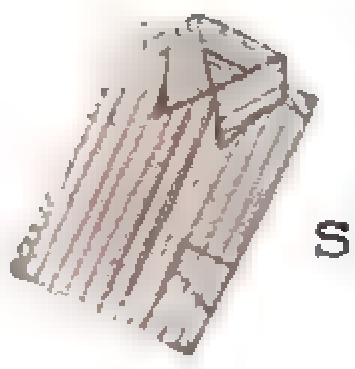
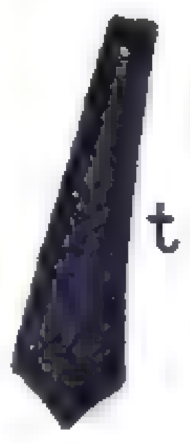
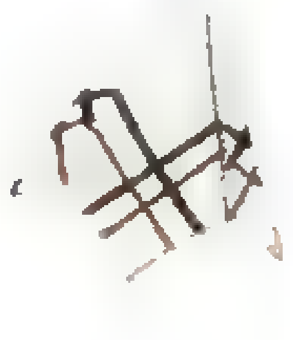


With gray suit

wear  shirt,

 tie, and 

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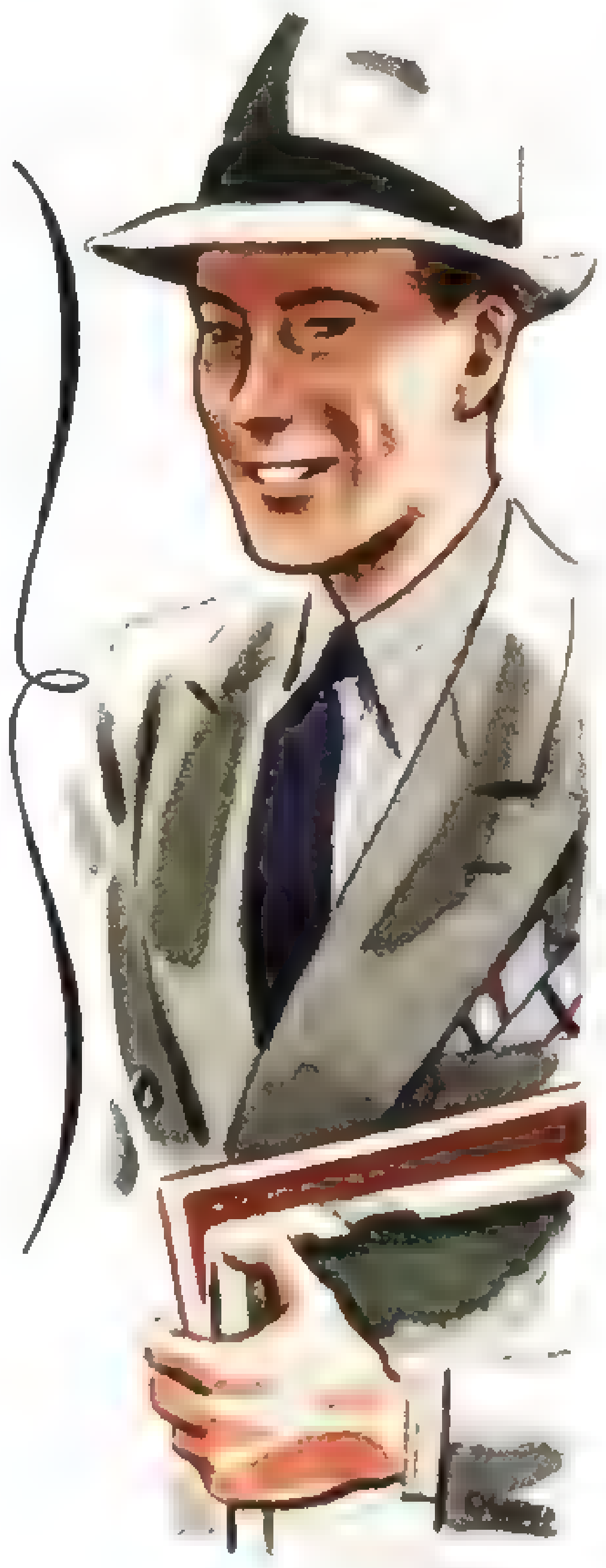
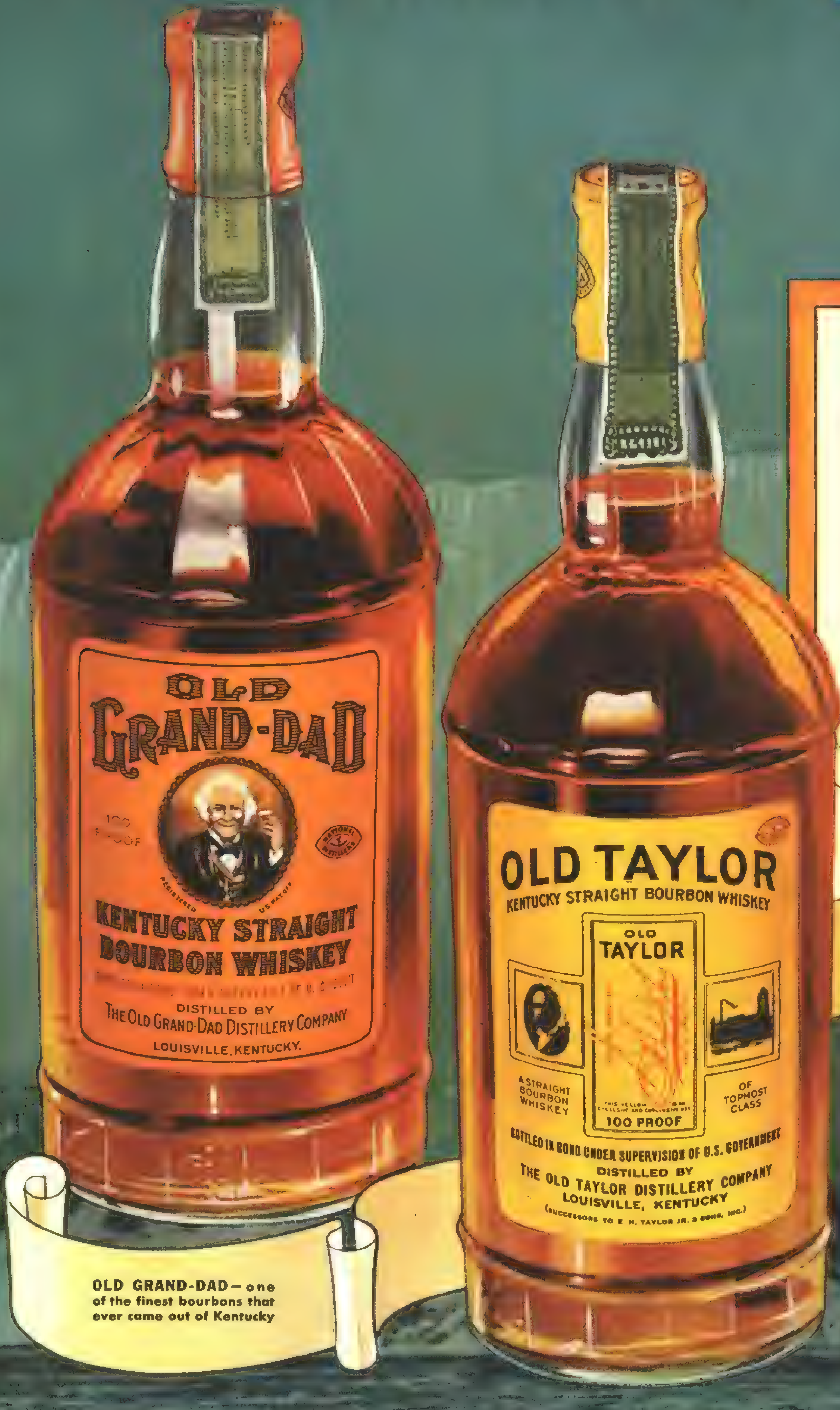


The combinations suggested above don't exhaust the possibilities. Try your own, if you prefer.

AMERICA'S FOUR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LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OF TOPMOST CLASS
100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
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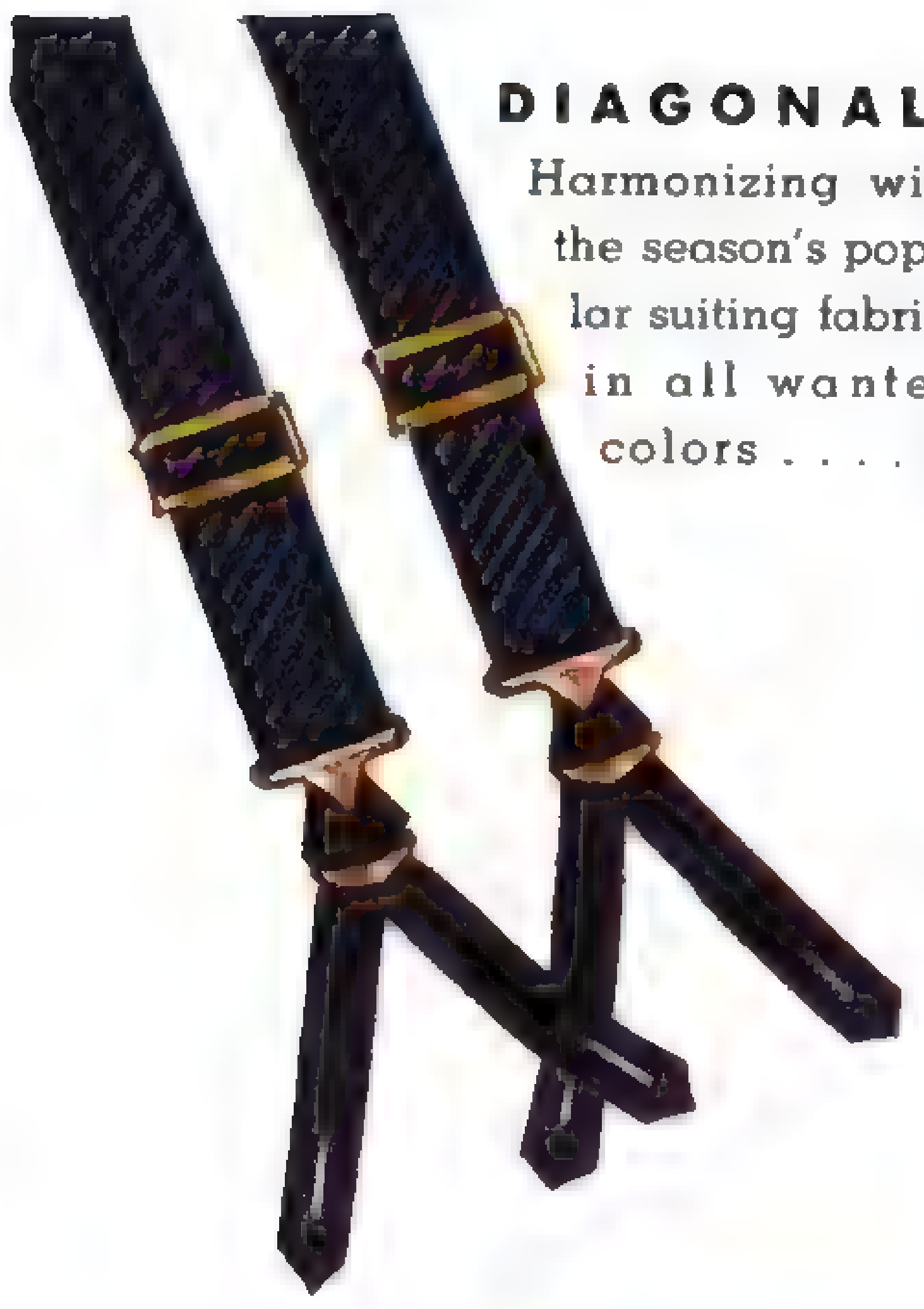

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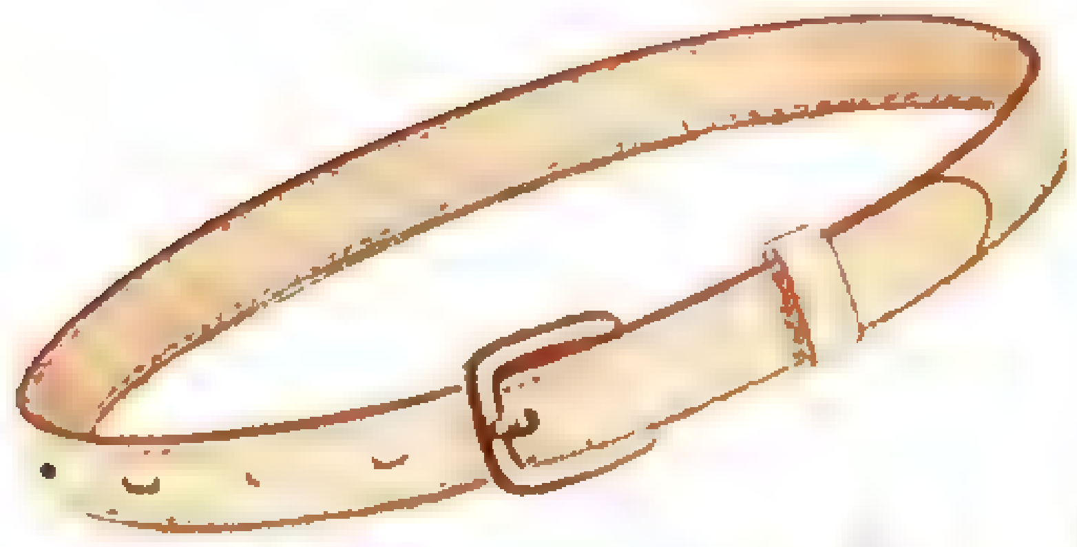

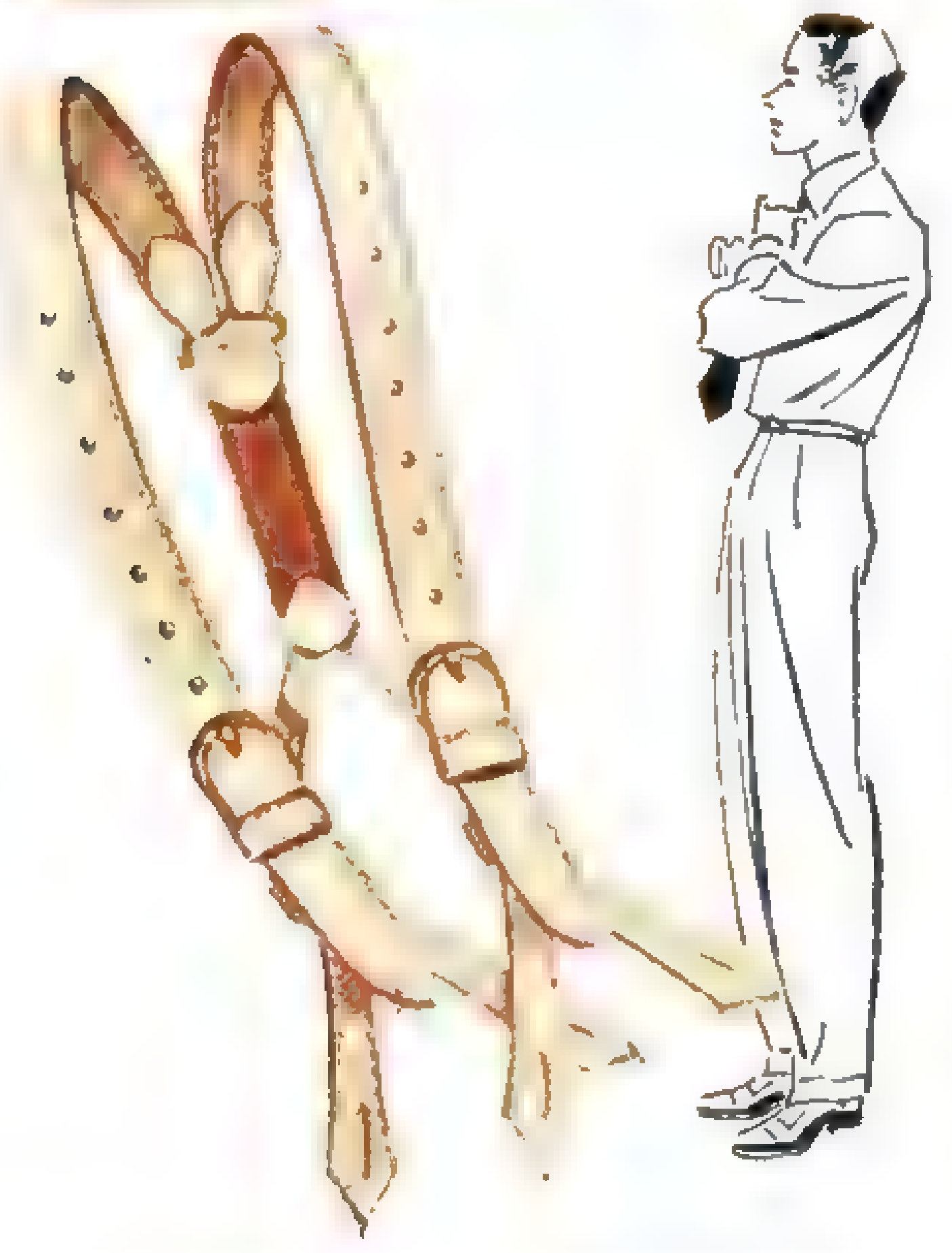

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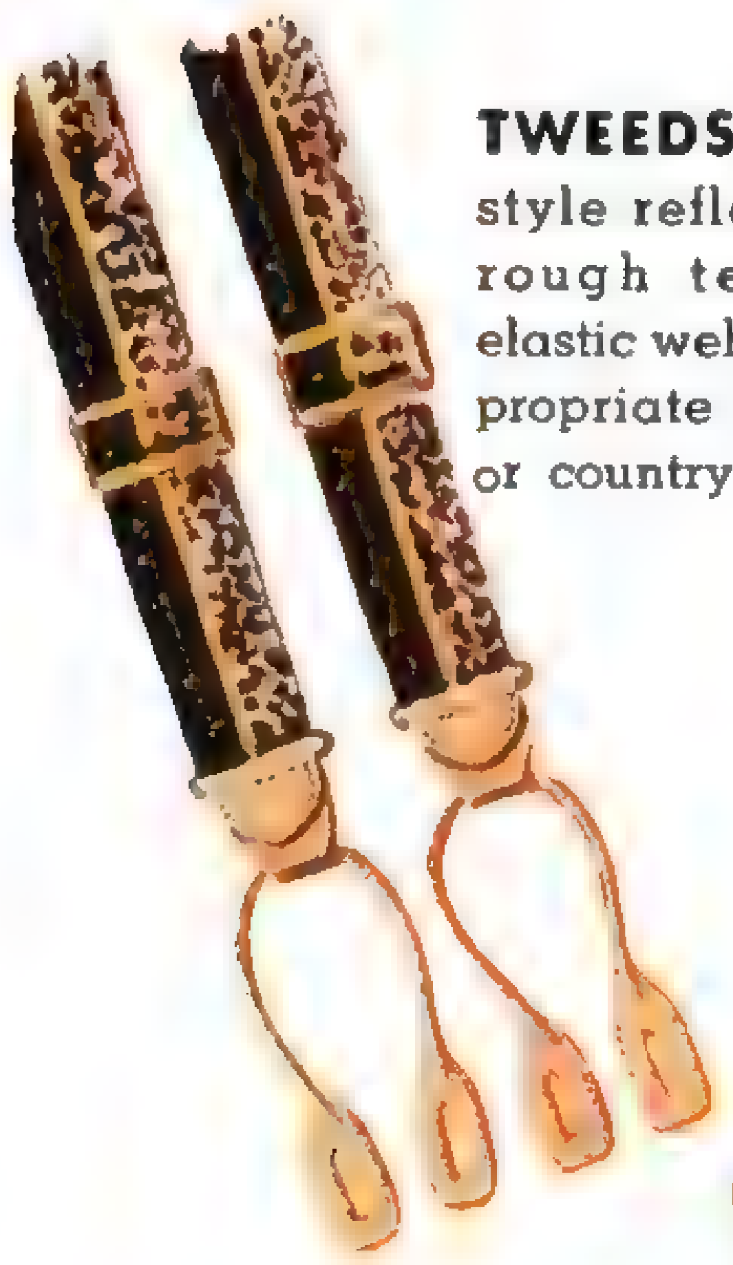

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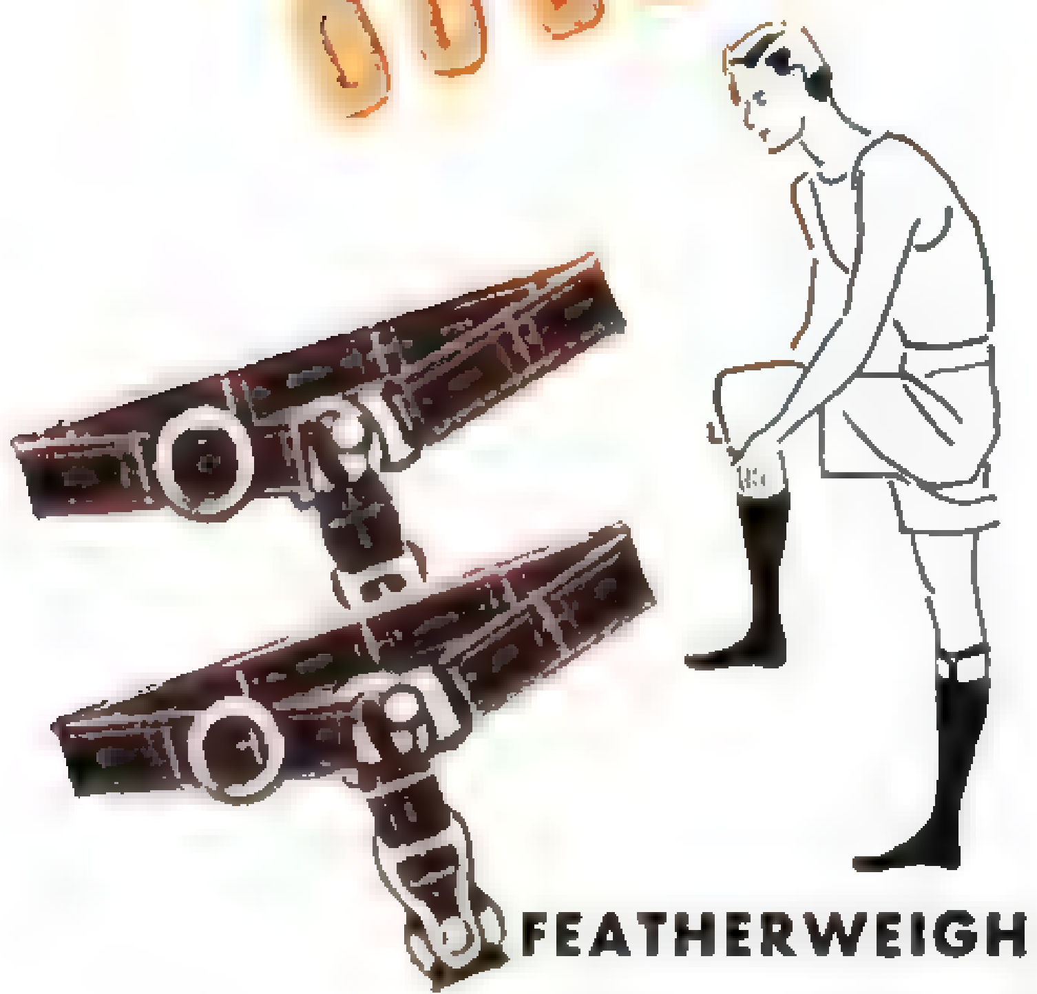

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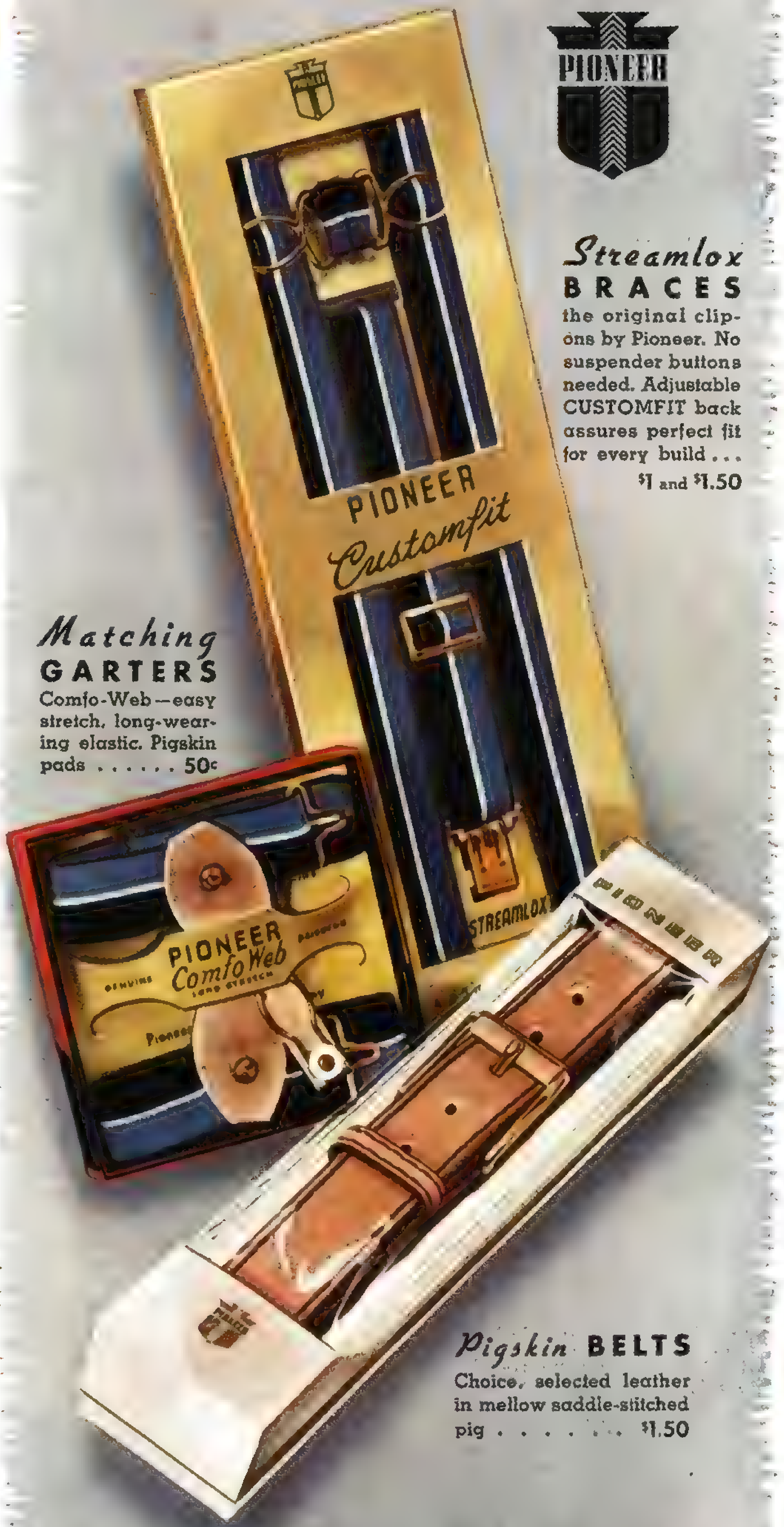

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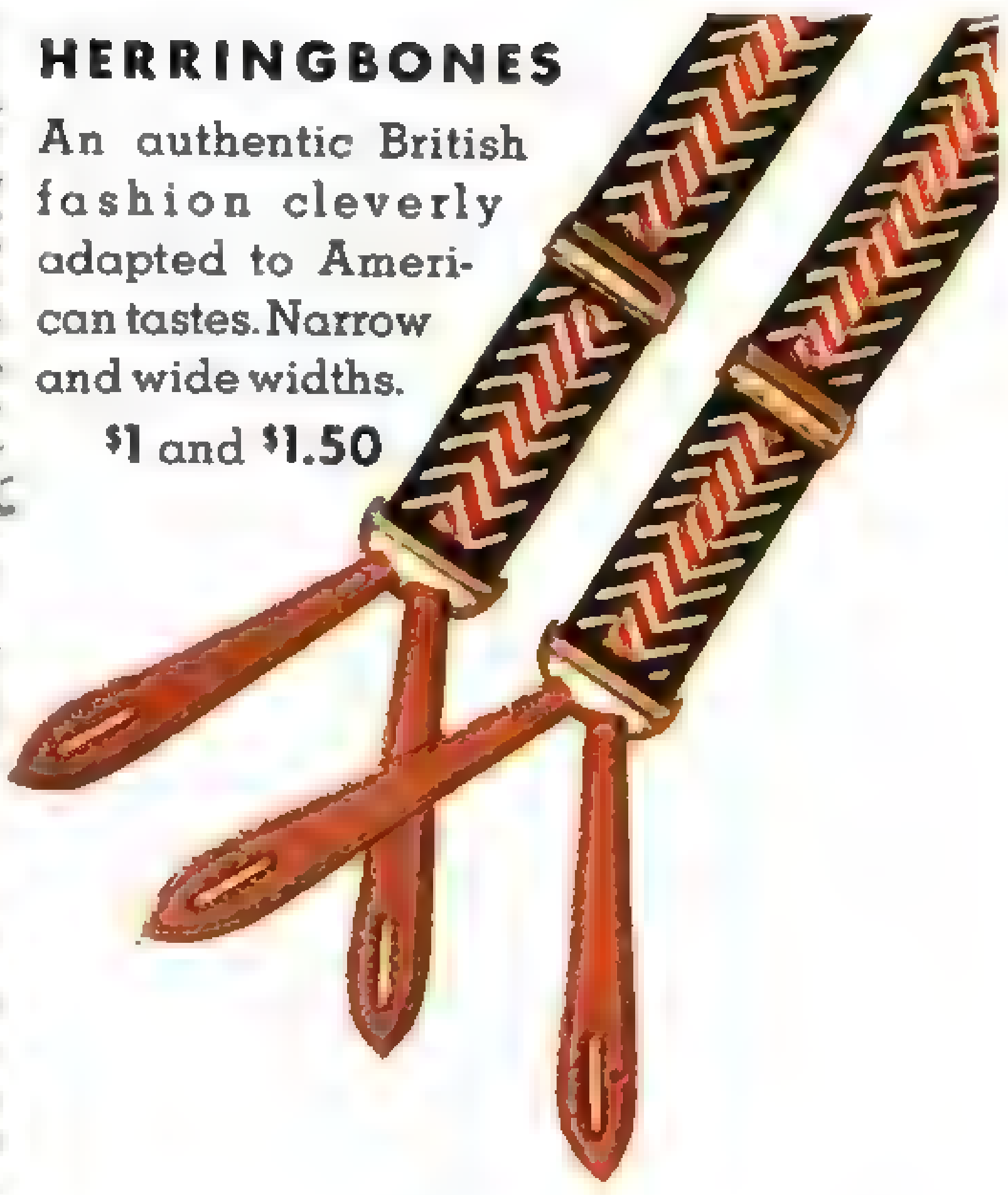

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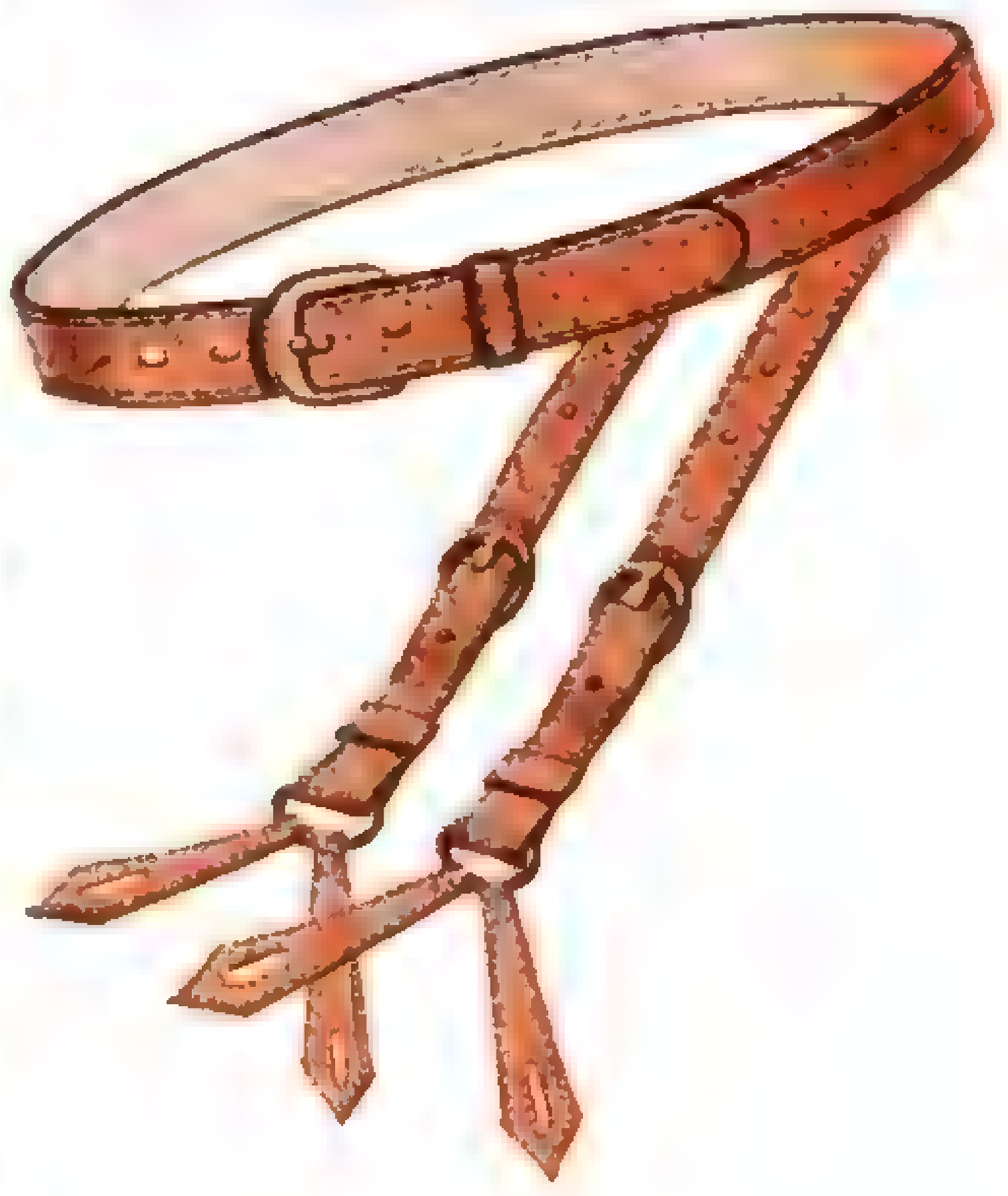

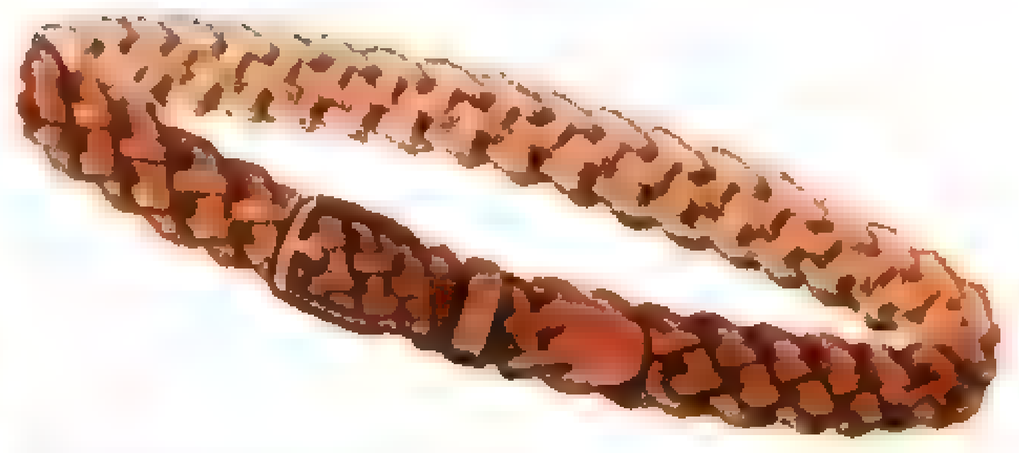

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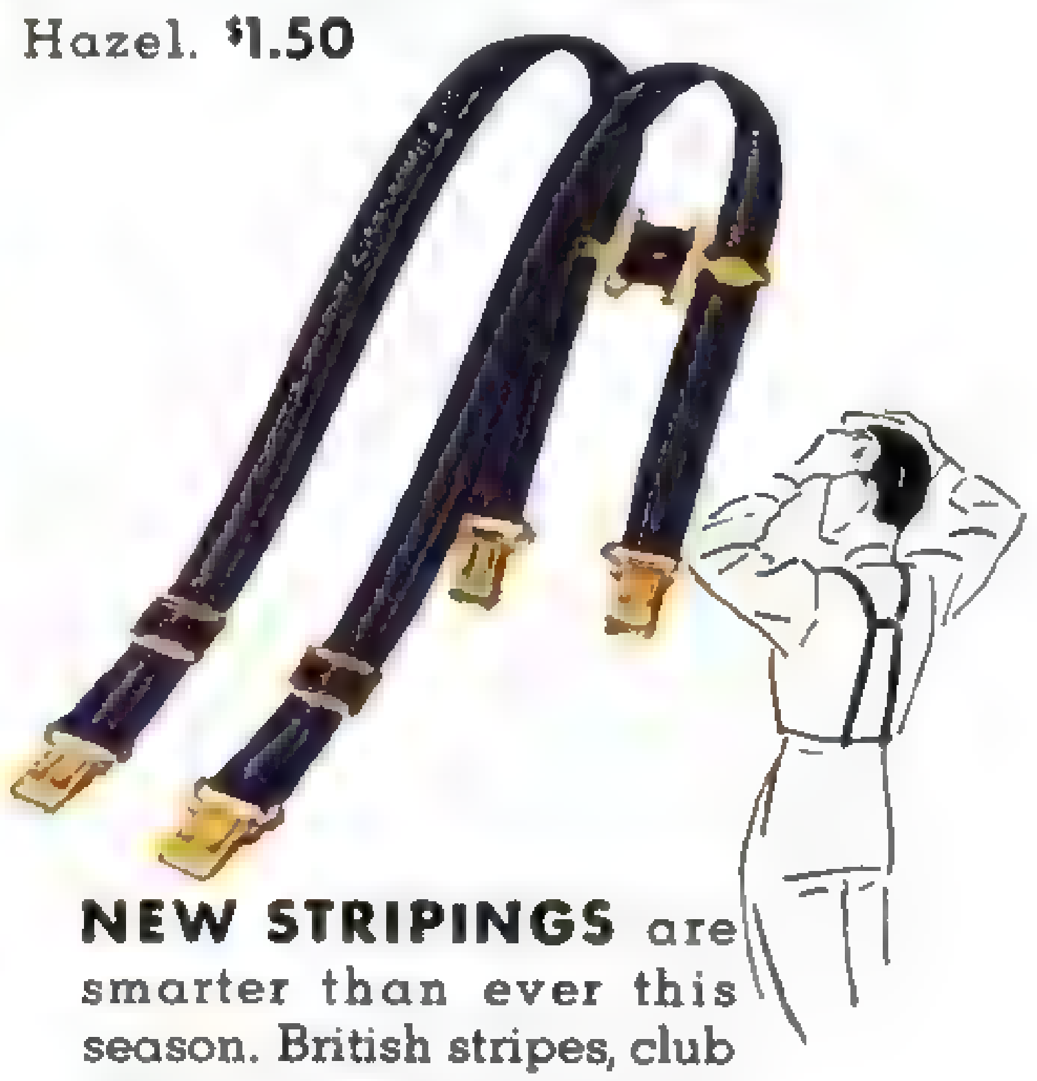

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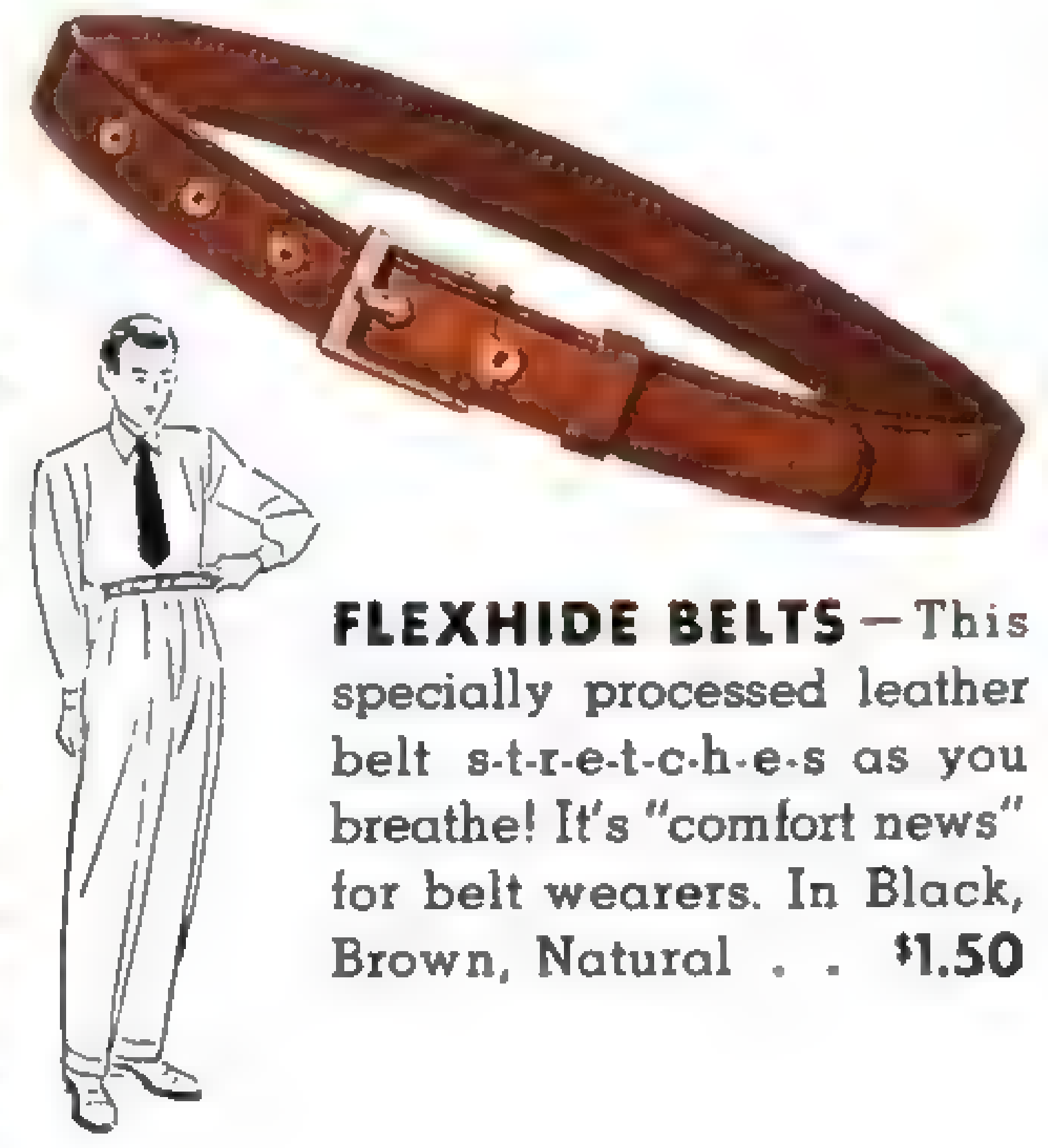

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PHILADELPHIA

Vanishing Americans

Continued from page 55

"Nickels an' dimes, nickels an' dimes," the holdup man at the end of the bar disgustedly exclaimed, "—chicken feed!" and he swept it indignantly to the floor. The man at the cash register, having peered into the till, reported thickly, "Four sump'n at least." They warned against anyone's moving for ten minutes, and were gone.

There was a lot of good-natured horseplay on the floor then, those on top of the heap not letting the bottom ones up. But soon they were all ferreting in the sawdust on the front side, searching for the money they'd cached there. Customers bewailed losses of colossal amounts of money so that whatever they found they might keep; and drinks were on the house for the rest of the night, since nobody recovered as much as he claimed to have lost.

With the police Mickey's fiasco was worse. He simply refused to let them in, and by the time they had gone back to their flivver for tools and had forced the door open Mickey had shed his apron and put on his hat and coat and stood on the outside of the bar, one among many carefree customers. The red-faced sergeant and patrolman were furious. "Where's the bartender?"

"Ain't none."

"Who's boss here?"

"Dunno . . . They ain't no boss . . . Musta wen' out."

"Line up you guys against the wall." The sergeant squeezed his tunicked girth between the men and the bar and walked down the whole line of them, and searched each man as he went. He walked back more slowly, his lips pursed, choosing, grunting a secret small tune under the pain of his concentration. His head was cast down sadly. It looked as though he were studying the feet. When he came to Mickey's he suddenly said "Got keys? Lemme see 'em." And he threw Mickey's keys to the cop who tried them in the door and called, "It fits, Sarge."

"C'mere, you." The sergeant pinched Mickey like a schoolboy by the ear, pulling him from a line of giggling schoolfellows. The sergeant was patient but firm. "*Still* he's not the bartender," he said to the patrolman, cocking his head resignedly toward Mickey. Then the sergeant hit Mickey in the eye.

"Or he ain't the boss too," the patrolman said, and he landed a huge bundle of knuckles on Mickey's nose. "Howja get the beer stains on your shoes if you ain't the bartender," he jeered—not for an answer, but to flatter the deductive cunning of his superior.

"Wait." Tolerantly the sergeant interrupted him. "You men get outta here."

Mickey kept denying everything. As we went down the hall and out we still heard them. "Not the bartender. He's not the bartender." It was the fat old sergeant, in the strained way a man talks during stiff bodily exertion; and the patrolman's voice repeating in the same emphatic way, "You ain't the boss, hey? So you ain't the boss."

This didn't impose long on Mickey, however. Within five minutes he must have said "yes" and begun to insist that he was, for soon he came out into the lamplit street between the two police—and when Mickey saw us he made a beautiful statement as the cops bundled him into their car.

"Pinched!" he yelled. As if we didn't know. Somebody telephoned Frank, who telephoned a bondsman, who got Mickey out. Frank was a power in his parish and neighborhood. People came to him with their troubles. He could get the ear of the district leader. He fixed a ticket, shaded a fine, helped "chill the rap" for a first offender, and as Frank voted so voted his clientele. Frank was a Tammany man.

He enjoyed a better income than his customers did. He lived in a better house (the newest remodeled tenement around, with a canopy awning out front, an elevator, mechanical icebox, and Venetian blinds on outside windows), and he made about a hundred dollars a week and he spent it. He had a doubled fist but no grasping palm. Frank was one of the lordly poor, boasting a gallantry that was ruinous. If you put silver on the bar to pay for a drink he'd ignore it; he'd assume you were broke and leave it in front of you all evening so that you wouldn't lose face. Sometimes he marked down what he figured you drank in a book and you paid him when you mentioned the account—he wouldn't bring the matter up himself. But if you put down a five- or a ten-dollar bill he'd ring up the whole thing at once and you'd never see any part of it again unless you wanted to borrow a multiple, sub or super, of your snatched money. He'd leave the cash register drawer open, fold the bill into an airplane the way schoolboys do with copy paper, and sail it gracefully right smack into the till. As often as not he had to stoop to pick it up and put it in, of course, but in either event if the customer demanded to know what had happened to his four-fifty, or nine-, or nineteen-fifty in change Frank used to say "I charge that much to do the trick," and sometimes he got away with it. In the till besides money he kept a deck of cards, dice, old subpoenas, rubber bands, buttons, string, and filthy pictures. His collection of ribald whiskey-bottle labels was pretty good: "Tiger Milk," "Panther Punch," "Rot Gut," fittingly designed, which he'd sell to daring tipplers on demand.

You had a choice of nine drinks at Frank's. (You had beer or a hooker of straight rye neat, or a hooker of rye with beer or seltzer or tap water for a chaser; or a rye highball mixed with tap water, ginger ale, or seltzer. The straight rye to be bolted down without

Continued on page 112

THE COACHER
RAINCOAT
perfection in protection

Men who are prominent socially and in business wear the Galecoat Coacher by Alligator...which is more than a raincoat, it's a fashion. Inspired by the model worn by the members of London's famous Coaching Club, it has that casual ease, smartness and comfort that well dressed men demand. Fly front, 85" sweep and ticket pocket. In grey or white water-repellent Galecloth, $18.50. Other single and double breasted models in tan, brown or blue, $15.75 and $18.50.

ALLIGATOR COACHER Same style in semi-transparent, water-proof Alligator fabric in deep sea or blue, $10.50. Other single and double breasted models in deep sea, navy, brown, grey, dark green or black, from $5.75 to $15.75...*available at all better stores.*

THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MO.
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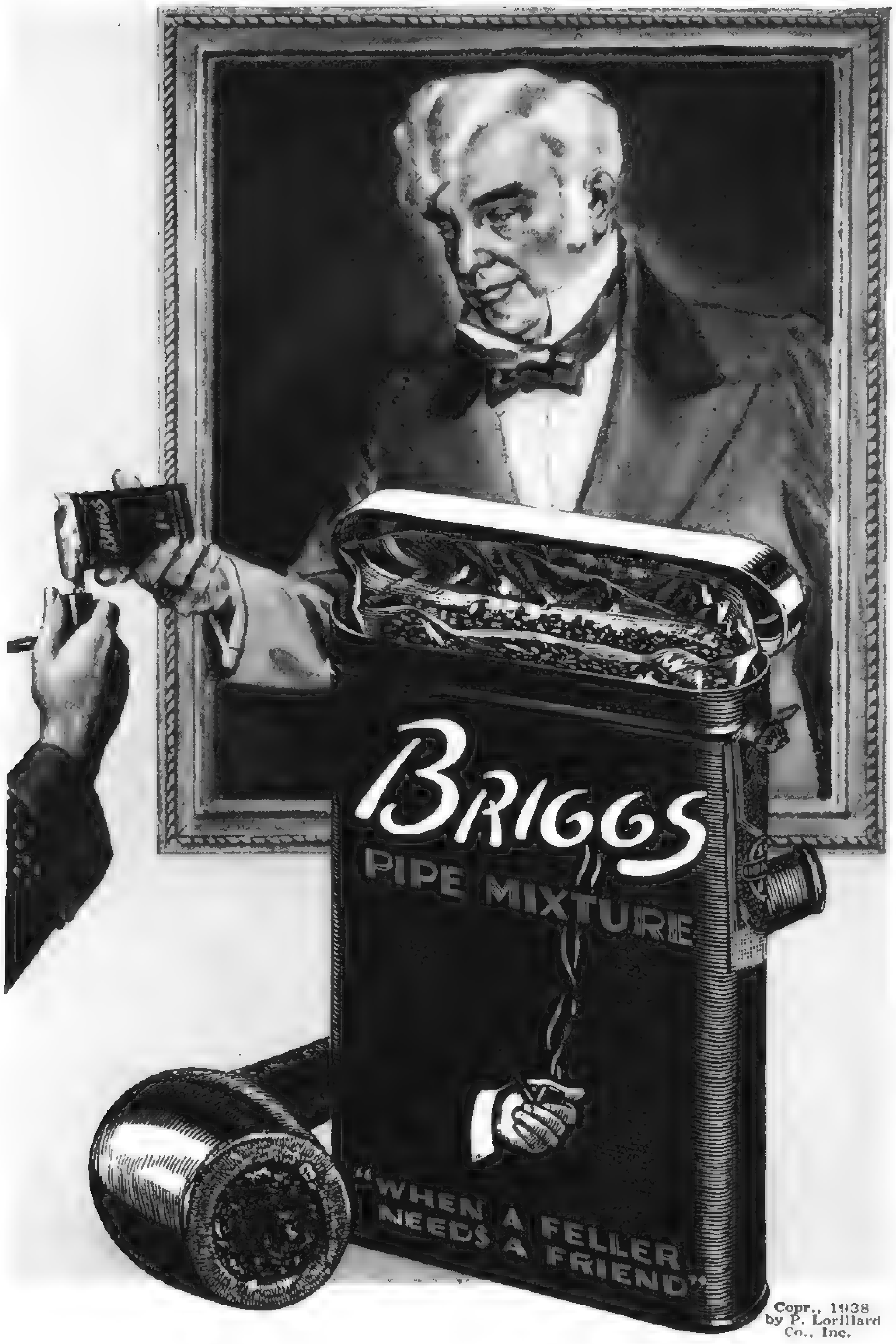
BRIGGS
PIPE MIXTURE
"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND"
Copr., 1938 by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

It takes AGE to give you True Mellowness in Pipe Tobacco!

A long, long slumber, in venerable casks of oak, brings BRIGGS to you... with mellowness all its own!

WHEN it comes to seasoning a man's judgment, aging a wine, or mellowing fine tobacco... no one has ever found a substitute for time.

That is why men of seasoned judgment are often won at first pipeful by Briggs seasoned tobacco. For only time holds the answer to the deeply rich flavor, the completely suave mildness of Briggs Tobacco.

Of course, the tobaccos that go into Briggs are choice to start with. The prime leaves, the blue ribbon crops, those tobacco riches Briggs hoards like a miser, mellowing them in oaken casks, extra long for extra flavor. Aging them with more pampering patience than is given to many private blends selling at much higher prices.

At 15 cents a tin... you'll find the rare flavor and the day-long mildness of Briggs both an adventure in enjoyment and a real discovery in economy.

CASK MELLOWED... *Extra Long for Extra Flavor*

Vanishing Americans

Continued from pages 55-111

chaser was the test of a man and a great favorite. They called it a "powder"—although to "take a powder" meant also to blow, to beat it, to scram.) A hooker of rye with a chaser in a side glass to wash it down was known as a "ball," the closest Frank's patrons approached the effete highball. For ladies Frank made an effort to keep on hand a bottle of gin. He'd find a lemon, sugar, a bottle of sticky cherries and maybe a lime, and he could mix a rather foul drink with these simple ingredients. It was the rule to shoo unsober ladies into the back room where Frank had four tables with chairs, green beaverboard partitions cutting it off from the speakeasy proper. There were buzzer signals to buzz for the waiter (who turned out to be staggering Mickey, minus a hat, with an apron wound over his overcoat), and two enormous lobby display photographs tacked onto the walls. One was of the late Pearl White with a rose in her teeth; the other was the late Wallace Reid, at the wheel of a racing car, cheerfully waving.

Frank was pretty ruthless in his own defense. He had perforce to treat neighborhood cops with a gruff minimal courtesy because his illicit business was carried on within their precinct. But for policemen drifting in from other parts of the city, as they did in those days to cadge a night's drinks under the prestige or intimidation of their uniform, Frank had small patience, no mercy, and a technique rife with brutal humor. These were prime candidates for Frank's "Croton Special," which consisted of a whiskey or a beer or whatever they might have been drinking bolstered with a charge of Croton oil, one of the more drastic purges known to medicine. Once this was administered, and all doors locked against the victim's discomfiture, Frank could afford to smile; he could and did guffaw.

Still I have seen Mickey wolf down three Croton Specials in a row and call for more. The first was accidental when he filched a cop's drink; the others Frank, noticing this, fed him in wonderment.

In his calling Frank lived beyond the law, and had to furnish his own protection. Frank was that. He said a tough little man is better than a tough big one—especially in a bar room—because the big man is ponderous and the little man quick. But Frank's brain was keener than the competition it got, and that's what frightened the bullies: that's what enabled Frank to bully them. His boon-most companions wouldn't have hesitated to tear the place to splinters if Frank let them. Although he told you that the secret lay in keeping at all times "cool, calm and collective" and probably believed it, he was spiteful, vindictive, quick-on-the-trigger and proud and touchy and would stop at nothing. But he seldom went the limit, for the reason that everyone knew Frank was ready and spoiling to go it. Despite his temper, his grudges didn't last long—he discharged them in action. There was Bobby O'Hara, bodyguard for a downtown racketeer, who stood six feet six in his shoes. When drunk he rarely lowered his unpleasant voice below a shout and Frank, having stomached his fill of O'Hara's posturings, invited him outside for a fight. They went into the booth of a gas station off Central Park West and demanded and got from the attendant the keys and locked the door, whereupon Frank beat O'Hara unconscious, crammed him upside down in a waste barrel, soaked him with crankcase oil, and left, tipping the attendant with a five-dollar bill.

O'Hara and Frank were pals ever after; it only meant that Frank was definitely boss. People talked, Frank's legend grew, and he was not above showing it off. He would give you a wink and stalk menacingly toward O'Hara. The towering strong-arm man would whine. "Cut it, ah, cutitout, Frank, willya!"

"Ah'll cut ya heart out, ya bastid," Frank would grin. And thereafter Bobby had to endure seltzer water in the face, an unexpected shower of potato chips, or a handful of pretzels crunched inside his collar with no more than the feeblest protest.

A fight broke out in Frank's place about almost anything at all. The score of a ball game, a spilled drink, having been called "Son of a bitch" with not quite the proper inflection, anything. Men want to live up to their estimates of themselves; and as intoxication mounts and the ego sufflates gloriously with alcohol, the personality soars into sun-spangled grandeur. The protocol among such Titans became involved.

Frank had a short way with disputants. His own fights he settled with speed and terrific aplomb. When two customers fought, Frank vaulted the bar and beat them both until in common grievance they patched together a hasty peace and Frank went back to bartending.

Frank liked us, me and my friends, who came down to his blasphemous little den from the University on the hill. He was proud a little to know us because we were "college men," and we were proud to know a man like Frank because he wasn't. Not that that made for any barrier or reticence on anybody's part. It was us and Frank and the customers: not us, and then the customers and Frank.

Our knowledge was drafted to settle certain weighty disputes. What is the sky? Who is Nicholas Murray Butler and how much does he get for it? Do Jews believe in God? Can you spell antidisestablishmentarianism? Is a guy dead when he stops breathing? Which is heavier: a ton of feathers or a ton of lead? Our verdict didn't count for much, either in fact or

Continued at top of page 114

Smartest Play of the Season!

And it's your smartest play to wear *Underalls* by *Munsingwear* at football games, motoring and right on through the Winter sports season. They're the choice of active sportsmen. Knitted to fit like your skin, they go *with* every move you make, without binding or catching. And there are no gaps to let drafts through. Choose all-cotton, part-wool (25%) or silk-and-wool fabrics. *Underalls* are the modern idea in men's underwear.

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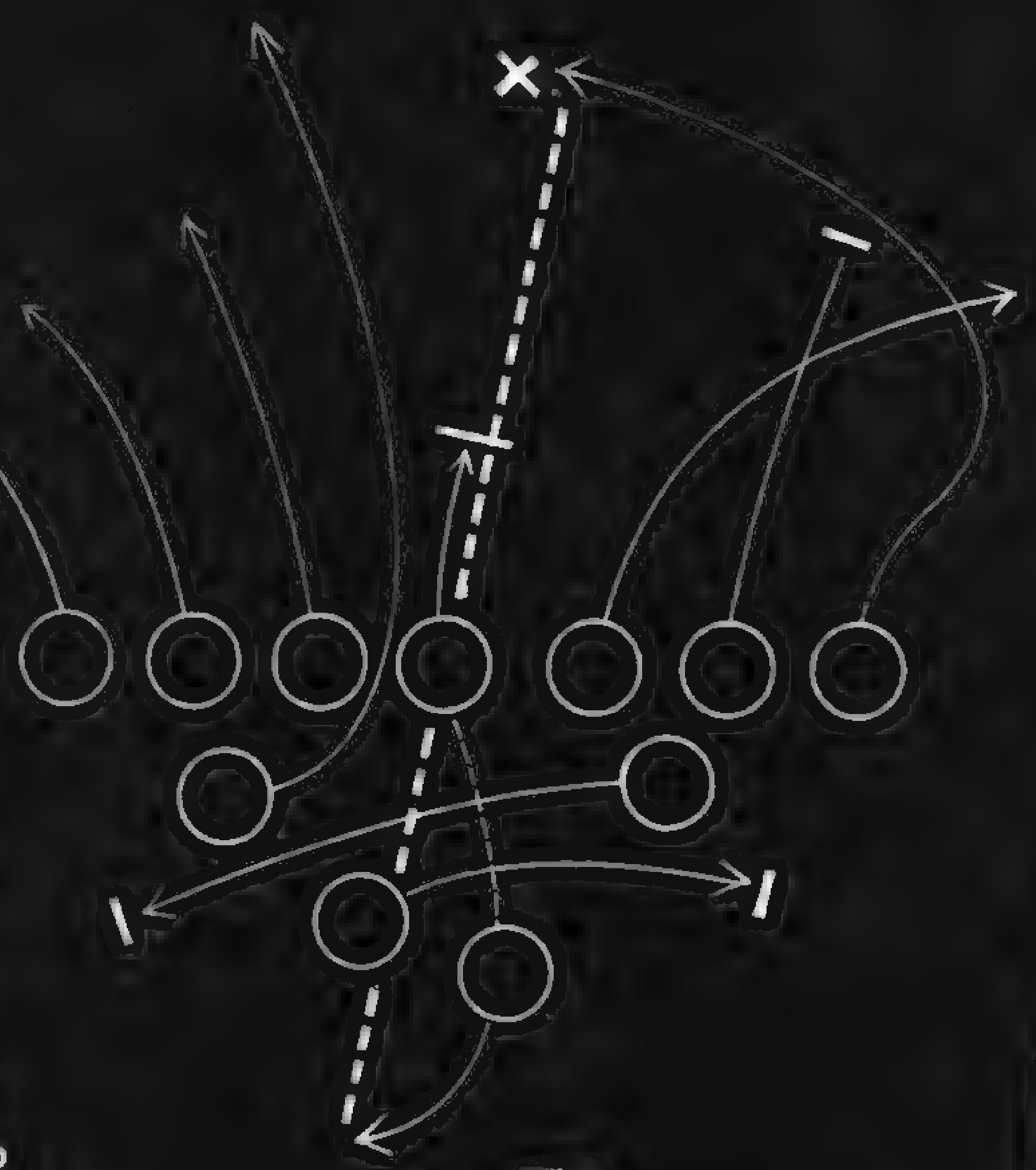
Knee-length knitted underpants worn with knitted crew-neck, wing-sleeved shirt. Pants have elastic waist band. Shirt **50c** to **$1.00** Pants **75c** to **$1.25**



Knitted crew-neck shirt with wing sleeves worn with three-quarter length, knitted underpants finished with elastic waist band. Shirt **75c** to **$1.50** Underpants **75c** to **$1.50**

Knitted crew-neck, wing-sleeved shirt worn with knitted shorts . . . elastic waist band and leg-hem. Shirt **50c** to **$1.00** Shorts **50c** to **$1.00**

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enjoyment and Autumn Entertaining:

SHERRIES (Alcoholic Content 20% by volume)

Harvey's "Dry"—A light-bodied, non-sweet sherry—perfect before dining and with the fish course.

Harvey's "Shooting"—medium sweet, full-bodied An all-occasion sherry.

Harvey's "Bristol Cream"—choicest full pale...rich, soft. One of the world's great sherries—especially superb after dining.

PORTS (Alcohol 20% by volume)

Harvey's "Gold Cap"—Fine old ruby. A port for every occasion.

Harvey's "Hunting"—a very fine, soft tawny, ideal for the after-dinner port.

Imported Exclusively by
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Vanishing Americans

Continued from pages 55-111-112

in the saloon. "S'wunnerful, to have an education," the debater holding our side would approve. But the other, chagrined, would blast us for numbskulls and call his adversary an unspeakable dope to consider our answer proved anything more than that we were wasting our time up at school.

Frank didn't think so. He left Mickey Fitzpatrick in charge of his place the day we graduated and came up to school to see us do it. He poo-pooed the idea, but he showed up. And I found it good to sit watching Frank as he took in Doctor Butler and Dean Hawkes, the mortar boards and gowns and the Bachelors' addresses, with the implicit absorbed and simple devotion with which he'd attend solemn High Mass.

Afterwards he came to the Deke house, his pockets bulging with flasks of "Old Overholt." And he was so pleased with this that I had a fraternity pin engraved with his name under the cryptic letters: Pi Rho Iota Kappa Omega, with which he never tired impressing the people who came into his speakeasy.

I told him a good Deke wears his badge at all times; and Frank, when he first got it, used to hold it in his fist when he took a shower, perhaps still sleeps with it pinned to his underwear. His wife complained that it scratched. Frank refused to take the pin off, told her she didn't understand what it means. He claimed he was "a Deke from Colgate," but he varied this according to his fickle choice in basketball teams. Frank hated to come from a losing college.

"Colgate? You crazy bastid," his wife said, "when're you at Colgate? You don't even brush your teeth! Next if you come home in a freshman cap, I'll divorce you." ⵌ

How to Publicize a Football Team

Continued from page 57

natural football prospect to come along since Jim Thorpe."

In ensuing paragraphs we learn how Higgins has been running roughshod through the varsity and finally has been elevated to a starting position, and we are further reminded that he would still be just a quoit-heaver if it hadn't been for Bormer's uncanny knack at sizing up inherent talent. Yes, things look mighty tough for Kindlewood's opponents, and mighty good for the Emerald Earthquake's gate receipts—and for Augustus Shrank's job next year.

He continues to unload "papers please copy" material, some bullish, some bearish, and finally the season gets under way, and Kindlewood wins its opening game with Blissful State by 47-0. Unfortunately Panther-Paws Higgins isn't so hot, fumbling three times and only making two and a half yards from scrimmage in eleven tries, but a veteran senior named Joe ("Rhino") Gribinelli, makes four touchdowns and flattens every enemy play that comes in his direction. This, of course, gives Shrank an opening for the Director of Public Relations' favorite story—the intimate picture of the All-American candidate. The yarn can take several forms such as the low-down on Gribinelli's favorite off-field pastimes (muskrat-raising and stamp-collecting), the inside on how Rhino keeps in condition in the summertime (by peeling potatoes at an R. O. T. C. camp), or a number story.

The number story is one of the nicest of all stories to write and to read. Almost every athlete has a favorite lucky number. And if he hasn't, it's a lousy director of public relations that can't assign him one. Mr. Shrank is by no means lousy as the following will attest: "Joe ('Rhino') Gribinelli, ace Emerald Earthquake back who appears headed for a certain All-American berth, always carries six pennies in his pocket when he takes the field for old Kindlewood. He is certain that the number six can bring him nothing but good fortune. It was in the sixth game of the 1936 season that Joe first got into a varsity contest, and proceeded to score a touchdown or six points. This year the number seems almost more prevalent in the slashing back's career. On Saturday he got up at six, ate six apples for breakfast, and scored a touchdown in the sixth minute of play. He made runs of sixteen, thirty-six, fifty-six, and sixty yards, and his four touchdowns added to twenty-four points. Add those digits, two and four, and up comes Rhino's lucky six. Just to put a clincher on it, Joe has just turned twenty-six and is taking his favorite course, Geology 6, for the sixth time."

And there, gentlemen, you have it. Mr. Shrank continues throughout the season to do his duty manfully. After all doesn't his material, either in the original or rehashed by the sports writers of the country, make better reading than what the bankers say about F. D. R. or how many heads got clonked in a steel strike or who's waging the latest undeclared war in Europe or Asia? The answer is an emphatic yes.

And doesn't Augustus Shrank help Kindlewood to draw 417,923 cash customers in seven home games? And doesn't that mean that Kindlewood can go ahead and put in eighteen more squash courts and a new swimming pool and a thirty-six hole golf course and a couple of archery ranges for the co-eds? And isn't exercise like squash and swimming and golf and arrow-shooting the finest thing in the world for growing young men and women? So that's that. ⵌ

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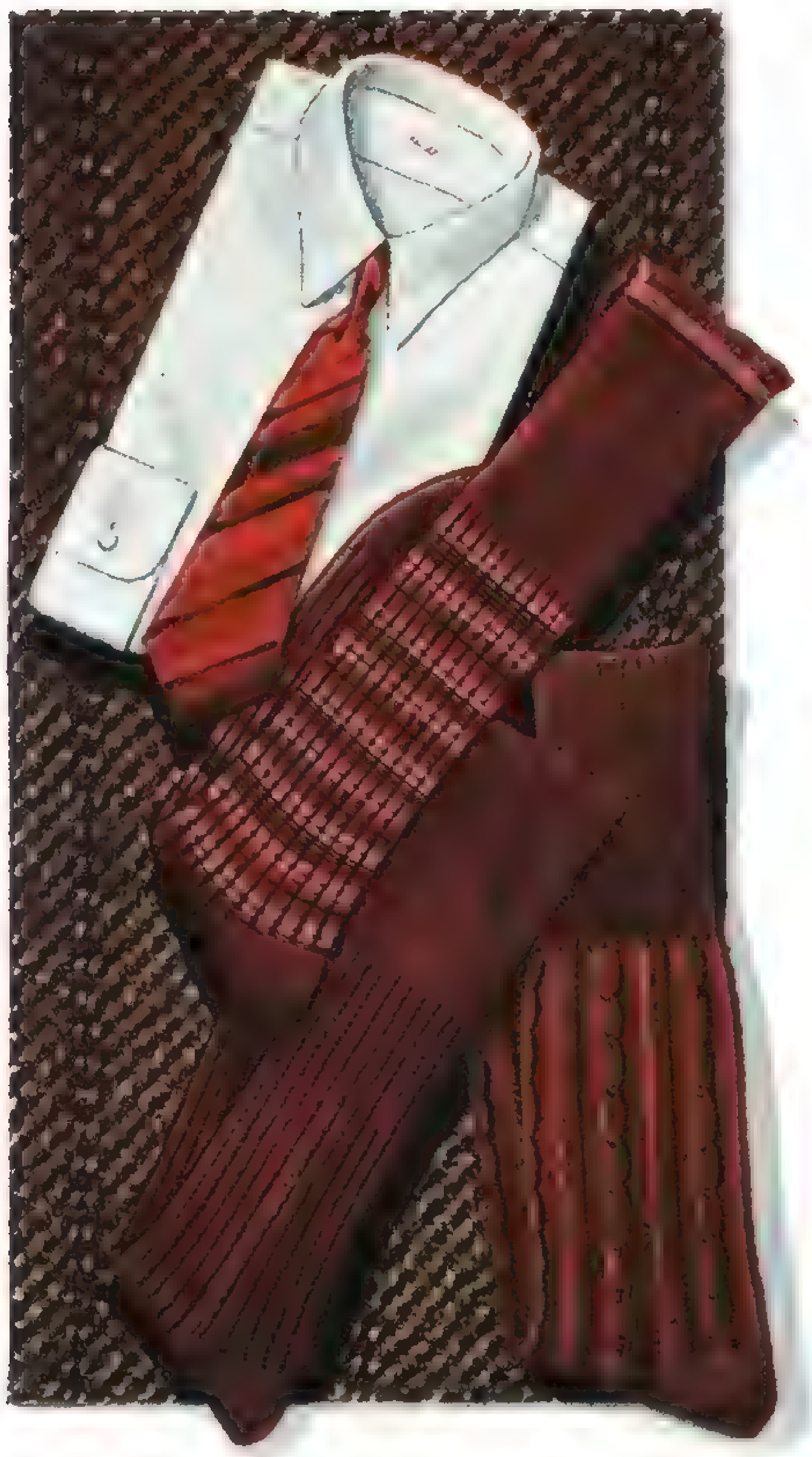
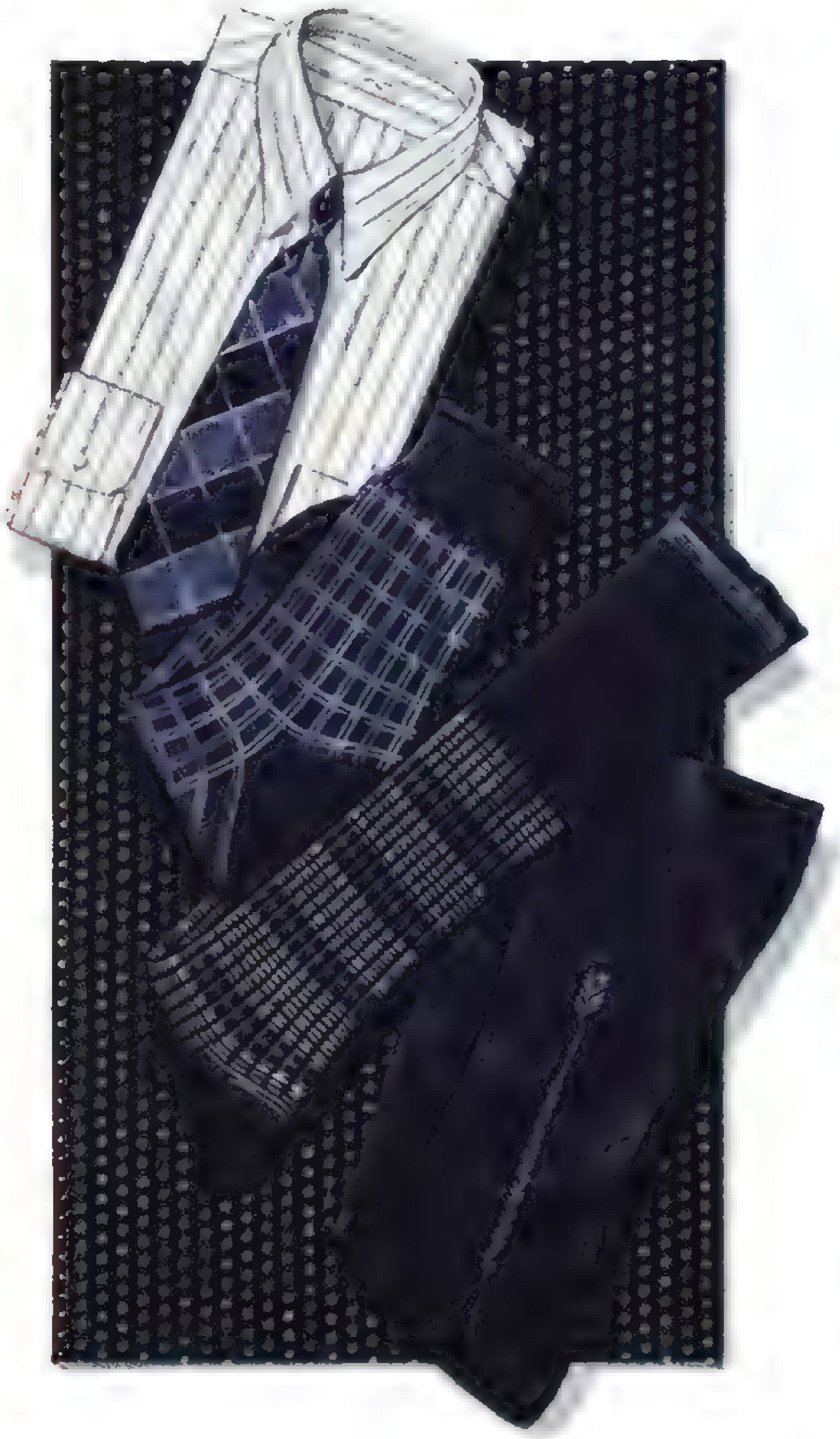
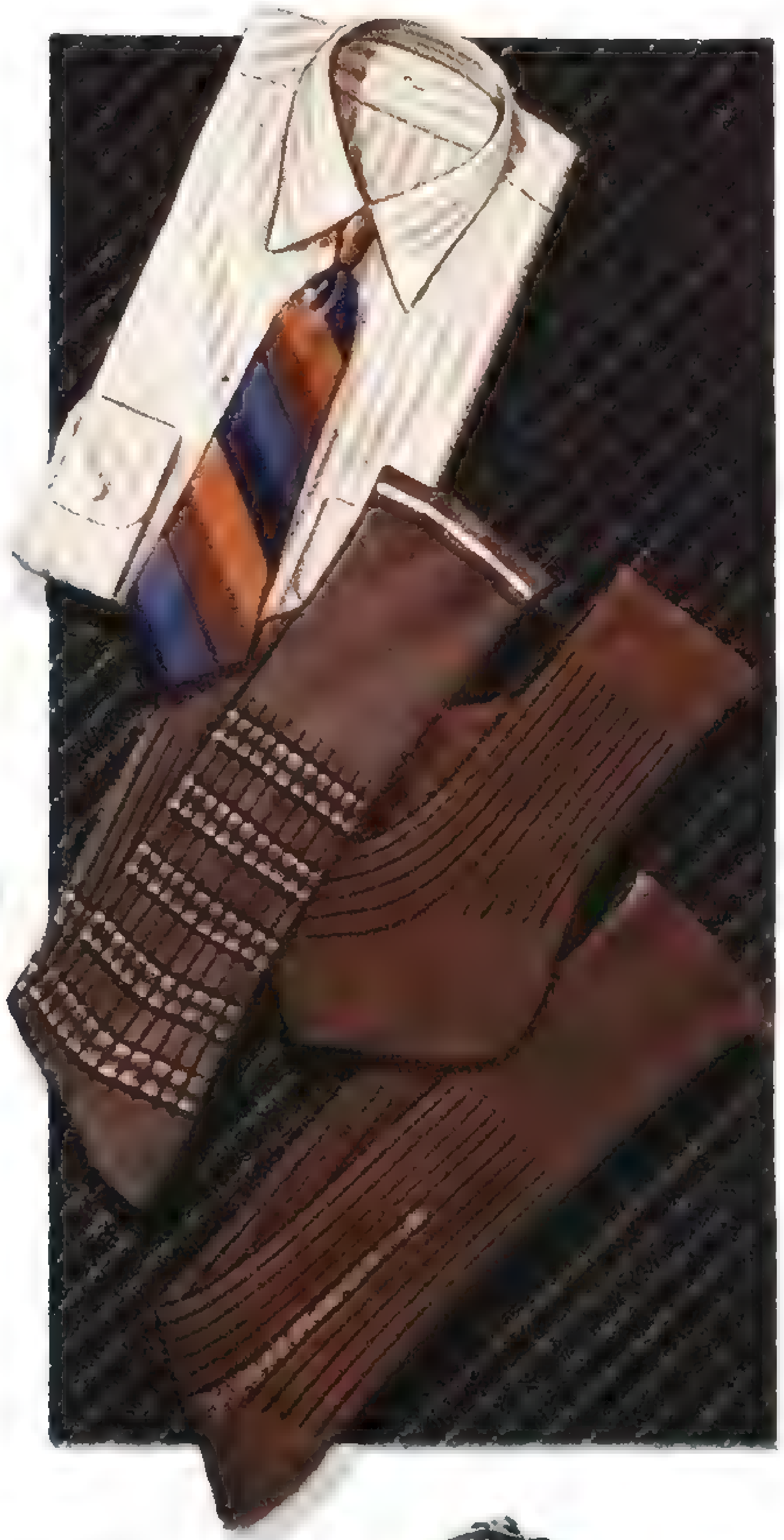
with Realsilk's new



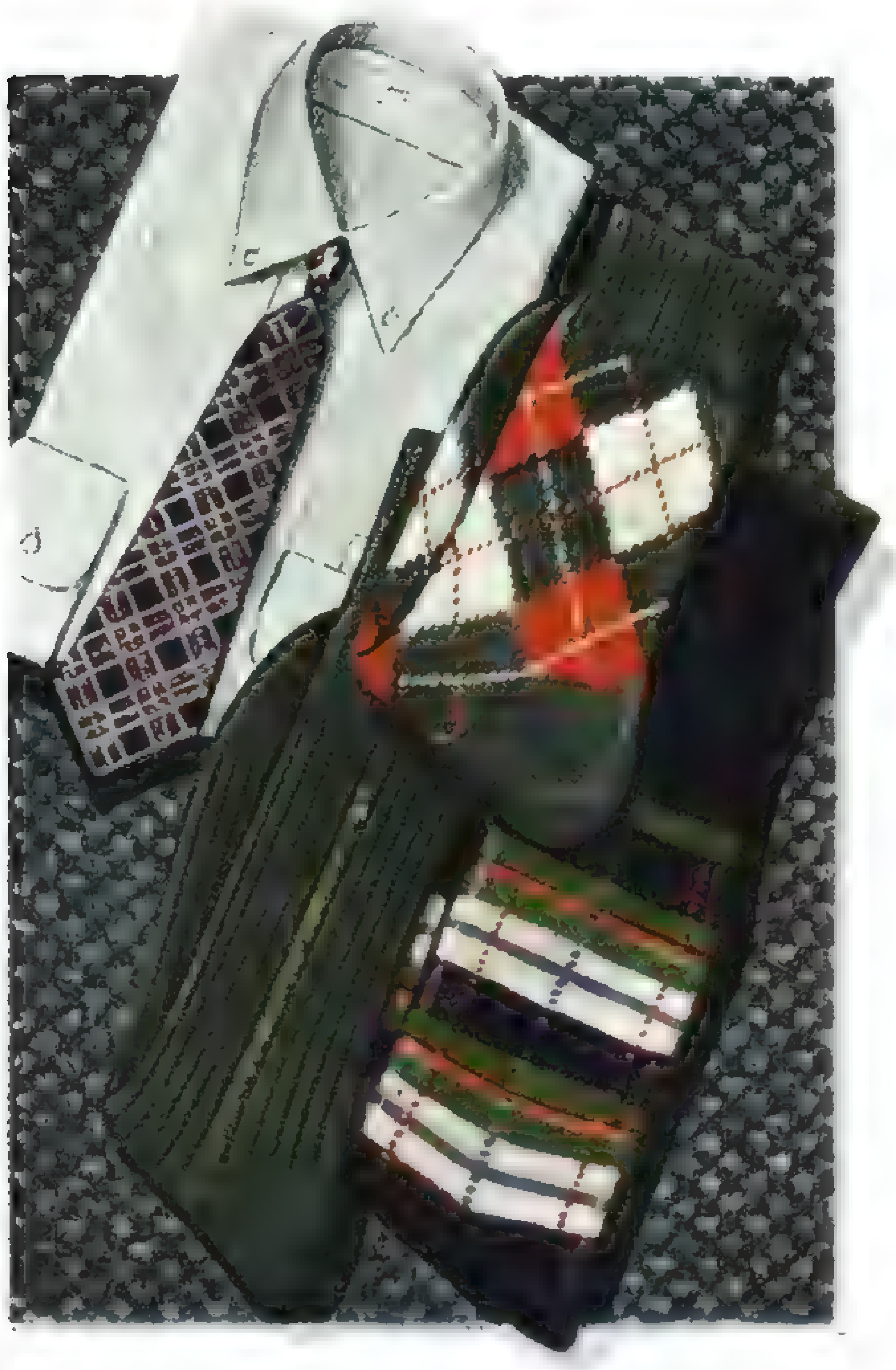
RED-BROWN ENSEMBLE—*6x3 ribbed Realsilk lisles in wine, fancy or clocked, (or brown and maroon full-length "Maines") teamed with Zephyr Cloth shirt and French-type faille tie.*



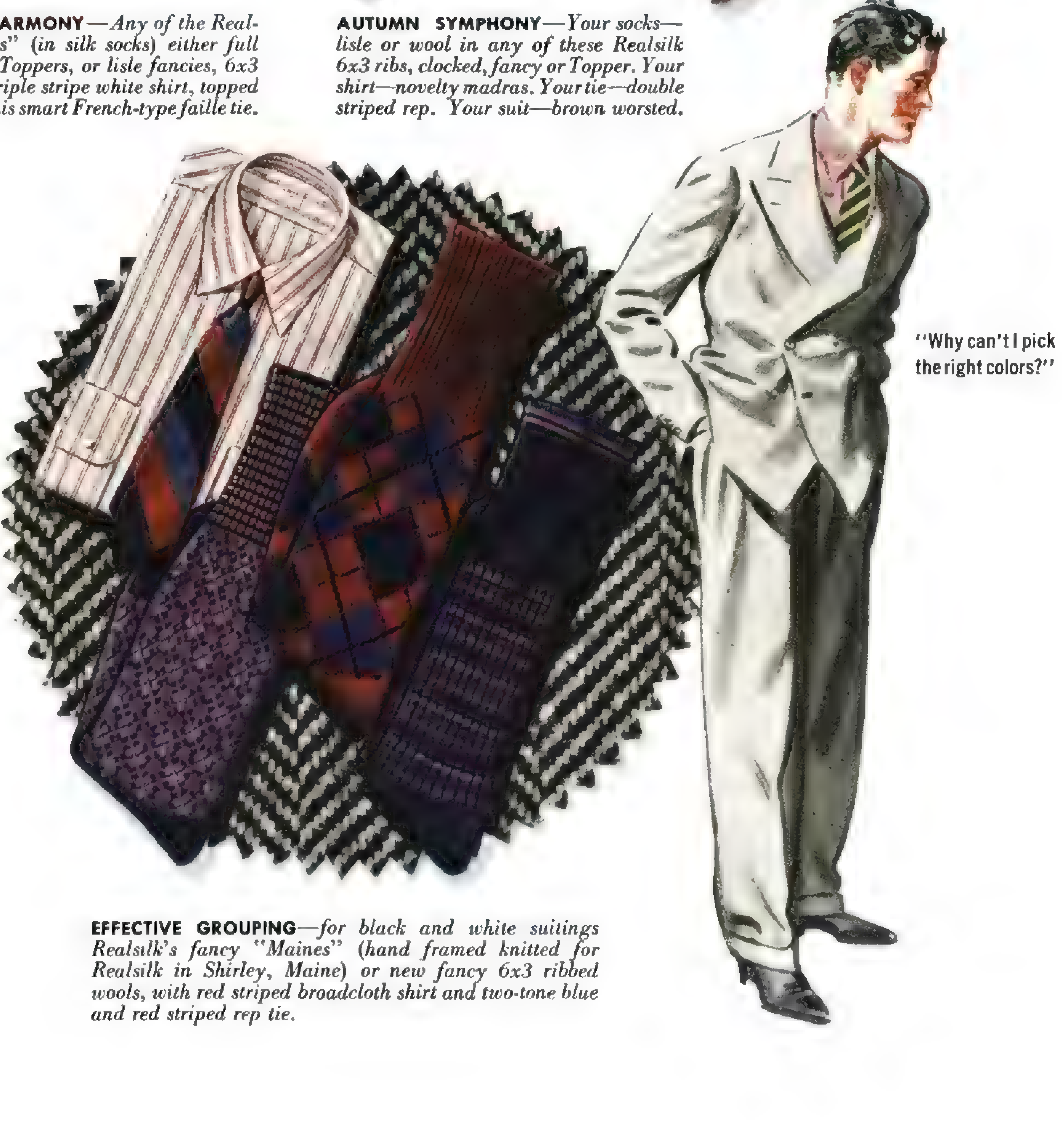
HERE'S HARMONY—*Any of the Realsilk "blues" (in silk socks) either full length or Toppers, or lisle fancies, 6x3 rib, blue triple stripe white shirt, topped off with this smart French-type faille tie.*



AUTUMN SYMPHONY—*Your socks—lisle or wool in any of these Realsilk 6x3 ribs, clocked, fancy or Topper. Your shirt—novelty madras. Your tie—double striped rep. Your suit—brown worsted.*



MIGHTY "ENGLISH"—*this combination of rugged Realsilk wool ("Maines" and "Scotsox") and new silk-and-wool 6x3 rib socks, sports flannel shirt in grey, and blue Tartan tweed tie. Good if suit's rough Cheviot.*

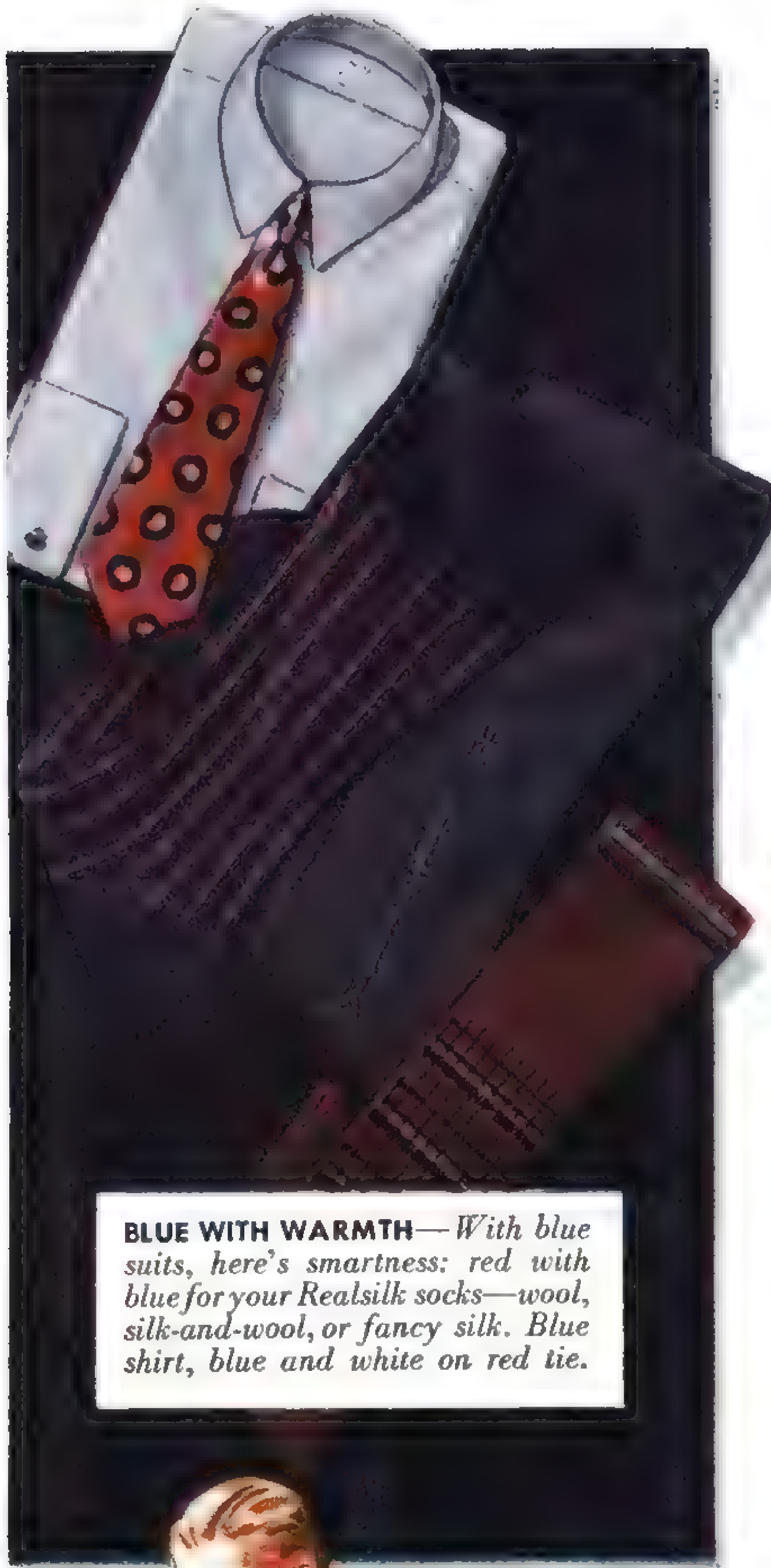

"Why can't I pick the right colors?"

EFFECTIVE GROUPING—*for black and white suitings Realsilk's fancy "Maines" (hand framed knitted for Realsilk in Shirley, Maine) or new fancy 6x3 ribbed wools, with red striped broadcloth shirt and two-tone blue and red striped rep tie.*

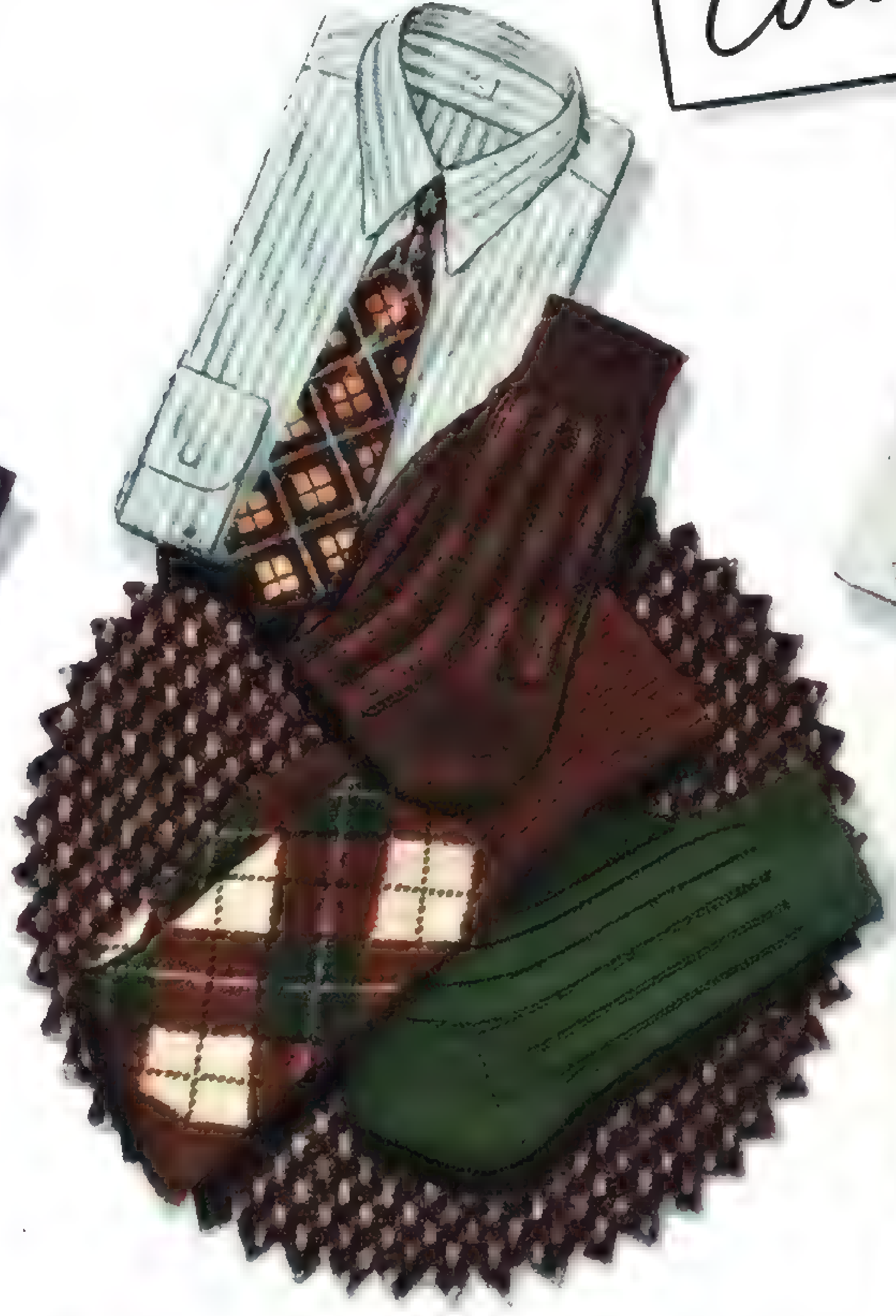
"Clicking"

"Correct Color" service

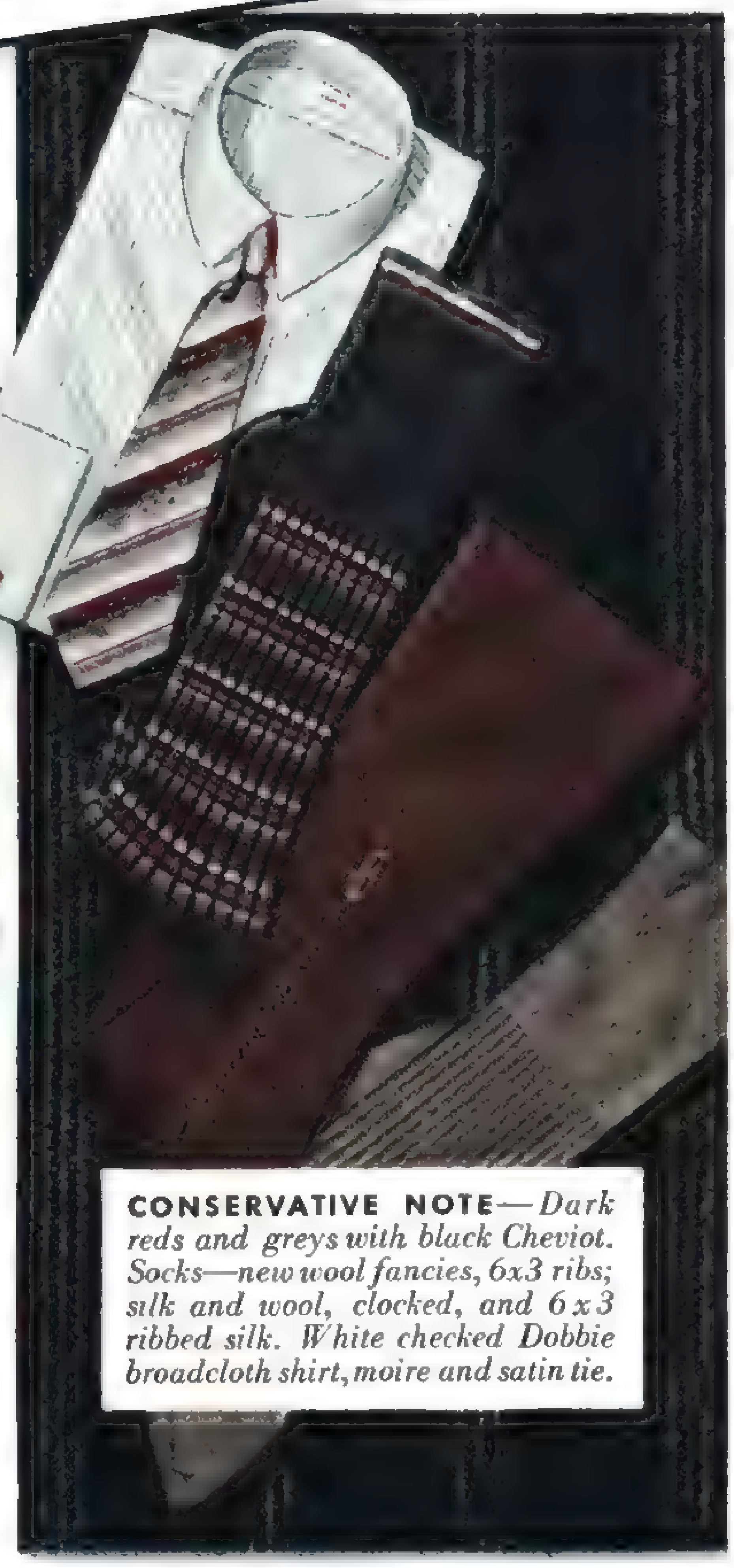
definitely teams up socks, shirts, ties in *Colors that click*



BLUE WITH WARMTH—*With blue suits, here's smartness: red with blue for your Realsilk socks—wool, silk-and-wool, or fancy silk. Blue shirt, blue and white on red tie.*



NEW GREEN COMBINATIONS—*happy combinations for many men—Realsilk's all-wool "Maines," new wool 13x5 rib Toppers, and fancy silk Toppers with Clincher Tops; Cable cord madras shirt. Tweed overplaid tie. Suiting shown, Shetland tweed.*



CONSERVATIVE NOTE—*Dark reds and greys with black Cheviot. Socks—new wool fancies, 6x3 ribs; silk and wool, clocked, and 6x3 ribbed silk. White checked Dobbie broadcloth shirt, moire and satin tie.*

"It's an art, pal. But why bother? Even if you're completely color blind, you can't go wrong with Realsilk's new 'Correct Color' Service — it's clicking everywhere!"

Goodbye color worry. Realsilk announces a new and needed service for busy men. Color-correct combinations of socks, shirts and ties for all kinds of suitings. Gives you color assurance and saves you time. Choose the combinations you like and phone the Realsilk office in your city for a representative to call. He'll have even more.

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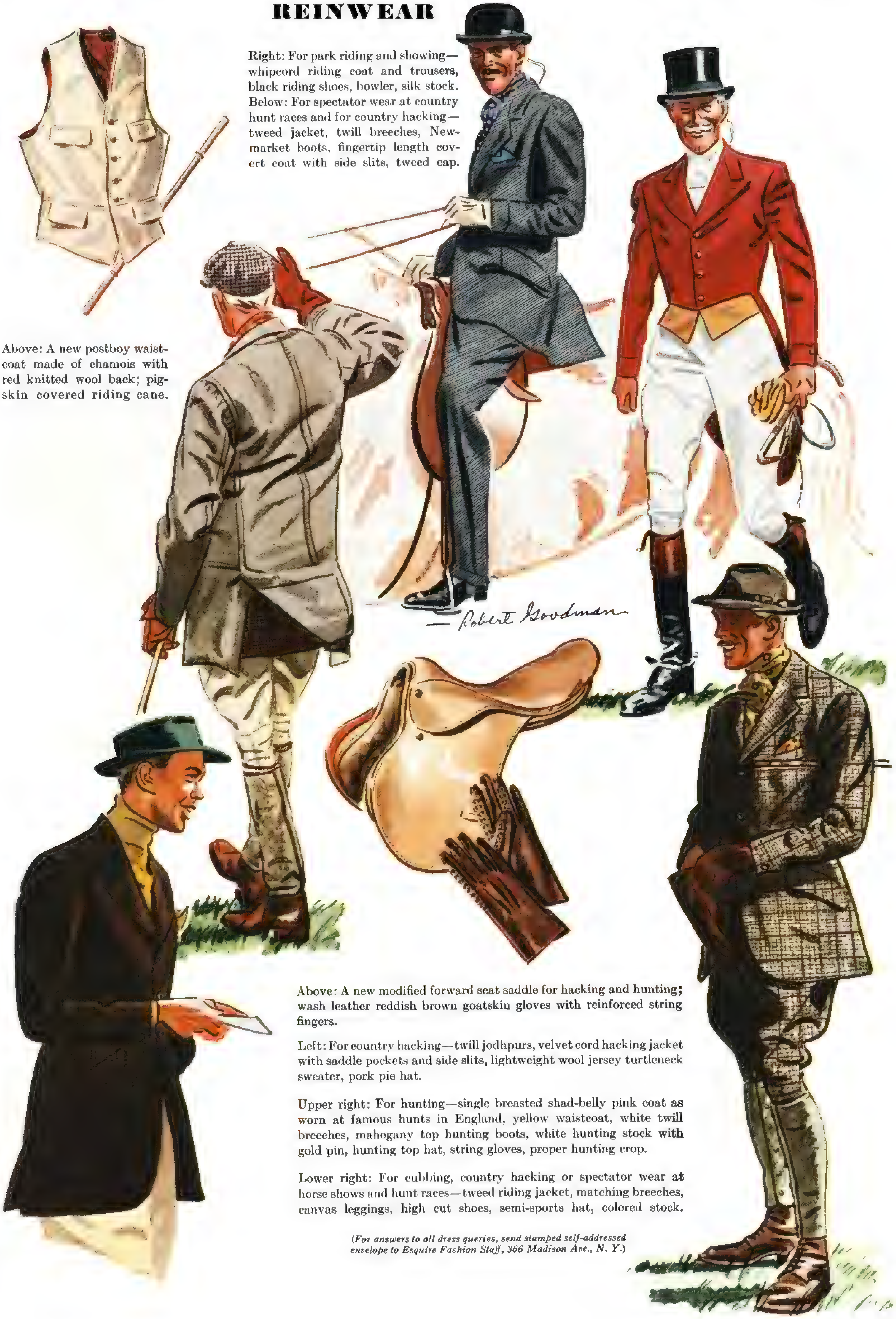
REINWEAR



Right: For park riding and showing—whipcord riding coat and trousers, black riding shoes, bowler, silk stock. Below: For spectator wear at country hunt races and for country hacking—tweed jacket, twill breeches, Newmarket boots, fingertip length covert coat with side slits, tweed cap.

Above: A new postboy waistcoat made of chamois with red knitted wool back; pigskin covered riding cane.

Above: A new modified forward seat saddle for hacking and hunting; wash leather reddish brown goatskin gloves with reinforced string fingers.

Left: For country hacking—twill jodhpurs, velvet cord hacking jacket with saddle pockets and side slits, lightweight wool jersey turtleneck sweater, pork pie hat.

Upper right: For hunting—single breasted shad-belly pink coat as worn at famous hunts in England, yellow waistcoat, white twill breeches, mahogany top hunting boots, white hunting stock with gold pin, hunting top hat, string gloves, proper hunting crop.

Lower right: For cubbing, country hacking or spectator wear at horse shows and hunt races—tweed riding jacket, matching breeches, canvas leggings, high cut shoes, semi-sports hat, colored stock.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Plain Horse Sense

Continued from page 79

said Mr. Groly and he took Mr. Pope aside and said Well Pope are you going to make him talk to me?

We'll have to wait a while said Mr. Pope. Ed's sort of cranky today. Well any time said Mr. Groly with a laugh. I've waited fifty-two years to hear a horse talk and an hour or so more won't make any difference. Moor him out by the garage and come in and have a cocktail.

Look Wilb said Ed when Mr. Pope was loosening the saddle girths. You aren't trying to put something over on me are you? Going to show me off to that little fat guy or anything? Well suppose I was? said Mr. Pope. Suppose I told you that my whole future depended on your saying a word or two for me to him? Wouldn't you do that for me? No said Ed. If your future as an advertising man depends on a horse's recommendation you'd better try the law or the ministry. Besides you know these fancy places give me a pain in the neck. Why couldn't we have ridden over to Gus's today and had a couple pails of beer? I suppose you'll be sitting around drinking champagne out of cut glass goblets all afternoon. Well don't expect to find me here when you come back. I put you on your honor Ed said Mr. Pope flinging the reins over Ed's neck.

Well it was a bigger party than Mr. Pope had expected for about twenty people sat down to lunch in the pergola and who to Mr. Pope's disgust was one of them but Mr. Opper of Bishop & Opper. There was champagne at lunch too as Ed had predicted. And Mrs. Pope sat next Mr. Groly who paid her a good deal of attention and was soon calling her Carlotta and even more informal things and I don't know that anybody could blame him for that except perhaps Ed who never could understand what Mr. Pope saw in her. She had the sultry kind of Spanish beauty that has been the making of many a corespondent.

Well the guests went to work on the champagne with a will and the champagne reciprocated nobly and by the time lunch was half over the servants were kept so busy filling glasses that they stopped serving food entirely. And nobody noticed. Mr. Pope says there was a kind of a golden haze over everything and some of the others noticed it too and they had to shout to make themselves heard through it. Perhaps that explains some of the things that happened later. I don't know. Mr. Pope was pretty well sozzled all right and so were most of the others but if he says the things happened I believe him. For *in vino veritas.*

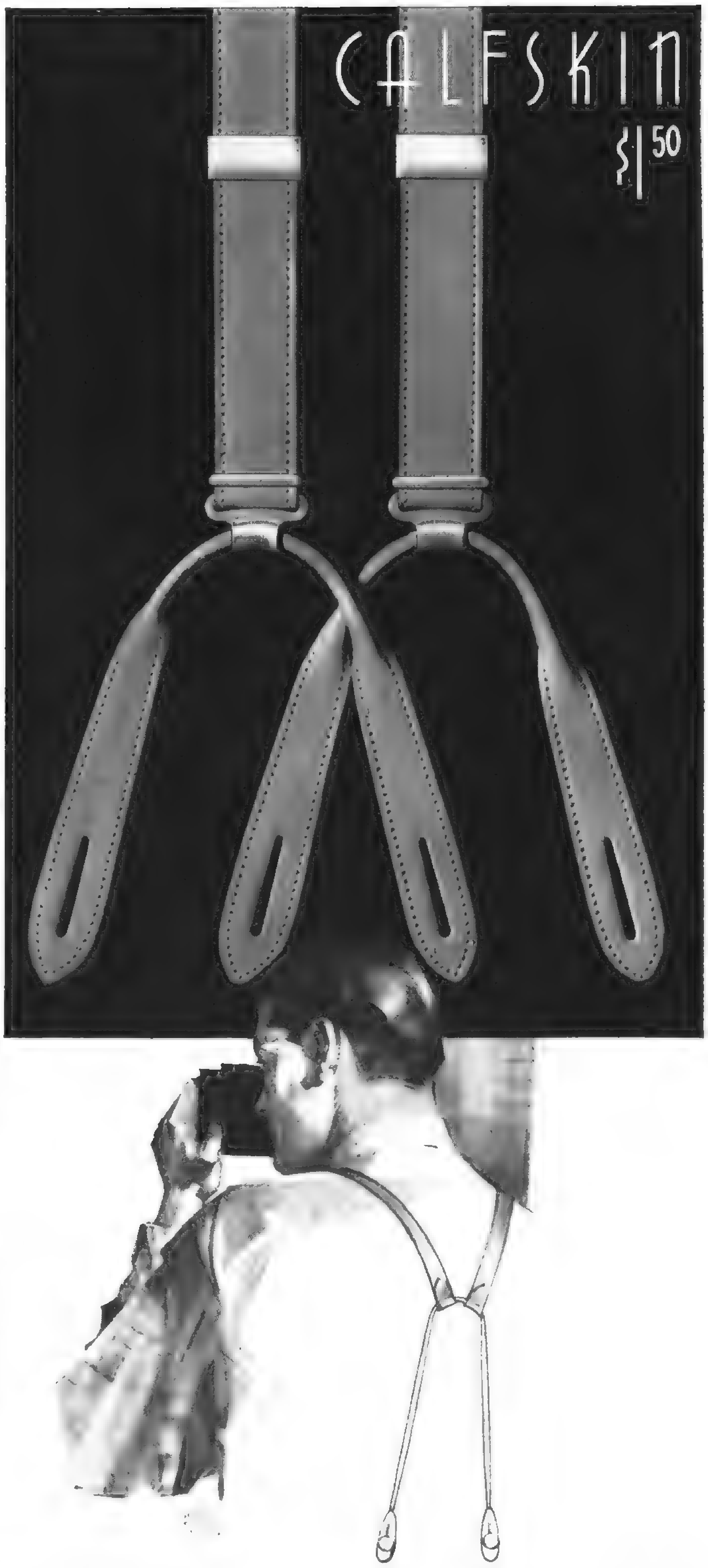
Well anyway on one side of the pergola and behind Mr. Pope was a long sort of lattice covered with vines and by and by he heard a cautious whisper—Hey Wilb! He reached a hand down behind his chair and made emphatic go-away motions with it but it was repeated so Mr. Pope pretended a spider had fallen down his neck and he got up and went around the lattice and there was Ed. Hey Wilb said Ed how about a little drink? O go away Ed said Mr. Pope wearily. Why do you try to complicate things for me like this? Well I'm thirsty said Ed and then he snickered. Say Wilb he said you know that guy Opper? Sitting next to that fat Groly woman that looks like a tomato in chiffon? Well I thought you'd like me to spike his guns for him so I sneaked up behind them a minute ago and when they weren't looking I imitated his voice and paid her a good gross compliment. I thought she'd smack him in the eye. But do you know what she did? Ha, haw! She squeezed his hand under the table and then she whispered in his ear—and boy! has she got him terrified! He can't hardly swallow. O gosh Ed said Mr. Pope I wish you'd stay away. O. K. said Ed huffily I might have known that's all the thanks I'd get. Well don't forget the champagne.

So Mr. Pope went back. And as he sat down Mr. Groly got up and steadied himself with a hand on Mrs. Pope's shoulder and said in a loud voice Well Pope where's that hawking torse—I mean talking horse of yours? Let's have him in and hear what he has to say about the political situation. And everybody shouted Speech! Speech from Ed! We want Ed!

Well then Mr. Pope suddenly saw what he was up against and that Mr. Groly had just asked him there to make a monkey of him. But he pulled back his cheeks in a desperate grin and said Well Mr. Groly Ed is kind of shy and I'm afraid if we ask him in and spring this on him suddenly he might faint right away. And he went on to make a little humorous speech about Ed, tending to show that the whole thing was a joke. But there had been too much gossip about the thing and although everybody laughed they continued to look at Mr. Pope with the joyful expectancy of those about to see a friend publicly mangled. So Mr. Pope said O what the hell! and went out to get Ed.

Well of course Ed wouldn't talk. He just stood looking sullen. And at last when everybody had said everything funny he could think of Mr. Groly said Well Pope I guess it's no sale then. And he looked at Mr. Opper and grinned and Mr. Opper grinned back although not as happily as he would have if Mrs. Groly had not been eying him so indulgently. So Mr. Pope saw that all was lost and he shrugged and said Well Ed I'll keep my word to you anyway. And he dumped the ice out of a bucket and called for a bottle of champagne and emptied it into the bucket and gave it to Ed. Ed drank it in two gulps then looked

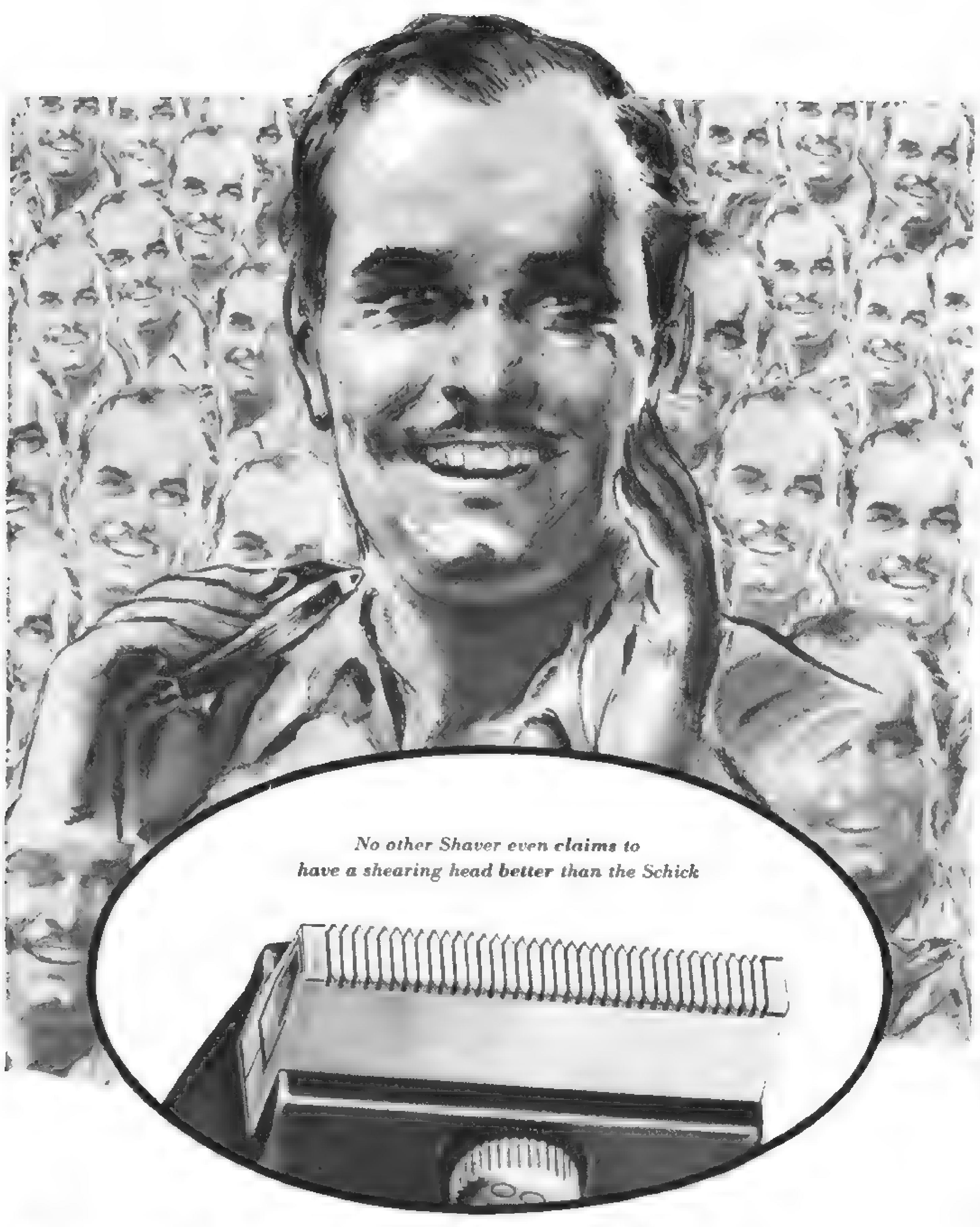
Continued on page 120



ACTION BAK BRACES

Mellow Calfskin braces—superbly tailored by Hickok—are masterpieces of style and comfort. ActionBAK—the exclusive Hickok feature—frees your back and shoulders from any hint of binding. Wherever fine men's wear is sold —$1.50. Other Hickok ActionBAK Braces from $1. Hickok, Rochester, N. Y.

HICKOK


No other Shaver even claims to
have a shearing head better than the Schick

The thousandth shave with a SCHICK is better than the first

● All blades, and some kinds of shavers, grow worse with each succeeding shave unless sharpened or renewed. The Schick Shaver actually *improves* in shaving quality every day through its long life. The two cutters "work themselves in" to each other.

The day before it *eventually* wears out, the Schick will give its best shave. Countless letters from Schick users tell us of years of service with individual shavers recording *more than 3000 shaves* and still good for more unnumbered shaves.

Schick is greatly improved

Schick was the first electric shaver on the market. It was designed by the genius of Colonel Schick. Practically every modern device for mechanical shaving has "borrowed" from Schick's teaching. In developing shavers, Schick is still years ahead of others.

Each month sees the Schick motor gain in power, speed and dependability. The present Schick shearing head is unsurpassed for mechanical precision and shaving efficiency.

Schick left this priceless heritage

He visualized perfection in shaving and pointed out the ways that led to it. Following out his ideas, exploring them further in our engineering laboratories each day, proves the truth of Schick principles and enables us to make a better shaver than any we have ever seen. And the ultimate ends Schick saw—quick, close shaves in sheer comfort *without injury to the skin*, and the most economical way to shave—are so nearly attained, that we challenge the world to produce a better shaver than the Schick.

An authorized Schick Dealer will tell you

He will explain how the Schick will shave *your* beard no matter how tough the skin or how thick the beard. Go today. Do not postpone the comfort, convenience and economy of Schick shaving. Only with the Schick do you get *all* the benefits of electric shaving.

$15 110 volts, AC and DC
Also made for 6 or 32 volts

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN. Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco
In Canada: distributed by Canadian General Electric Co., Limited

Schick Dry Shaver, Inc., has no connection with the Magazine Repeating Razor Co., which manufactures and sells the Schick Injector Razor

SCHICK SHAVER

Plain Horse Sense

Continued from pages 79-119

up sort of startled at Mr. Pope, hiccuped, winked roguishly, and walked off stepping very high.

Well there was sort of a let-down after that and as soon as lunch was over the guests wandered away with champagne buckets toward the lake, and some of them went out in Groly boats. Mr. Groly took Mrs. Pope out in one and Mrs. Groly took Mr. Opper off to see her roses. Mr. Pope looked around for Ed but didn't see him anywhere so he sat down on a bench on the dock and brooded.

Well he had been brooding for some time when there was the sound of some commotion up toward the house. There were shouts and a gabbling and indistinct thumps. The voices subsided but the thumps came nearer and Mr. Pope turned to see Ed bearing down on him with mane and tail flying. Ed looked pretty wild and he was grinning like a clown. Look out you fool! yelled Mr. Pope jumping up You'll be in the lake! Out of the way Wilb said Ed as his hoofs thundered on the dock. I'm going for a little cruise. Mr. Pope made a grab for the bridle and missed and Ed's shoulder knocked him sprawling into the water.

When Mr. Pope came up he grabbed at the first thing handy which was the gunwale of a fast Groly Speed Queen. As he pulled himself over the side he was horrified to see Ed sitting in the cockpit. The horse had evidently made a clean leap into the boat. Cast off Wilb said Ed and get the engine started. We're goin' on a piratical cruise. O come Ed said Mr. Pope this is a hell of a way to act and—But Ed raised an iron-shod hoof. Mutiny! he roared. Cast off, you lubber! I'm captain of this craft. We're going to rove the bounding billow my hearty and sink every ship that floats. We'll ram the hell out of 'em. And he began to sing in a terrible roaring voice—O a life on the briny deep, and a home on the bounding main! So Mr. Pope looked at the iron shoe and then he cast off and started the engine.

They swept out in a curve from the dock with foam flying in a cloud about them and bore down on the nearest boat which contained a Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Beals who lived in Poughkeepsie in a large old-fashioned house with only one bathroom. With a hoof on the wheel Ed drove into them obliquely, sideswiped and capsized them. Hope they can swim he said and catching sight of the boat in which were Mrs. Pope and Mr. Groly he shouted Treasure ship on the starboard beam! and whirled the wheel to bring them over his bows. My God Ed said Mr. Pope Look what you're doing! That's Carlotta! Good clean water never hurt anybody said Ed with a wink and held on his course.

Mr. Pope looked around despairingly. The four or five other motorboats on the lake were skittering for the shore. The dock was crowded with guests and servants and among them Mr. Pope made out Mr. Opper focusing a camera. That finishes it! he moaned. It was no good reasoning with Ed who was roaring out Sixteen men on a dead man's chest so loud that he couldn't hear him anyway. It's *fifteen* men Ed said Mr. Pope hoping to distract him. But Ed was for once willing to concede a minor point. O.K. he said and began again—Fifteen men on a dead man's chest—And then the Speed Queen at the moment of leaping on her prey suddenly swerved and hummed past, sending a wave over the other boat that half swamped it and drenched its occupants.

Three times the pirate craft made the circuit of the lake with Mr. Pope expostulating and Ed either singing nautical ballads some of the words of which it is fortunate I don't even remember, or sitting with head thrown back and a victorious smile on his long face. At last Ed said Well Wilb we've swept the seas and they are ours. Let's go conquer the land. And then he hiccuped suddenly. He put a hoof over his mouth and said Pawdon me. And then he hiccuped again pretty fundamentally and the smile disappeared and he looked at Mr. Pope in a startled way and said Gosh Wilb I hope I haven't got you in wrong?

O no said Mr. Pope you haven't done a thing Ed. Only entirely ruined my reputation and my future. You understand they think it was me singing those songs? And Opper has even got pictures of us out here. And then as he stopped the engine and they drifted in toward the dock he told Ed about his shattered hopes for the Groly account.

Well Ed was beginning to sober up now and he looked thoughtfully at Mr. Pope for a minute. Then his ears came up and he gave a neighing laugh. I got it Wilb! he exclaimed. And as they were getting close inshore he stretched out his neck and whispered something in Mr. Pope's ear. Yes said Mr. Pope but—So Ed whispered something in his other ear and then sat up and said Keep her out a ways. We don't want to land yet. And let me handle this.

Well by this time Mr. Groly had brought Mrs. Pope ashore and she went into the house for dry clothes but Mr. Groly joined the others on the dock. Come in here Pope you crazy fool! he shouted and the others shouted with him and waved bottles encouragingly.

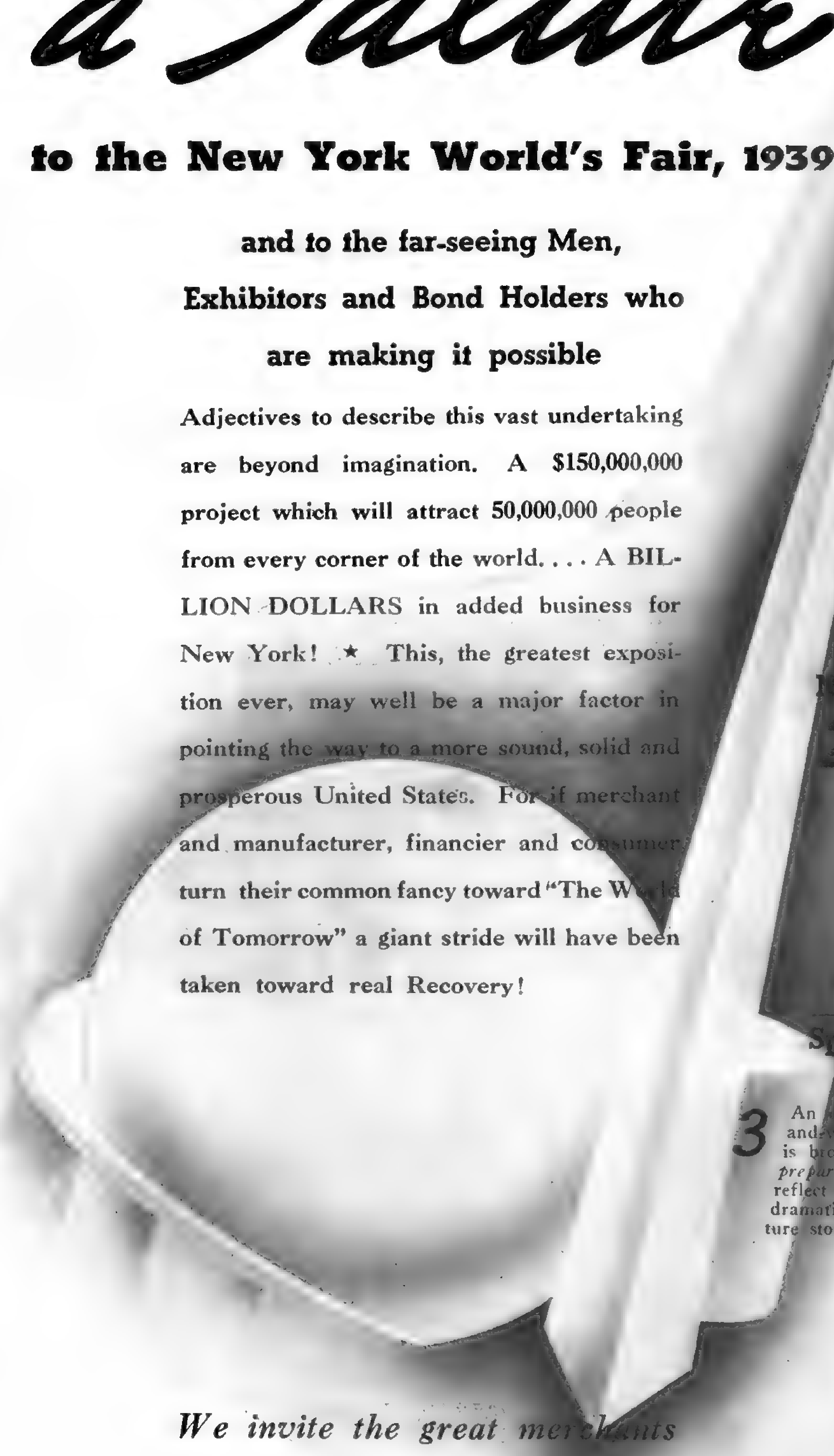
Mr. Pope started to yell apologies but Ed drowned him out. You're the dumbest cluck I ever tried to do work for Groly he roared. Can't you recognize a good advertising stunt when you see one? Advertising stunt! said Mr. Groly You'd be a good press agent for a lunatic asylum Pope. Bring that boat in here. Now wait a minute Mr. Groly began Mr. Pope but Ed cut in again. By God

Continued at top of page 122

a Salute

to the New York World's Fair, 1939

and to the far-seeing Men, Exhibitors and Bond Holders who are making it possible



Adjectives to describe this vast undertaking are beyond imagination. A $150,000,000 project which will attract 50,000,000 people from every corner of the world. . . . A BILLION DOLLARS in added business for New York! ★ This, the greatest exposition ever, may well be a major factor in pointing the way to a more sound, solid and prosperous United States. For if merchant and manufacturer, financier and consumer turn their common fancy toward "The World of Tomorrow" a giant stride will have been taken toward real Recovery!

We invite the great merchants and industrialists of America to join with us in saluting the New York World's Fair, 1939.

The World-Telegram's World's Fair Program

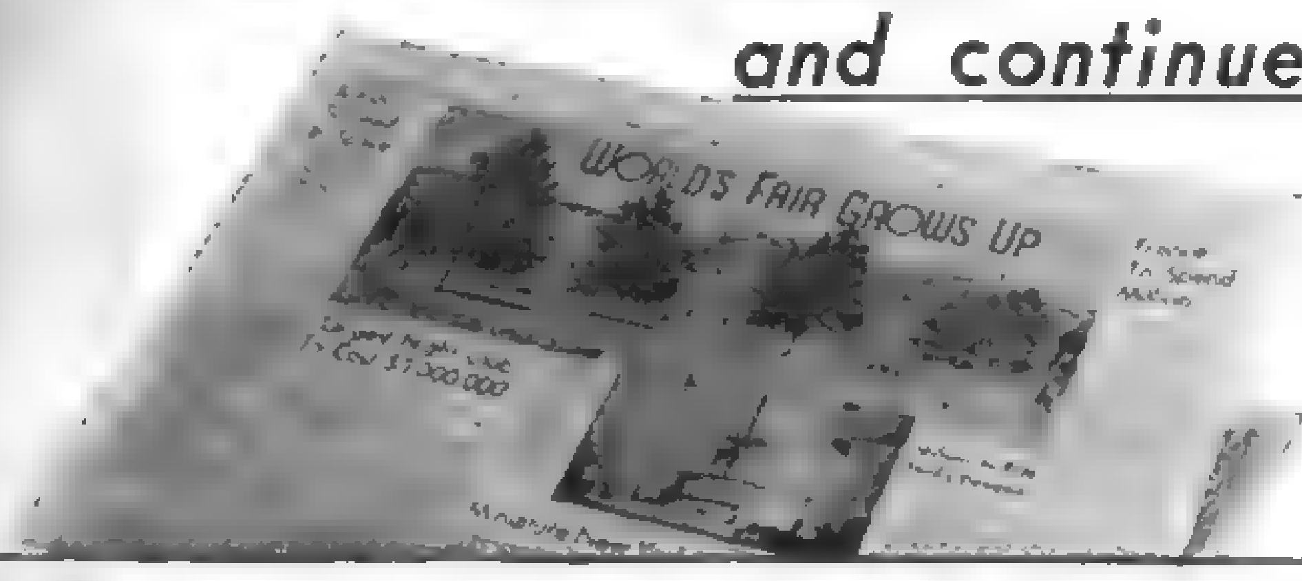
opened with

New York World-Telegram

A Series of First Page, Second Section Feature Articles

1 "Building the World's Fair," by Sutherland Denlinger (June 27th to July 2nd), portrayed the thrilling drama of building the world's greatest Fair, digging deep to unearth unrevealed facts on the immensity of the project, the difficulties overcome, the miracle taking place on the Flushing Meadows.

and continues with



A Complete Coverage of World's Fair News Every Saturday Until the Fair Opens

2 The inside story of the Fair's progress is told by brilliant cameramen and reporters, especially assigned to keep abreast of every development, in a weekly page which started July 2nd. Appearing with and opposite these pages are advertisements of prominent exhibitors depicting their part in building "The World of Tomorrow."

New York World-Telegram

Special Souvenir Supplement on February 25, 1939

3 An epic edition in full color, rotogravure and black-and-white in which the vast panorama of the Fair is brought into sharp focus. Live, bright, *especially prepared photos, art stories and articles* will truly reflect the glories of the world's greatest show. For dramatic display and easy, enjoyable reading, all feature stories will be self-contained.

New York World-Telegram
Today at the Fair

And During the Fair . . . Complete Day-by-Day Coverage

4 When the Fair's gates open to the curious millions the New York World-Telegram will continue as authority on Fair news. Day-by-day reports of interesting happenings on the grounds, the parades, the ceremonies, the thrills—all will be faithfully described by on-the-spot feature writers, reporters, cameramen and artists . . . aces all!

SCRIPPS—HOWARD

New York World-Telegram

A SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPER

BY-OF-AND-FOR NEW YORKERS

MEMBER OF THE UNITED PRESS—THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS AND MEDIA RECORDS, INC.

The newest thing in SWING

The newest...and the best...thing in suspenders for Fall is "Free-Swing"..."Can't skid off your shoulders"... and millions of men know they can't be equalled for style . . . flexibility . . . dependability...value. Authentic Fall patterns, perfect Paris design and traditional attention to detail...are yours in every pair...and you want several...one for each suit. At your dealer's now . . . most styles $1. You'll like Paris Belts too.

A. STEIN & COMPANY
Chicago • New York • Los Angeles
Toronto • Buenos Aires

PARIS
Free-Swing
SUSPENDERS
Can't skid off your shoulders

Plain Horse Sense

Continued from pages 79-119-120

Groly he said have I got to beat it into you with a club? You don't need to be a mechanic to run a Groly engine. Just plain horse sense. Get it? *Horse* sense. With that picture that Opper took of a horse running the boat. A horse, Groly. Hell we've *proved* it to you—here's your demonstration and witnesses and everything.

Well then Mr. Groly began to get it. Horse sense he said. Yes. By George there's something in it! A lot in it! Hey Opper what pictures did you get?

But Mr. Opper wasn't being co-operative. See here Pope he said coming forward if you think I'm going to turn over those pictures to you you're mistaken. I've got some dandies of you too. Test and demonstration my eye! I'm going to send a set of them to every newspaper and advertising man in town. I'll teach you to steal my accounts. O.K. said Ed. Keep 'em if you want to and I'll tell what went on in the summerhouse a little while ago. I guess we'll be about even at that.

Well when she heard this Mrs. Groly gave a terrified look at Mr. Opper who turned sort of blue and came up to her and they talked for a minute. Then they went over to Mr. Groly and Mr. Opper took the film out of his camera and gave it to him and then went away. And then Ed and Mr. Pope came ashore and Mr. Pope went up to talk about the details of the new plan with Mr. Groly while he was changing into dry clothes.

So that evening when the Popes left Mr. Groly clapped Mr. Pope on the shoulder and said Well Mrs. Pope you ought to be proud of this husband of yours. I told him if his horse could talk I'd give him my account. I still don't believe the horse can talk, but he got the account from me anyway. He's one of the cleverest men in the business. And one of the soundest. And Mrs. Pope looked down at her dress which had been freshly pressed by one of the maids and said Yes. He's got horse sense. I often wonder where he gets it from.

Well Ed would never tell Mr. Pope what he had seen in the summerhouse or what the row had been in the servants' quarters when he had come galloping down to the lake. But a few days later when Mr. Pope showed him Mr. Opper's photographs of their cruise he was pretty proud. One enlargement he liked particularly. It showed him sitting up straight and in profile. That's a fine photo eh Wilb? he said. I like that sort of proud unconquered look I have. It don't do you justice said Mr. Pope. Eh? said Ed Why I think it's very flattering. That's what I mean said Mr. Pope. ⌗

Law of the Game Warden

Continued from page 87

of lands bordering a lake or stream extend to the middle of said body of water; if both sides, the rights cover the entire bottom. It has, however, been ruled that said ownership does not include the water, or the fish, if the stream or lake is navigable.

Offhand, one would say the fisherman was lucky. He doesn't have to worry about trespassing signs to any extent because there are few if any lakes or streams containing fish which are not navigable. That term navigable sounds like a real restriction, but navigability of a stream or lake is based, not on whether one can use a boat on it, but whether or not one can float a log in said water, and no restrictions on the size of the log. This law is a reminder of the old logging days when timber was king. As long as land is covered by a few inches of water, the fisherman is presumed to be privileged legally to trespass upon such land.

Such a millennium dream would be nice if true, but here's the bombshell; strange as it may seem that navigability question has more bark on the log than one would think. Andy Angler has gone along blithely thinking that his sport was safe, for surely any water deep enough to be worth fishing must be navigable. Suddenly he finds himself all snarled up in the backlash of his own line for he finds out that this ruling does not depend upon whether or not this hypothetical log will actually float, but where it is supposed to float. If one cannot show that logs just naturally are to be found bobbing along, then the water is not navigable. Here's what actually happened not long ago.

The property owners around a large lake got together and formed an association prohibiting anyone but said owners from fishing on the lake. This body of water happens to be one of a series of lakes connected by deep channels which have been used by rather large boats for many years. One day, a simple soul who loved nature and liked to take a few hours of relaxation from his daily cares by fishing rowed down through one of these channels into

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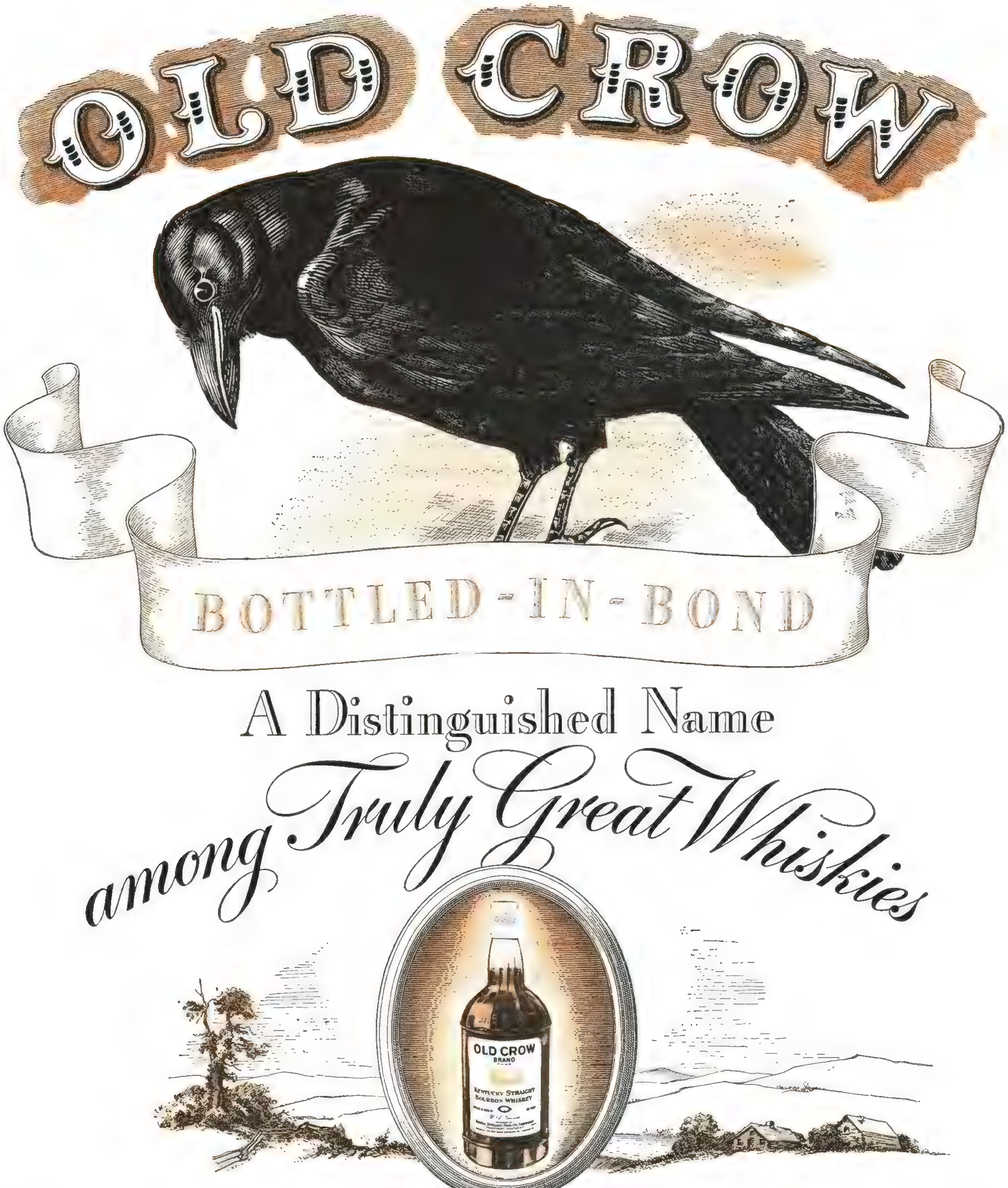

OLD CROW
BOTTLED-IN-BOND
OLD CROW
BRAND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY

OLD CROW

BOTTLED-IN-BOND

A Distinguished Name among *Truly Great Whiskies*

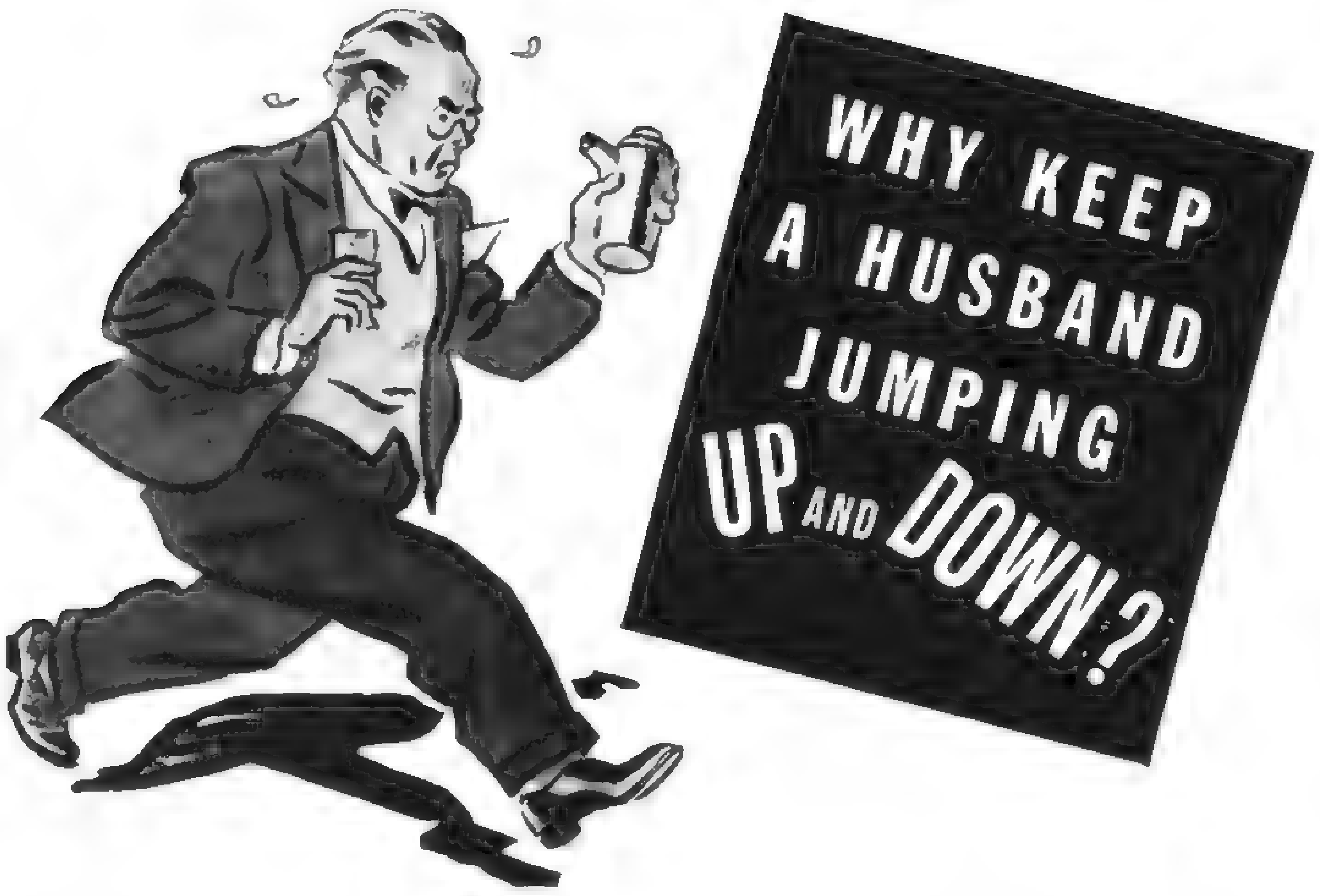
BOURBON **OR RYE**

The art of fine whiskey-making offers no better example than Old Crow. It has survived the changes of many generations, its excellence unaltered.

100 PROOF—Kentucky Straight Whiskey

Your Guide to NATIONAL DISTILLERS *Good Liquors*

Copyright 1938, National Distillers Products Corporation, New York



COCKTAILS are one of the pleasantest ways to enjoy fine liquors. . . . Yet no one need keep "jumping up and down" to mix them when Heublein's celebrated CLUB COCKTAILS come always so conveniently ready-mixed in the bottle.

Go modern and try these easy-to-serve cocktails! No worry with recipes! No kitchen muss! No mixing bother! Think of the time and labor saved! In CLUB COCKTAILS, Heublein adds to fine ingredients a blending skill which few but expert barmen can duplicate. Suave, rich, mellow, flavorful, and altogether delightful, Heublein's CLUB COCKTAILS are economical, too. From a single bottle, with adequate shaker-icing, you can serve eighteen delicious drinks. . . . And what isn't used from any opened bottle keeps indefinitely.

HEUBLEIN'S
THE CLUB
MANHATTAN
COCKTAILS

SELECT FROM THESE 7 VARIETIES

DRY MARTINI (71 proof). Milshire Dry Gin with two types imported Vermouth.

MARTINI (Medium Sweet) (60 proof). Milshire Dry Gin and imported sweet-type Vermouth.

MANHATTAN (65 proof). Rich, specially blended whiskey and Italian Vermouth.

OLD FASHIONED (80 proof). Made with blended whiskies rich in bouquet and flavor.

SIDE CAR (60 proof). Made with choice, imported cognac brandy and other flavoring ingredients, expertly blended.

DAIQUIRI (70 proof). Made with selected rum and lime cordial, skilfully blended.

BRONX (60 proof). Fine fruity-tasting cocktail with Milshire Dry Gin and imported Vermouth.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Hartford, Conn.

HEUBLEIN'S
The CLUB COCKTAILS
NOTHING TO DO BUT *Ice & Serve*

ENJOY MILSHIRE DISTILLED DRY GIN

MILSHIRE is, we believe, as dry and as high in quality as a gin can possibly be made. MILSHIRE, distilled by the old English "pot-still" formula, is preferred everywhere for its finer aroma and flavor. (90 proof — distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits).

MILSHIRE
DISTILLED
DRY GIN

HEUBLEIN of HARTFORD

Law of the Game Warden

Continued from pages 87-122

the aforesaid lake. After carefully baiting his hook and wishing the worm good luck, he dropped it into the cool depths and sat back to take a few puffs on his pipe. He was thereupon promptly arrested for trespassing. In court it was held that the lake was not navigable, logs weren't in the habit of floating on it, and so he was fined for trespassing on private property, even though the fish he caught and the water he was upon were public property. Strange as it may seem he could have been saved if he could have proved that the area of the lake prohibited to his use exceeded fifteen thousand acres in extent, such being the inexplicable law.

As one can see, even the fisherman has his troubles. Perhaps not quite as many as the hunter, but still enough to give him a few grey hairs. Let's consider the case of Bill Jones who is both a hunter and a fisherman, a terrible combination so one can expect his to be a pitiful case. On a bright October morning when there was just the right tingle to the air and the leaves were turning bright red or crisp yellow, Bill started out in his boat to catch some fish for supper, on second thought he added his shotgun for it was also duck season and he figured he'd scare up a few duck along the marshy edges of the stream. He floated quietly down the stream and soon had several nice pike in the boat. When a duck flew up slightly ahead of him, he raised his gun, fired, and brought down the bird. Just then out stepped a game warden from the brush and told him to paddle to shore, that he was under arrest for trespassing. "But," argued Bill, "I'm on a navigable stream." True, but the minute Bill laid down his fish pole and took up his gun he was trespassing for, 114 Mich. 165 states, "The mere fact that one has the right to pass along a stream in a boat gives him no right to shoot fowls where the soil beneath the water is privately owned."

Bill's case can be made much more complicated for he can be prosecuted for not trying to gain possession of the game he has shot, and he is not permitted to reclaim game he has shot if it falls on privately owned property. If in his predicament Bill forgets himself long enough to pull his boat out of the water where a public highway touches the water, he gets into more trouble, for it has been ruled that a highway is a highway and must not be used for anything else.

And so goes the story. The average sportsman has a bewildering problem ahead of him; one which becomes greater every year as the number of sportsmen becomes greater and their automobiles take them quickly to the most isolated of hunting and fishing areas. #

What to Do for Money

Continued from page 76

some wanted a dictator to destroy the fluff of Hollywood.

I have seen some of the propaganda pictures. I must say that what I dislike chiefly in them is a kind of deviousness, a refusal to come right out and say, "Here are the people who present this picture; here is its purpose." It is so easy to form a subsidiary organization, with a neutral name, and pass the picture along without definite sponsorship. Beyond that, most of the pictures are well made; the ideas which the sponsors want to inject into your mind are not labored; the principle of association is used, so that when a particularly attractive sequence is being shown, the key words (like "horse and buggy" or "individual enterprise") are uttered. It seems to me that, since all principles are fluid today, it is no crime to say these words in defense of old principles. It does seem to me a crime to utter editorial statements while pretending you are a disembodied (and totally disinterested) voice.

Now consider the straight advertising film. Here you can't be mealy-mouthed. You want the public to buy Highwheel Tricycles and you've pretty well got to admit that you are the makers of Highwheel Tricycles. According to theorists on propaganda, you will do yourself more good if you make a film of smart society on the Lido and show the most beautiful women and the snootiest men fighting for the next ride on a Highwheeler; but if you decide on the frontal attack, you are compelled to be honest about it. That is why, as a citizen, I can't see much objection to this type of film. Note "as a citizen."

I haven't seen many of these pictures and if there is a good one, I've missed it. (*Steel*, I am told, is a well-made short; and I gather from descriptions that it lies halfway between the advertising and the propaganda type; it shows you how steel is made, but doesn't try to sell you ingots; it must therefore be trying to sell you the standing and repute of its sponsors, and maybe the idea will come to you to be well disposed to them the next time trouble rises.

The commercial shorts I have seen are without exception duller than the regular movie shorts and that is no mean dispraise. One of the most fascinating stories in the world is that of plastics, the vast industry which does make purses out of sows' ears, cups out of milk, and so on. It would seem impossible to make the subject dull. Yet even the du Ponts, whose printed and broadcast advertising always has a lift to it, issued a film on this subject which managed not to show you any single process in a simple way, omitted pictorially the significance of the industry, and failed entirely to entertain. At the other extreme, the Bell Research Laboratories have a tiny piece of film (made for private demonstration purposes) showing how their coaxial cable works in connection with television: a model of clearness and interest.

Suppose we assume that these advertising pictures will get better. The stunt is a new one and most of those engaged in it are under the spell of their previous experience which has been in preparing films for persuaded audiences, films for conventions of salesmen or executives. Maybe the way will be found to make the pictures reasonably good for the general public. Then they will be more acceptable to audiences and the exhibitors will become a little selective and the audiences will not be displeased. Heaven will descend on earth.

That will be the moment to consider what all this will do to the movies. Go back to the item about the Philadelphians: they are opening the screen to commercials because they are in dire straits, because double features and giant jackpot bingo haven't brought in the cash customers. I know that things are in a bad way in the world and I have also heard that some rash intruding exhibitors blame non-attractive Hollywood stars for their troubles. But if I were of a brooding disposition, I would begin brooding right now about the humiliating capitulation which the exhibitors are making when they go in for advertising. I'd brood and I'd wonder whether in the long run audiences will be pleased to have one-fourth or a fifth of a movie program given over to selling a commercial product.

This isn't the place to analyze the troubles of Hollywood; it may even be ungracious to suggest that the way to get people to the movies is to offer them good movies. My only question is whether you'll get them back by throwing away entirely the original purpose of the pictures, which was straight entertainment. Billions of seats in movie houses have been bought because the original intention persisted; even if the picture failed in its purpose, you knew that the producers were basically with you. If they turn their backs on their audiences, what do you imagine the audiences will do? #

Amateurs Don't Work At It

Continued from page 66

Tommy nodded. "Now, Lawson," he asked, "what is the observation of the other brilliant young authority on the finer details of the golf swing?"

Lawson was as deliberate as I had been. After some pondering he remarked:

"I think your swing starts with a drag of the clubhead."

Armour gave us both one of his Grade A withering looks and said:

"Just as I thought. Both of you are wrong. Neither one of you knows what you're talking about. The very first thing in my golf swing is a wee lift of the left heel, and it is a vitally important thing, too. Now if I were you young men, I would keep on hitting that ball, which you both are doing well. But for the love of the gods try not to open your mouths on how it's done until you're cornered. You'll have trouble enough then."

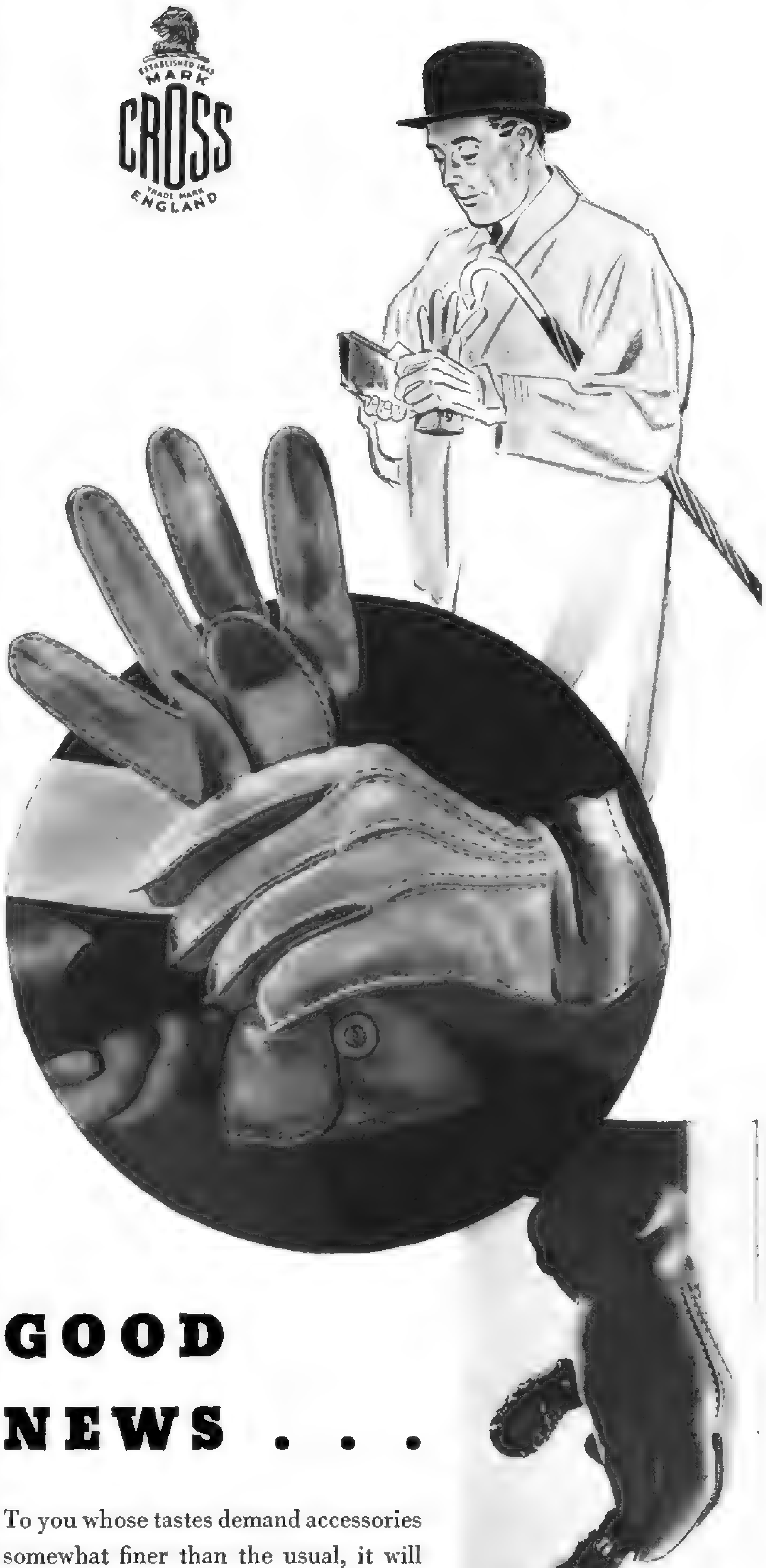
If you have the pleasure of knowing Tommy Armour you can well realize that I have quoted him with reserve. In the biting and direct terms that Tommy commands he explained that the official prohibition of amateur golfers giving golf instruction was, in his opinion, a job of wise legislation that ran almost a dead heat with the Ten Commandments and the Constitution of the United States in protecting mankind.

"I was one of you very smart young amateurs, myself," Armour said, "but if I could live through it again and would get my choice between being brilliant again like you young men, or being numb, dumb and lucky, which do you think I would pick as an assurance of championships?"

The way Tommy said that didn't leave us in any doubt as to what his choice would be, and of his implied appraisal of the two earnest amateurs who had been exhibiting before them their wealth of golf analytical knowledge.

Whoever it was who first said that golf is "an 'umblin game" must have left a legacy to Armour to see that any potentiality of swelled heads was eliminated by a sharp remark. But Tommy isn't the only wholesome influence of this sort by several thousands. The first National Amateur championship in which I qualified was at Del Monte in 1929 and there I had the startling experience of beating Bobby Jones, 1 up, in the first round. Promptly after that Lawson Little put me out of the tournament, 2 and 1. Jones shared the medalist's curse with Gene Homans in that tournament. They were co-medalists at 145. Fay Coleman who had qualified 9 strokes higher than Gene, put Gene out in the first round, too. I had qualified at 157, almost at the bottom. So with Jones being 12 strokes better than I was in the qualifying rounds it should not be hard for you to guess what I thought my chances would be against Bobby as we stood at the first tee together. There are times still when I don't see how I could have beaten Bobby so you can be pretty sure that no fat went to my head because of that mysterious happening at Pebble Beach. But you get a break like that, and one like the National Open championship in 1933 and sure as shooting some word is going to get back to you that So-and-So thinks

Continued on page 126



GOOD NEWS . . .

To you whose tastes demand accessories somewhat finer than the usual, it will be welcome news that the Mark Cross glove is available at the better stores throughout the country.

The gloves illustrated are typical of the soft, durable leathers, the fine tailoring, the correct style, which have made the name Mark Cross pre-eminent with properly attired gentlemen through three generations.

Top to Bottom: *"Buckaroo" handsewn,* $5.95; *Handsewn Arabian Mocha,* $5.95; *Brazilian Peccary Hogskin,* $3.95.

Others $2.95 *to* $16.50

May we send you the name of the Mark Cross representative in your city?

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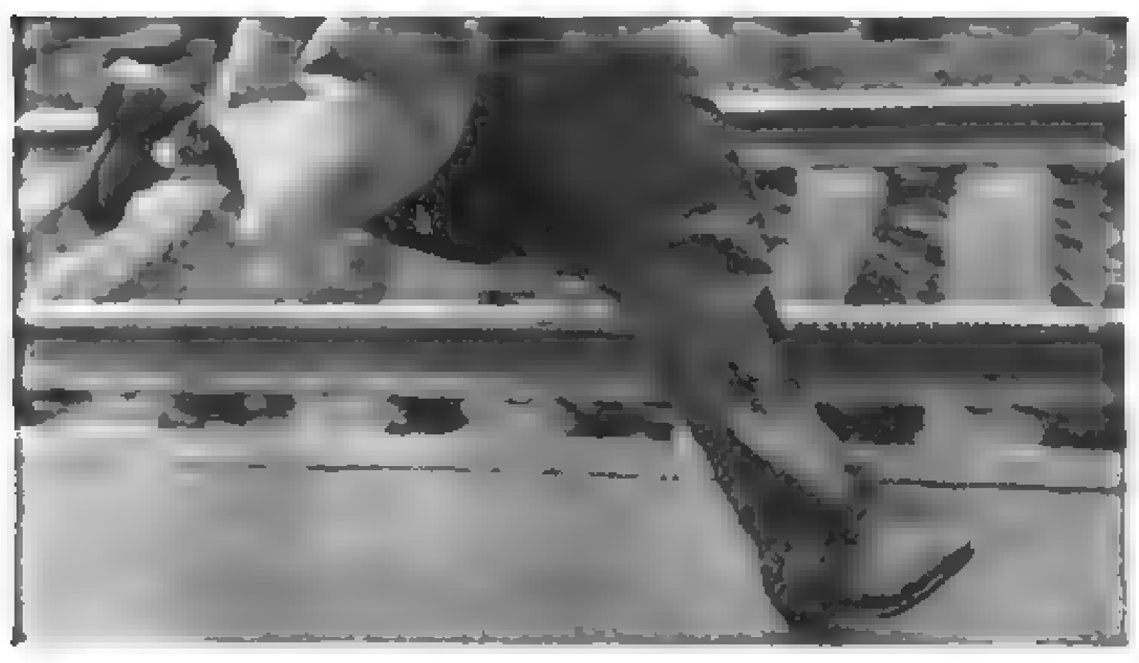
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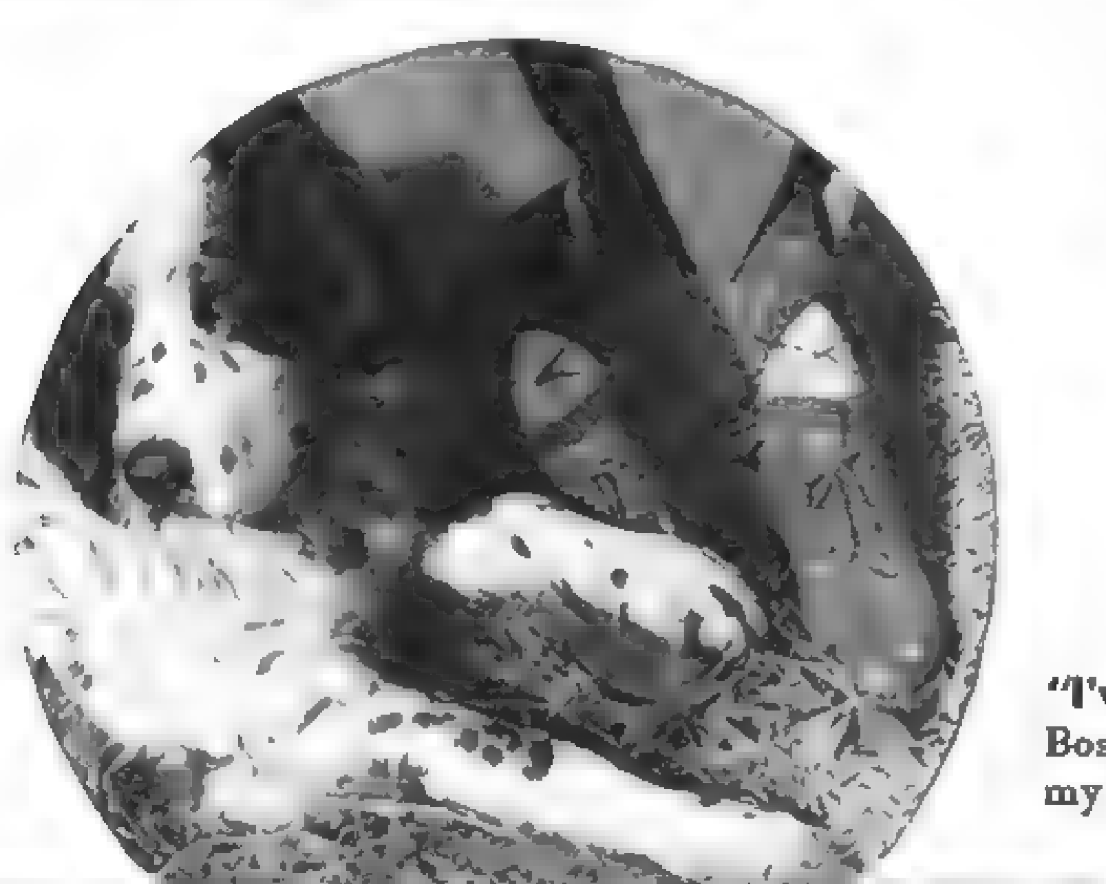
Go comfortably in Bostonians' good-looking, good-feeling Norway (left), or in Berwyn (right) smart Bostonian wing-tip.


"**I've walked** many a rough mile in Bostonians without a whimper from my feet. You can't wear 'em out."

Close up of Glendale—smart Bostonian custom quarter-brogue of hand-boarded calf.

Right you are for Fall in Bostonians' Glendale (left), or Marvin—sturdy cordovan wing-tip(right)

Bostonians

FIT AND FEEL RIGHT ·· *they're Walk-Fitted*

Amateurs Don't Work At It

Continued from pages 66-125

you are wearing too little hat for the size your head has swelled to. You don't know what to do. You try to do everything right and be extra nice to people and still attend to your work, and even then you'll blunder into something that makes you feel awful.

I had one of those things happen to me at Omaha last winter and I would have given a million dollars if it hadn't, but just to show you how things do happen:

Some grand fellows got together and fixed to give me a party because I'd won the 1937 National Amateur. I didn't know the day definitely when the party was to be held and because of a misunderstanding by some of the men who were arranging the dinner I didn't get back in town in time. Now if you can think of anything that puts a fellow in a worse spot than not to be at a party where there's a big crowd of folks who have come to make him feel good, I wish you'd let me know. I got home at midnight, after the dinner was over. I was sick about that, even though those who learned about the mix-up tried to get me to snap out of it.

It took me two months before I even grinned at something said at the party that made everybody else laugh so much they forgot I wasn't there.

Friends tried to make excuses or explanations for my absence but were completely in the dark and didn't even get "A" for effort in trying to square me for something I didn't know about. But the man who got the folks over being sore was the one who got up and said, "Friends, we have been celebrating George Washington's birthday for one-hundred-fifty years and he hasn't been here, so what is to prevent us from having a good party when Goodman isn't here?"

There always is someone with a bright sense of humor who keeps golf amateurs from feeling too important and taking matters so seriously. Consequently that stuff you hear about prominent amateurs having delusions of grandeur is the bunk. In the first place, the fellows are in it for fun, and there could be no fun going around in a pose. Being in golf for fun the amateurs are not going to practice and play until golf becomes work. Some of them have tried that in the belief that they would develop themselves into masters but instead of having the success they hoped for, they got so stale they never were able to regain their original zest.

The time I spent on my game after Somerville beat me, and after I had lost in the semi-finals of the 1935 National Amateur to Lawson Little, and in the 1936 semi-finals to Johnny Fischer was time spent in the same mood that fellows have when they are writing and hunting around at stamp stores in search of some rare item they want for their collection. It was my leisure time, too, not the time I should put into my job of selling.

The more I think of it, the more certain I am that if I had worked at amateur golf, Ray Billows might have caught me at Portland last year, because when one gets into practice to the extent of making it hard work a bad habit of tenseness develops. I am muscle-bound enough as it is and tensity would ruin me in the pinches, for it would destroy the accuracy I depend on to compensate for lack of distance.

With the match going to the last hole I laid my approach about two yards from the cup and Ray conceded after over-approaching and failing to sink his putt. That victory meant a lot to me because it showed me that I had whipped my tendency to tighten up in the stretch, as I did when I'd had Somerville two down with only nine holes to go and threw away that lead with Sandy throwing fire-shots in against my contributions to the tournament finale.

All along in recent years of my competition I've had reminders that when an amateur forgets he is an amateur he is going to have a mess of trouble with his golf. In the 1933 National Open I made the mistake of thinking for a time that amateur golf was serious business and while I was in that error I almost knocked myself out of my championship. At the fourth hole I began hooking my shots. I was trying to hit the ball out long just like the pro big boys do and before I came to, I had dropped three strokes to par and was mighty lucky to get out in 39. At the very last hole of the tournament I almost lost out by trying to turn myself from an amateur into a pro and get one of those far, far straight drives. I hooked again and into the rough. The rough at North Shore was brutal but I had the good fortune to land in a spot where I could take a good free hack at the ball with a midiron.

I sure didn't think of how important I was as Goodman, the amateur leading the Open field, when I went up to that ball. As near as I can remember I didn't think of anything. So I gave the ball a clout and it stuck to the far right side of the green. A couple of unconscious putts and I was in.

I am sure that I'm no different from any of the other amateurs who have managed to do some good scoring at golf, and that's why I say that the fellows don't make work out of the game, or toss too much of their "valuable time" into their practice and play.

So if you have been one of the outsiders who have worried about all the time we have been wasting having fun and trying to get to be good golfers, relax and go back to your camera, your stamps or your trout flies. I won't worry about this matter myself, because I've got too much work to worry about. ###

The curtain rises . . . . .
on the September Issue of

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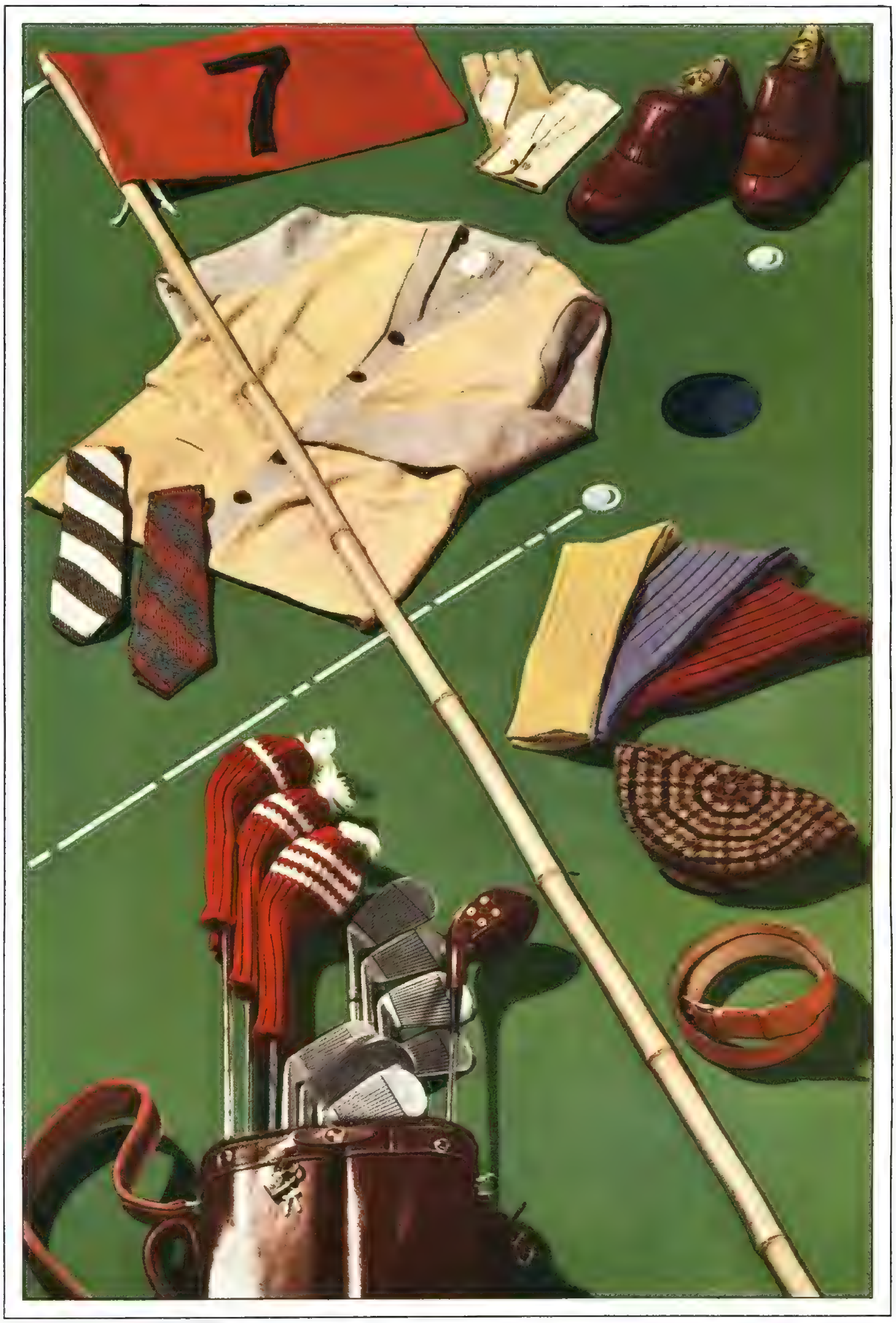
CORONET *for September*
NOW ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND



COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITING-FELLOWS

TAKING INVENTORY AT THE SEVENTH HOLE

WHAT bothers us is whether that putt is going to drop. It's a cinch to rim the cup, but the cup has such a funny elliptical shape there's no telling what may happen. Oh well, the whole thing is just painted on or done with tricky cut-outs of some kind, and it doesn't really matter much one way or the other. The main thing is to get organized on these golf items. There's a pair of brown Norwegian model golf shoes in the upper right-hand corner. That takes care of that. Then you can't miss the matched clubs and the red and white wool covers for the woods. The bag is a two-in-one affair which can be broken up into two equal-sized bags. Now let's dispose of the cashmere cardigan with chamois front and the two striped tweed ties. That leaves only the three pairs of solid color wool golf hose, the tweed cap and the brown suede-finish belt. Everything accounted for? Aw heck, we forgot the gloves.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

FIRST CHOICE OF THE STYLE MEN

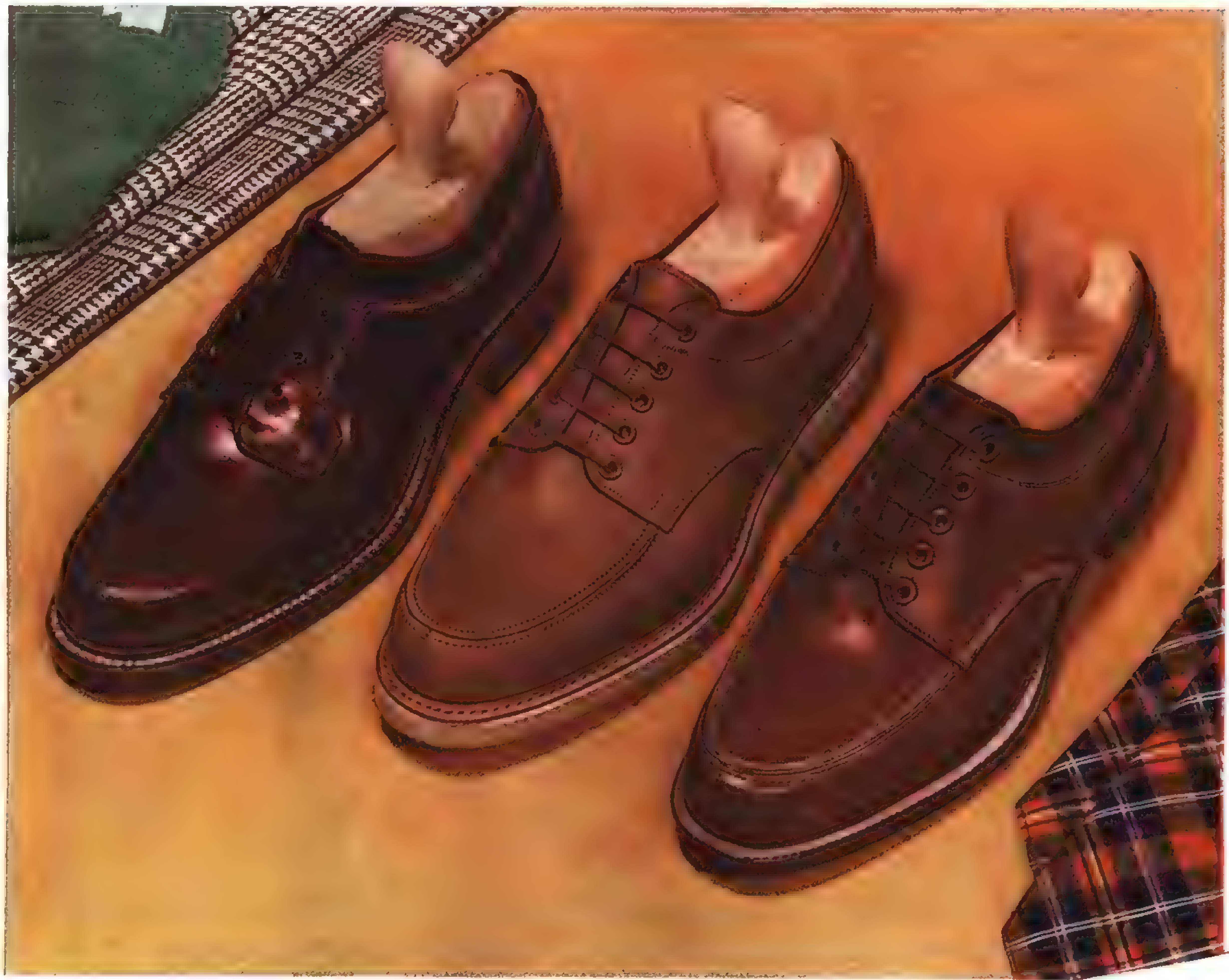
"The Musketeers"

HERE is a first showing of the most distinctively styled shoes presented in years. The MUSKETEERS. Checked and acclaimed by important men's fashion authorities, these newest Jarmans are worthy of a definite place in the Fall wardrobe of every man. They are smart—modern—styled in the Norwegian manner, on the new Stroller last, in rich and rugged leathers . . . in subtle colors keyed to complement your favorite suit. See the three styles shown here—and many others—at your nearby Jarman dealer's. You'll readily recognize the MUSKETEERS as this season's finest in footwear for appearance and for comfort—two qualities retained through many extra miles of wear . . . most styles $5 to $7.50. JARMAN SHOE COMPANY, Division of General Shoe Corp., Nashville, Tenn.

Left, No. 2710. A stormy weather style fashioned in the Norwegian manner on the Stroller last. The leather in a dark shade is water-resistant . . . overweight double soles. A Jarman Airflator Shoe.

Center, No. 1742. Those of you who belong to the sporting clan will recognize this shoe as a "must" for wear with this season's new colorful tweeds and heather mixtures. Fashioned on the Stroller last in the Norwegian manner . . . Natural color crepe soles. A Jarman Friendly Shoe.

Right, No. 4146. Imported Moor Calf helps lift this shoe into the top style brackets. For country wear and with most all newer Fall suitings, this Stroller last has the knack of adding just the right touch to your wardrobe. A Jarman Custom Grade.



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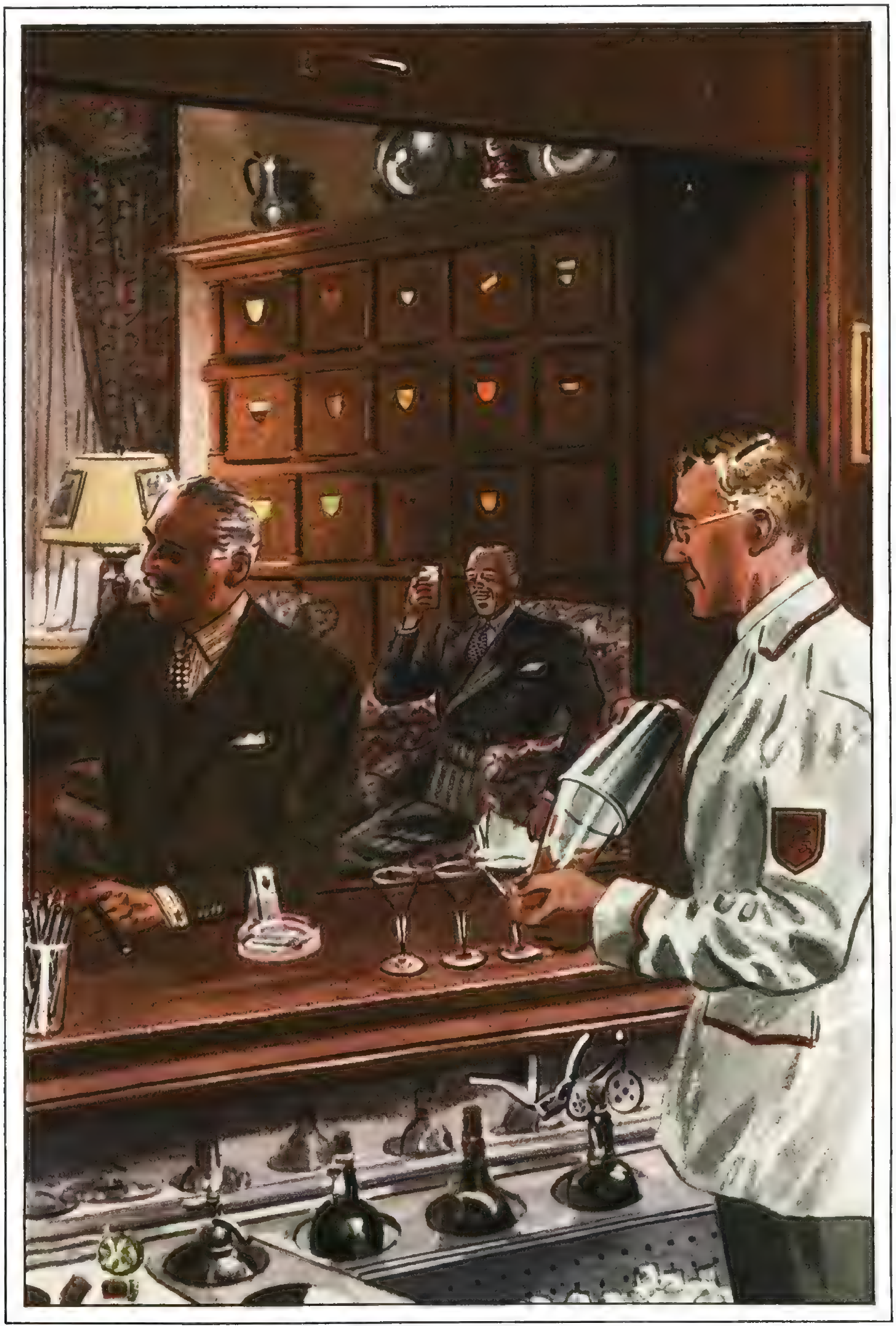


PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE AT THE BRITISH CLUB, NEW YORK, BY LESLIE SAALBURG

PUTTING ON THE CANINE IN A REFINED WAY

If you're going to hoist a raucous stein to dear old Maine, that's one thing. If you're going to bend an elegant elbow with the best, that's another thing. This, obviously, is another thing. But there's no reason for overdoing the pomp and circumstance when you can hew to the simple, straightforward line and still reek with good taste. The man holding up the bar wears a three-button notch lapel single breasted hopsack worsted suit in charcoal brown, practically a perfect shade for town occasions and one which seems to flatter all complexions. Visible accessories are the tan and brown striped shirt, starched matching collar, and brown and white Spitalfields tie. The other man wears a double breasted black flannel suit with chalk stripe, fine blue broadcloth shirt with lounge collar attached, and Spitalfields tie. The suit is in the British Blade style, with fullness through the chest and shoulder blades.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

A Dog from Nowhere

Continued from page 45

I closed the door behind him and repeated the words softly. "Come in." And this was soft as the Kiss of Judas, for the moment these words were issued from my mouth I lifted the telephone receiver and called the Society.

He stood in the hall and looked at me. His tail wagged while I explained about a stray dog without a collar or tag that had followed me. And I had him here. I had induced him to come into the house so that there could be no trouble picking him up.

Yes, it would be taken care of in the morning. It was not possible that night to send the wagon.

His tail wagged as I spoke through the telephone. Did he understand that his hours were now counted? Did he know I was talking about him? Why was he happy? Was death something for which he had no fear? Did he know something that I could not understand?

This was a pretty trick I played him. "Come in." And still he wagged his tail.

"Well, you will have to wait until the morning," I said. "Come. I will find something for you to eat. Come to the kitchen."

By giving him a crust in a bowl of milk I tried to brush aside the low-down trick I had played. He will die, but at least I will give him some food. Great kindness this!

While he was eating the food I happened to glance in the mirror. What a hard ugly face! Could this be me? Could this person reflected in the glass have lived and loved? And only six months ago was there not a dream creature, lovely beyond all words . . . Lydia with grace and charm and beauty and youth. Oh, Lydia, could you have loved this person now before you? . . . A black scheming wretch who tricked a hungry dumb animal and called for the wagon to take him to his death. And he wagged his tail in full unsuspecting innocence. Could you have loved this?

"Oh, you hypocrite, you double-crossing wretch! Go away! Don't follow me. Judas was an angel compared to you!" I shouted these words at the image in the mirror.

All right. The dog should die. His main crime was that he followed me. His other crimes were his starvation, his mange, his pus-laden eye and his filth. Take a club and beat the life out of him.

Do it yourself. Do it honestly. Do it above board. Without deception. And not sneak some words through a wire to a goddam Society, some pussy-woosey words full of high ideals and low intentions. Face it yourself and do not run around Grandma's woolly skirts.

Or if you can't take a club and beat the life out of this half-starved creature then get the pistol from the bureau drawer and put a cool bullet in his brain.

I shook my fist at the image in the glass. "What a skunk you are!"

And then suddenly the creature brushed passed me and ran to the hall. He stood before the door and made strange sounds with his throat. It was neither a growl nor a bark. The sound was a whining one as though he were trying to speak. Then his tail wagged rapidly and he gave two short little barks. Not a bark with a growl behind it but one of a joyous nature. It was as though someone he knew were coming to the door.

Did he want to go out? No. This was certain. He was happy because someone was at the door-step waiting to come into the house.

I went forward and opened the door. No one was there. How strange!

As I closed the door the dog jumped about in circles, then he frisked into the living room and sat down beside the settee. It was all as though someone he knew very well had come into the house. Someone good and someone beautiful. Animals know. But the house seemed empty.

And as I stood contemplating this strange event the clock on the mantle struck: One, two, three . . . six, seven! My God! It is true.

Wait a minute. Let me sit down and try to think. Is such a thing possible? Has it ever happened before? Or is it just one of these terribly weird coincidences that occur only once in a thousand years? Reason tells me that it must be one of these fluke combinations of chance. But there is something else.

The dog soon went back to the kitchen to finish his bowl of food. He had evidently interrupted his dinner. A starved dog had stopped eating to run to the door because he sensed a friend approaching. This must certainly be a great friendship.

Was the dog fooled? Did he run to the door all for nothing? And when I opened the door did not someone enter, someone whom I could not see? Why then did the creature turn about in joyous circles?

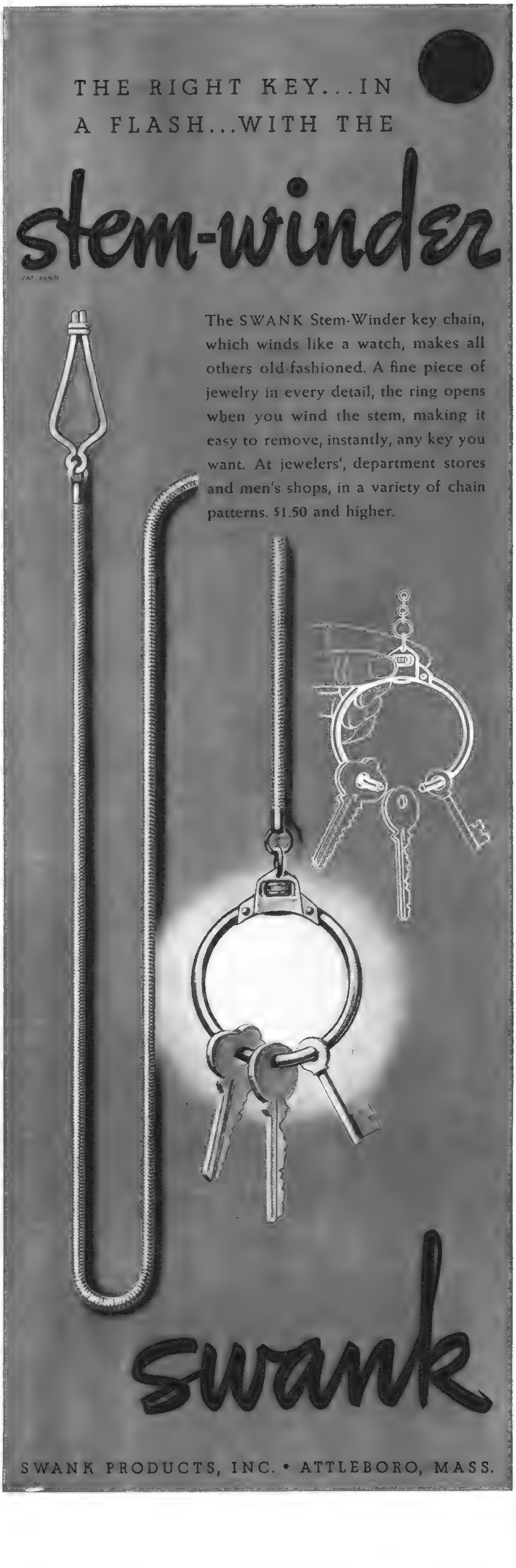
And was it not customary at exactly this hour, day in and day out . . . Was it not customary for a certain person to arrive for supper at seven o'clock? . . . Six months ago. No longer. The illness lasted some time. It was eight, nine, ten, — a year. Oh!

The door was opened when he barked and then I closed it. Someone is here!

The girl I love has been brought back to me. Back from a place where none has returned. Across a deep dark chasm. Her spirit and love have been brought back to me by this mute creature and I have rewarded him with a bowl of milk and a promise of death. Damn generous of me!

That night just as I was about to drop off to sleep I felt a warm

Continued on page 132



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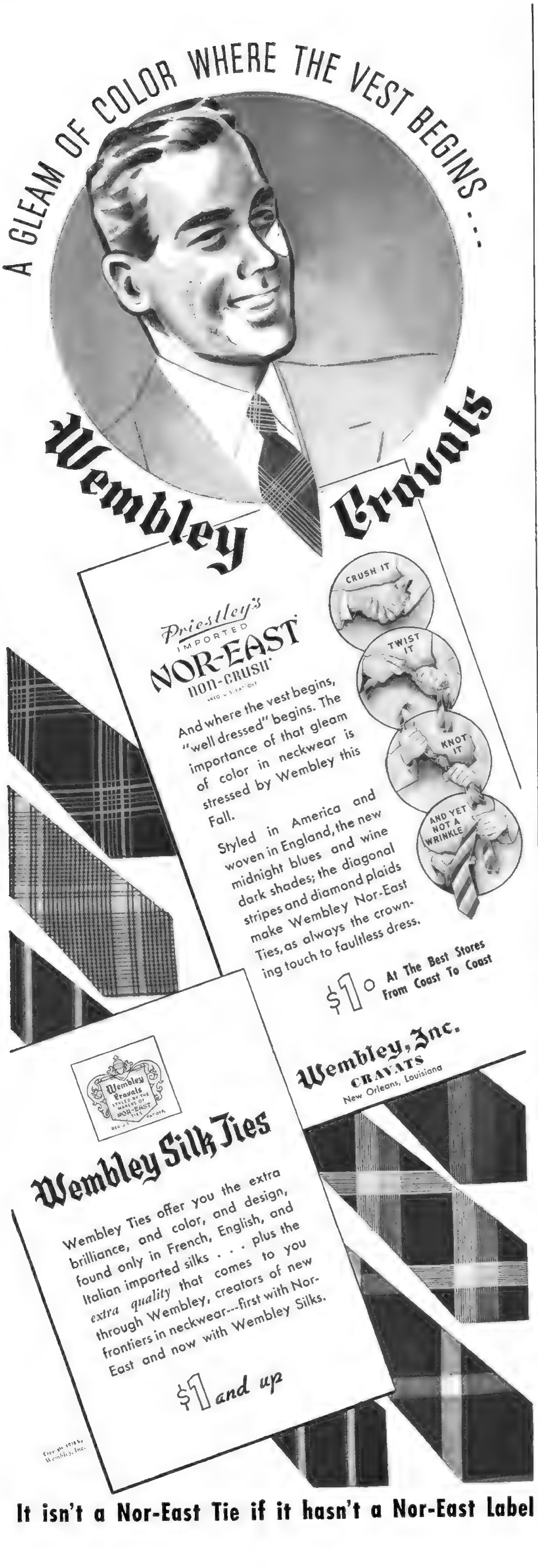

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A Dog from Nowhere

Continued from pages 45-131

hand touch the edge of the blanket and turn it gently over my shoulder. And I opened my eyes but saw nothing. I could not sleep but began to review in my mind the little bits of things that happened that day. Nothing of itself seemed terribly important. But add them all together and you have something that is . . . Where is the poor creature?

I lit the light and opened the bedroom door. The dog was lying in a corner of the hall curled up and partly asleep. He opened one eye as I approached and his tail moved slightly.

There is pus in his eye and his skin is covered with a hard scab, he is dirty and matted but I bent down and felt nothing of all these. He was warm and he was alive and what is more he is devoted to someone and that is the person I love. And he has brought her here.

I petted him and he closed his eyes. And then I went back to my room and fell asleep.

In the morning I decided to give him a bath. He stood patiently in the tub while I soaped him and churned up a great white lather. He did not try to jump out of the tub but let me wash him. I was careful not to get soap in his eyes. Three times I filled the tub so black was the water until I could get him washed.

Then I let him shake himself and I wrapped him up in a large warm towel and carried him to a sunny part of the living room.

The bell rang. Two men were at the door. They wore gloves.

"No. I am sorry. I have changed my mind. I have no dog here for you. Sorry to have troubled you." They left.

I got scissors and cut off the badly matted lumps of fluffy hair, for it was impossible to brush it out. He was white as snow with the coat of a poodle. His ears were pink and while one stood up and the other flopped over it did not matter. His eye ran only a little and did not show so badly. I could get some drops from a doctor and perhaps it would clear up. All in all the miserable and wretched creature that you have seen before has vanished. He is now a fluffy little white dog. And he is bright and as smart as any dog.

Some dogs have in them a comic spirit. They enjoy acting the clown and they know very well when their antics are being favorably received. But the white dog had none of this. He tried no stunts for effect. But he had something else and that something was of great importance. It seemed as though he could make me understand something and through his silence he had an eloquence which I cannot describe in words for words were not part of this communication.

All right I am wrong. All this is only a fantasy. I have imagined something and I have attributed to a filthy cur something that no dog has ever had or could have. We will see. At least the bath cannot hurt him and he surely is better clean and white and fluffy than in his former wretched condition. But we will test it to make certain. In a few hours we can know.

Once more the clock was about to strike seven and he bounded from the floor with a short bark and those same strange sounds again issued from his throat. He stood in the hall wagging his tail and he kept looking at me as though to ask why I did not open the door.

Finally I opened the door and as I did so I bowed low for I knew now that I was in the presence of the great unknown and that she . . . The dog jumped about in circles just as he had done the evening before and he settled himself finally in the living room.

Now the evidence was accumulating and soon there could be no doubt about it. I am ashamed for the doubt. My heart was ready to believe from the very start. The heart had reasons that reason itself could not know.

More evidence was not necessary. I was certain that the little white dog had come to me for a definite purpose. He had a message and more than a message. Somehow or other through this dumb creature I would soon see and hear her and once more I could hold her in my arms and kiss her lips. Of this I was confident. She was moving all forces to make her presence known to me and it is only I who am blind and stupid. Why could I not see it and understand it all at one glance? The little white dog can see her. And this crime that hung over me . . . "Come! We are going home" . . . And all the time I knew that I wanted to induce the creature to enter the house so I could order his death. This trick weighed heavily upon me and as soon as we could speak I would make a clean breast of it and confess and beg forgiveness. She knows the truth but still the words are in my throat and I must get them out if only for myself. The little white dog would help me. Soon I will learn from him how to speak to her.

Now and then I thought I heard her call my name. The little white dog heard it also for he raised his head and the muscles of his ears drew back each time. She was trying to tell me something.

I grew impatient. A day or two went by and the wall was still between us. And so blind and stupid is man that the moment he fails then doubt creeps in. I made no progress at all and then I began to imagine that all this was a fantasy, all an invention of a clever active brain. The conflict came between belief and knowledge. The mind refused to recognize what the heart already understood.

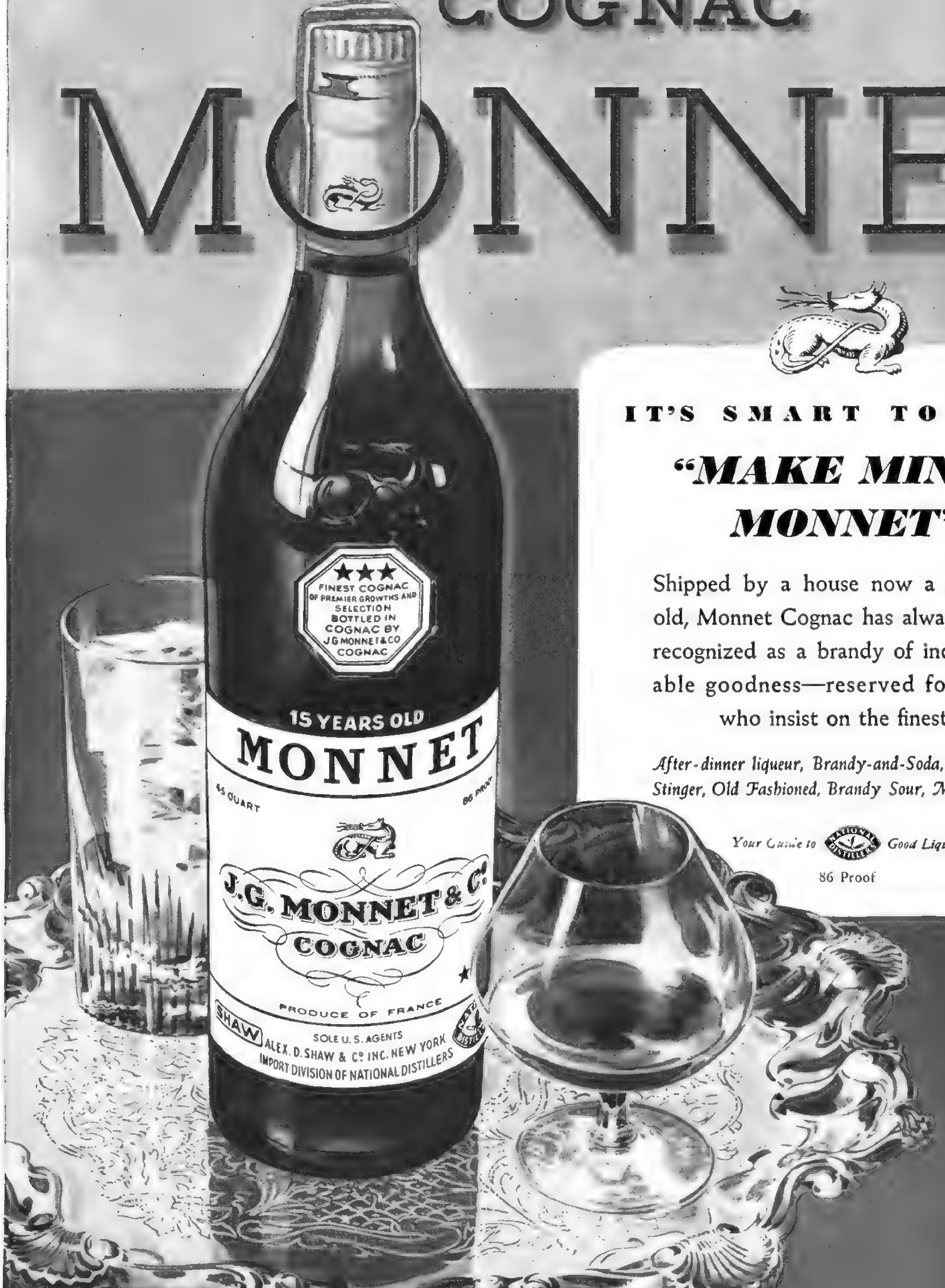
But soon, one night, I was

Continued on page 134

For the Select Few

COGNAC

MONNET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A Dog from Nowhere

Continued from pages 45-131-132

awakened by a strange sound. I listened carefully and I heard the most heart-rending sobs that I had ever heard. I sat up in bed. It was she. "Oh, Lydia, my own dear Lydia! What is the matter?"

I turned on the light and immediately the sobbing ceased. Then the moment I turned off the light it began again.

I put on my slippers and dressing gown and went toward the direction of the sound. It seemed to come from this room and then when I got there it seemed to come from the other.

"Lydia, Lydia. Listen to me. Why are you crying? Can't you tell me? Can't we get the little white dog to act as interpreter? Perhaps somehow . . . He is sleeping now near the door of my bedroom. I will go and wake him and bring him here and then . . ."

There was a soft patter on the stair and the little white dog, I could hear, was coming down.

"You have heard me. You have awakened him yourself. You have sent him to me. You agree to my plan. We will speak and you will tell me why you are weeping as though your heart were about to break."

It seemed to me that while I was speaking the sobbing ceased.

"Lydia darling. You are trying to come to my arms and I am reaching out in this unknown darkness to take hold of you. I cannot know what you know. And I cannot tell if it is wrong or right. All I know is that I love you and nothing can take you out of my heart. I live with your memory and until very recently, until you sent me the little white dog, I have been alone. Loneliness eats the marrow of one's bones and the flesh begins to rot. And now the little white dog is here and you are here also. And you are weeping and I want you to make me understand why."

These words I spoke softly but clearly. The little white dog was in the room. A thin pale beam of moonlight filtered through the window and I could see his fluffy coat against the dark carpet. The faint light outlined the objects in the room as though they had been drawn with a thin white pencil on a soft black paper. Some of the objects seemed to run together and made new and strange forms which the mind could not unravel. And the planes seemed to tilt and fall apart; and all direction was lost. The sobbing seemed closer.

"It is you, Lydia. You are close by. I can hear. Why are you weeping, can you answer me? I do not know how to ask or how you can reply. Is death always silent? Is it beautiful and white as our poets have taught us to believe? Or is it horrible and dirty and stinking? Is it pus-laden and filled with unhealing sores? Was it there you found the little dog that you sent to me? Yes, I can tell. Now I know. He was once dead. Dead, buried and then dug up. And now he has returned because . . . Because you want to tell me something. You are lonely and you want to come to me but you can't and I am lonely and I want to go to you but I do not know how. Speak Lydia, speak and tell me. Listen darling. Would we be together if I were dead? Do you want me to die?"

The little white dog moved slightly on the floor. He merely turned his body and settled his nose into the carpet. I could not know anything from this gesture. It was neither yes nor no. Had his tail wagged it would have been a definite yes.

Suddenly a strange feeling crept into me. It was like a cold wave that starts at the feet and runs up with a rippling tide-like movement.

"Lydia," I called. "We are doing something terrible. You know it and I know it. We cannot go on like this. I am torn in two. I want to reach out for you and hold you. And you are trying to come to me. But you know that you cannot live with the living. You have no right! And I know that I cannot live with the dead. Why did you come to me? And why do I reach out for you. This is terrible. It will drive me mad. We cannot go on like this. I love you, I love you, you know I love you but there is something between us and across this chasm . . . We are drenching our souls with evil. Stop! You want to show me death and after I see it then . . . Then how should I face the living? My eyes would betray me. No, I can't. I dare not. Go back my darling and let me still cling to the shred of life that remains for me. Go back and take away the little white dog. Give him back the sleep of death that he has paid for and belongs to him."

I listened closely. I could hear no weeping. The little dog was quiet on the carpet. I waited to see if by some sign I could distinguish a reply. The light of the moon seemed stronger and the objects in the room more recognizable.

I walked slowly around the room touching each object as I passed. I listened as closely as I could but I heard nothing—nothing except the light breathing of the little white dog.

While I was walking back to my bedroom my mind suddenly

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LEVEL-HEADED
PUGNACIOUS
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"Becomingness" is LEE'S key to improving your Hat-I-Tude . . . When your hat is not becoming, it spoils your whole appearance.

It takes three times longer to make a hat by the LEE Water-Bloc process. LEE Water-Bloc hats are rollable, foldable, and super-serviceable. Edges are hand-felted for greater firmness . . . and the LEE Cushion Leather assures real head comfort.

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. . . and the Pants Pocket Water-Bloc, Lightest of Lightweight Felts . . . . $7.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

EXHIBITOR WORLD'S FAIR 1939

THE FRANK H. LEE CO., 358 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

came to a definite decision.

"Forgive me, Lydia, for what I am about to do. But otherwise it is not possible. I cannot go a step further. I have already seen too much. Forgive me darling and let us not torture each other a moment longer."

There was a ringing in my ear and I heard the echo of my own voice. "Go away! Don't follow me!" I took the pistol from the bureau drawer and I went back to the living room. It had come to this.

I recalled the picture to my mind of a filthy cur, mangy, scabby, with a soft running eye and split lip. I recalled this wretched creature when he first fell into my tracks and I recalled my desperate outcries: "Go away! Don't follow me!" And now my heart was crying it out again. "Go away! Go home!" And the filthy cur was now a little white dog. Kill one and the other must die!

And as I entered the room I could see the white fluffy little dog asleep on the carpet. A faint blue light of the moon was over him.

"Go away. Go away. For God's sake go away. You cannot bring us together. And what you were before you must be again. If you were once dead then I must send you back."

I raised the revolver and held it close to the little dog's head. For a moment I hesitated and I heard him breathe. He was asleep and in his sleep he would never know. But my finger hung lightly on the trigger and it did not press down. In another moment I had lost my nerve for the little white dog sensed my presence and opened one eye. When he recognized me he wagged his tail. I just could not shoot the creature while he was wagging his tail. And so I concealed the weapon and waited until he would again fall asleep.

I waited and waited and exhausted by this strange night I fell asleep in a chair. I awoke at early morn. A faint light announced a new day. The revolver was beside me and on the floor, there almost at my feet, was the little dog.

This thing could not go on. I was determined.

He seemed asleep and I crept forward to place the muzzle to his head. And then I turned my own face so I should not see. In another second the weapon would have gone off but a strange silence held it up. I listened closely. There was something wrong. I could not hear the little dog's breathing. I bent down low over him. Not a sound! I touched him. Yes. He was dead.

Thank heaven he was dead!

"Oh, Lydia, Lydia," I cried. "You have spared me something and now I know that you have heard me and . . . Oh, I know more, more! And you forgive me everything, everything! I am grateful." #

Take Me Out to the Football Game

Continued from page 81

sides the regular school and "downtown" ticket offices, tickets are also charged out to commercial stores, drug, cigar, department stores and hotels.

Each day's sale must be audited and checked through the accountant's books. When this final "book" is made at the end of the season the money in the till and the tickets left over must balance for the Federal tax inspection. Along with the ticket sale goes the poster, and furnishing material for window displays in stores, most of whom change their displays each week, wanting pictures of opponents and rising stars of the home team.

Accompanying the early ticket sale and continuing with it all season long must go the blasts of the publicity department. The work of the publicity man begins early and continues late. Stories on the team, coaches and individuals, along with material on their successive opponents must be sent out to hundreds of newspapers, both weeklies and dailies within the territory. Arrangements are made for seating in the press box, checking wire placements and providing refreshments. Radio announcers and visiting publicity men also must be met and satisfied with accommodations and story material.

Since very few newspaper men actually bother to follow teams in practice in these times, the university's man has to keep them informed by telephone after practice about the latest developments, or even go to the offices of the papers and write the stuff when the regular man assigned to the team is off or when the department doesn't seem quite sufficiently interested to have a staff man do it. Then there is the usual digging up of personal stuff on the boys and the supplying of it for columns and special features; and the headaches over new gags for pictures and the scraps with photogs to make 'em take what the coach wants shot.

As far as possible in the matter of press complimentary tickets, lists are made up in the summer. Besides the metropolitan press and large news services, dozens and even hundreds of dailies in the vicinity demand free representation at the contest. Special requests of visitors or of papers not on the regular list average about a hundred or more a week, which keeps the telephone busy. On the average, it is estimated that there are about two chiselers for every legitimate request.

Visiting teams always bring visiting newspaper men and provision has to be made for them in the press box. The publicity man also has to arrange for the radio broadcasters' booths, tickets, spotters, and frequently even digs up for them newspaper men and celebrities for half-time comment. The publicity man additionally arranges accommodations for the

Continued on page 136

"Multicontrol"
LASTEX FOUNDATIONS
styled by
HICKORY

SALUTE to "Multicontrol"

EXCLUSIVE . . . AND ENCHANTING
FOR BEAUTIFUL . . . YOUTHFUL
CONTOUR CONTROL

It's amazing how Multicontrol youthifies your figure. What you want done, Multicontrol does . . . expertly, easily. Comfortable two-way stretch Lastex is woven doubly firm in the hip and thigh sections for extra control where it's needed most. Flexible freedom and slimness . . . no stress or strain . . . anywhere. Exclusive self-edges. Model illustrated has up-and-down stretch satin Lastex panels to keep you smooth in front and back. Flattering Alencon lace bra-top. At your favorite corsetiere: $10. Other Multicontrol models: with accentuated satin under-bra uplift and zipper opening in back panel: $15; with double silk batiste control panels, deluxe details, zipper opening at the side: $20.

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE—
If your favorite corsetiere cannot supply you, please send your remittance and measurements (also your dealer's name) to Ruth Stone, Personal Shopper, A. Stein & Co., 1179 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

HICKORY . . . THE FOUNDATION OF LOVELINESS

An Advertisement
by TONY FOX
Office Boy for our Advertising Agency

One day, I am cleaning out the Boss's desk and I run across the necktie shown below, at the right. I laughed, because it's a Botany Wrinkle-Proof Tie...and it certainly was full of wrinkles. The Boss saw me looking at it and said: "What's so funny, Tony?" So I showed him the tie and said: "Wrinkle-Proof, huh?" "Sure," said the Boss. "Hang it up a few days and you'll see." Then he went on to explain that the fabric in a Botany Tie had so much life that it would get smooth when you hung it up. "Just overnight on a rack will do the trick for regular wrinkles from knotting," said the Boss, "but that tie has been crumpled in my drawer for weeks...so it may take a few days to smooth out." Well I figure I better humor the Boss, so I hang the tie across the rung of a ladder in our stockroom and took a picture of it. The bottom picture was taken of the same tie three days later. If anyone doesn't believe that Botany Ties are Wrinkle-Proof...let 'em ask me.

Tony Fox

BOTANY TIES
WRINKLE PROOF

TRADEMARK REG U S PAT OFF

BOTANY WRINKLE-PROOF TIES $1

THE BOTANY ROBE ... Made, like the Botany Tie, from fabric to robe, by Botany Worsted Mills. Ask your dealer to show you the variety of weaves and styles... at $10 up.

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BOTANY WORSTED MILLS • PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY
THE BOTANY TIE...THE BOTANY ROBE...BOTANY SHIRTS...BOTANY SOCKS...
MEN'S & WOMEN'S WEAR FABRICS...BOTANY TOP-DYED KNITTING YARNS.

Take Me Out to the Football Game

Continued from pages 81-135

visiting scouts in the press box, usually to the number of at least a dozen. Then there are also such details as direct wires from the press box to the bench for the visiting coaches who like to put assistants up above to help them spot the plays.

When the team travels, the publicity man usually goes ahead about a week in advance to visit the press and try to help them with information about the team. Some publicity men are pretty thoroughly controlled by their coaches and have to try to make their teams always the underdogs to build up the boss if the eleven happens to win. Usually, however, it pays the press representative in the long run to be frank and honest and let his boners be errors of judgment and bad guesses instead of errors of intent.

High powered publicity departments are mostly myths. Usually it is a one-man job done in a small office, with perhaps a student working part time to rewrite stories where a large number of papers receive the same general material.

Long before the players arrive from summer camps, road gangs, farms and steel mills, an immense amount of equipment has to be made ready. A representative report includes the following items:

Pants—475 pairs. Each varsity man has at least three pairs: one for practice; two for games, one of satin and one of airplane linen or balloon silk. Two practice pairs usually are necessary during a season.

Shoes—500 pairs. One for practice, one for games. Replacements usually build this figure up to about four pairs per player for a season.

Jerseys—600. Four to each varsity man, replacements later for those that are damaged. Each man is issued one colored jersey for practice and one for game, and one white for practice and one for game. First-string backs use up as many as eight in a season from being grabbed in tackles so often.

Socks—1300 pairs are used each week. After four or five trips to the laundry they usually have to be thrown away. A total of 2,400 are bought every season.

Undershirts—300 are used every season.

Sweatshirts—300 a season.

Sideline coats, hooded jackets —70.

Blankets—35.

Footballs—150 new footballs every season. These come in three types, two different brands, lined and unlined. Sturdy, lined footballs are used for practice; lively unlined balls in games. Some passers claim they can throw an unlined game ball five yards farther than a lined practice ball.

Headgears—110.

Shoulder pads—275 pairs.

Hip pads—275 pairs.

Supporters—1,250.

In addition to all of this material, special articles such as the following must be kept in stock in the equipment room.

Stop watches.

Cleats—many types. There are three different sizes of cone cleats alone that must be kept on hand for different degrees of softness of the field. Besides these, there are also several types of block leather cleats.

Special pump for blowing up footballs.

Shoelaces.

Field trunks—specially built to store replacement equipment for emergencies. These special trunks are also miniature store rooms and have, moreover, a complete line of medical supplies.

Dressing room trunks—specially built containers to have same stock of replacements and medical supplies in dressing rooms.

Seabags—filled for each player on Friday nights before games by stock room attendants so that his complete equipment is waiting for him when he goes to dress. Everything he wears or uses has the same number on it that he wears on his back in the game.

Special trip trunks—four times the size of ordinary trunks in which equipment is stored. A team usually has five of these.

Medical cabinet for dressing room. Special stock of everything the team doctors might need to get a team ready at the scene of the game or to take care of the boys afterwards.

Stencils, paint for lettering and numbering players' equipment.

Snugtex for jerseys—the gummy stuff that helps a player hold the ball next to his jersey.

Citrate of magnesia—gallons of it.

Balm for colds—144 tubes.

Nasal jelly for trips—144 tubes.

Fifteen miles of 1-inch adhesive tape.

One mile of 1-inch gauze bandage.

4,000 3x3 gauze steripads for cuts, etc.

300 pill and ointment tins.

300 prescription bottles for special prescriptions.

½ gross of bunion pads.

½ gross of corn pads.

Ointment for cuts—144 tubes.

Throat gargle—15 gallons.

Cough medicine—3 gallons.

Absorbent hospital cotton — 30 pounds.

Rubbing alcohol—144 pints.

Mercurochrome—2 quarts.

Sponge rubber—100 square feet used for making special pads.

Special equipment — includes shoulder harness, rib corsets, protective equipment for all parts of body where weakness has developed or injury needs protection.

Towels—1,800 are used each week.

Every scratch and bruise, no matter how tiny, is taken care of by the medical department. Except for the pads and pants every bit of a player's equipment is laundered after each wearing. Pads and pants are hung in lock-

Continued on page 138

VAT 69

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

VAT 69
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
8 YEARS OLD
8 YEARS OLD
ESTABLISHED 1863
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
Wm Sanderson & Son, Ltd.
DISTILLERS LEITH, SCOTLAND
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N.Y.
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR UNITED STATES

Part of the picture wherever gentlemen foregather—because **VAT 69**, the world over, is *the Scotch to the Gentleman's Taste!*

8 YEARS OLD
86 PROOF

PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N. Y. Sole Distributors for the United States

"I'm tired of wearing shorts without BUTTONS!"

"And I'm tired of sewing buttons on!" (It happened this morning in hundreds of homes)

Husbands may rant—and wives may rave—but that won't solve the button problem on shorts. Let your favorite men's store or department store come to your rescue with *modern* shorts.

Stop in today and ask for shorts with Grippers—they'll end your button troubles. Grippers won't break—won't rip off—won't tear out. They're guaranteed by Good Housekeeping as advertised therein.

always buy SHORTS with Grippers Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

instead of buttons

These fasteners are much more convenient—and they're really LAUNDRY-PROOF

"Washing and ironing won't damage Grippers," the sales clerk will tell you. And he knows. Grippers have been approved by The American Institute of Laundering. And they have already made good on millions of garments.

Once you begin wearing shorts with Grippers you'll agree they're a grand improvement. No more missing buttons or torn button holes to plague you or your wife. (You'll be glad to know that Grippers are also now being used on men's pajamas!)

FOR YOUR PROTECTION

Be sure the fasteners on the shorts you buy are stamped plainly "Grippers." Grippers have been tested and proved on millions of pairs of shorts. They are offered on all leading brands. Leading men's wear and department stores are now featuring your favorite brand of shorts equipped with Grippers.

COPR. 1938, SCOVILL MFG. CO.

SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Button and Fastener Division
Waterbury, Connecticut

Take Me Out to the Football Game

Continued from pages 81-135-136

ers and the locker rooms have a special ventilating system that insures their being thoroughly dried out before the next use.

The medical equipment is tremendous with all its paraphernalia for examining hearts, X-raying, X-raying teeth, etc.; but it's all part of training quarters standard equipment.

This is the average cost of a player's equipment when he lines up for the kickoff:

Shoes	$12.00
Socks	.75
Pants and pads	9.50
Hip pads	5.00
Jersey	5.75
Undershirt	.50
Supporter	.50
Shoulder pads	8.75
Headgear	8.00
	$50.75

This does not include the hooded jackets for cold weather or wool dress jackets for ordinary over-uniform use. These are about ten dollars each.

The first steps for a football game are taken immediately after the previous football season. Files of former season ticket holders, winners of athletic letters, alumni and faculty lists are revised, and publicity regarding the coming football season is prepared for mailing early in the spring. This mailing includes the football schedule, prices and dates and information concerning the personnel of the football team and coaches. This particular mailing is sent to approximately 25,000 prospective applicants.

With the first arrival of applications in August, the ticket manager at once is confronted with the neat problem of trying to place some 10,000 season tickets on the fifty-yard line.

This ticket jam then continues until the end of the campaign, though the "big game" is always productive of all kinds of exceptional headaches. For instance, a convalescent wants to sit on the running track; a cripple unable to sit in the stands wants to drive his car into the stadium; a fond sweetheart who does not attend the school desires to sit with the boy friend or girl friend in the student section; a prominent trustee has lost his tickets; an alumnus who is a friend of a friend of a friend of the president of the student association in 1912 has just arrived in town and wants to sit on the fifty-yard line. Why hasn't the ticket manager held a fifty-yard line seat for Joe Glad who was very prominent when he was in school in some of the student problems such as delivery of the year book? A perplexed young married woman has arranged a party and her dog has chewed up the part of the tickets showing location of seats. There is a call from the Department of Development about tickets that were in the pocket of a suit sent to the cleaners. And so on *ad infinitum.*

Meanwhile there has been almost as much submerged turmoil in getting the rival elevens ready for the show. On Friday night before each home game, practice for the home team usually is held at some near-by Country Club. That means that beds must be set up, dinner prepared. When a team is traveling, train timetables have to be checked and tickets ordered; local transportation must be arranged from depots with bus lines, and the same from practice fields to hotels. Traveling squads usually include three teams, coaches, five student managers and various athletic officials of the school. Before departure equipment must be cleaned, repaired, checked and packed before leaving school; then unloaded at the destination, cleaned and checked again. Thirty student managers do most of this work.

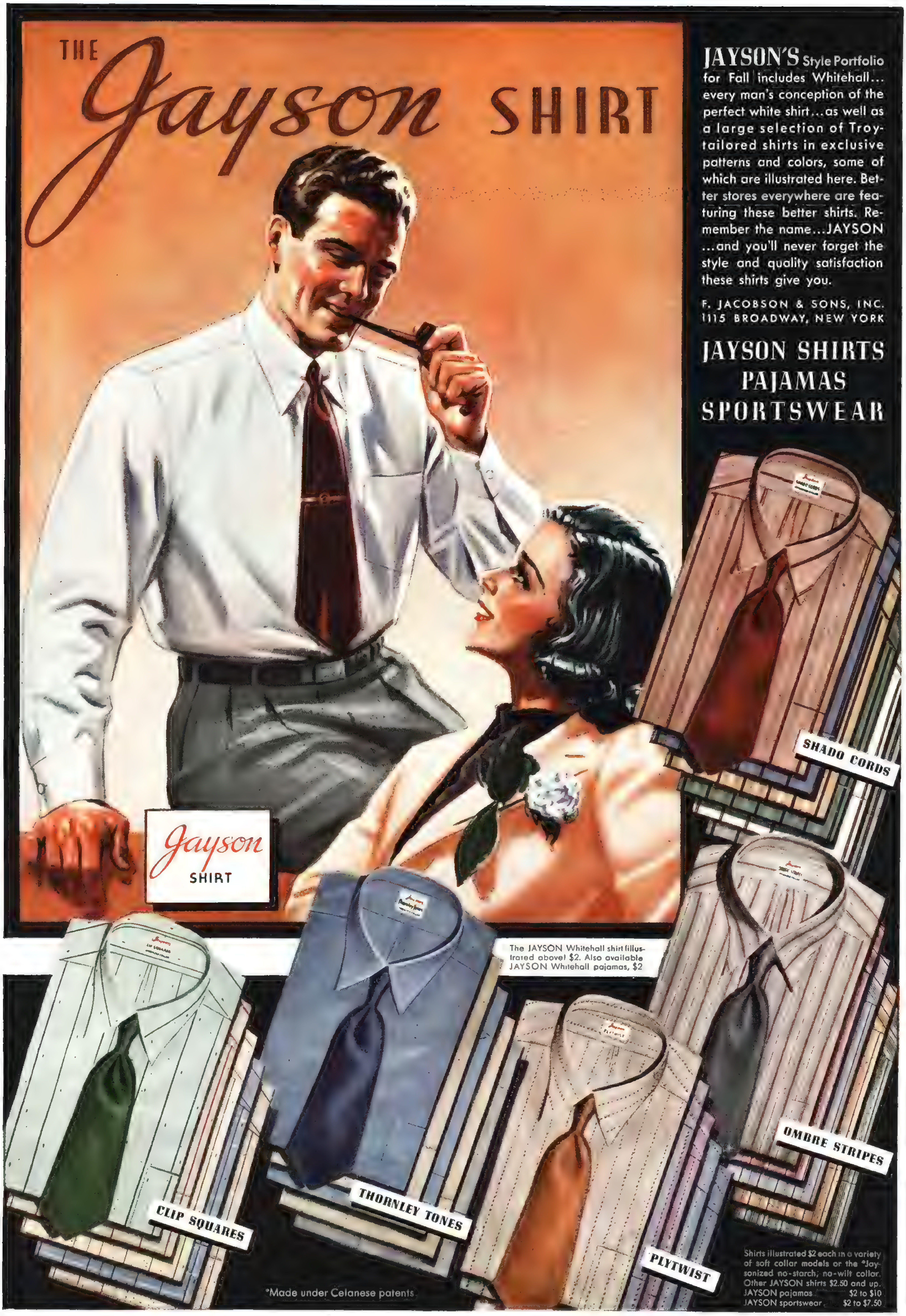
One trip will require six dozen jerseys, three dozen pants, one dozen footballs, three dozen helmets, four dozen pairs of shoes, miscellaneous pads and gears, plus the trainer's medicine chest and equipment.

Still before the game twenty-five men have been working eight hours a day to keep the stadium and field in shape. Before the kickoff, the electric scoreboard must be hooked up for operation. The tarpaulin must be removed from the field, the public address system installed.

Even the officials must be looked after before they trot out and blow the whistle to start hostilities. During the summer coaches and athletic officials indicate their preferences for officials. Then they must be paid and entertained during their visit.

And yet all of this tremendous amount of detail goes on year after year in dozens of great universities with scarcely a whisper of it ever getting out to the public. The football fan sends in a check for his tickets. He drives out to the stadium, and is directed to a parking lot. He is ushered to his proper seat and solicited for peanuts and an attractive colored program with all the numbers of the contending players. He sees two groups of players come on the field scientifically trained and equipped. He sees the officials start the hostilities on the dot, and he hears the game over a loud-speaking system, and sees the score by quarter of this and many other games on an electric scoreboard. If he becomes ill, he is attended competently. When the game is over, he is guided out of the stadium and protected on the highway or on the train by overseers. All this for the simple matter of mailing a check, and all this going on all around him all the time like a myriad-faceted invisible empire.

"Take me out to the football game?" Why not? There's no bother—that anybody can notice! ##



THE Jayson SHIRT

JAYSON'S Style Portfolio for Fall includes Whitehall... every man's conception of the perfect white shirt...as well as a large selection of Troy-tailored shirts in exclusive patterns and colors, some of which are illustrated here. Better stores everywhere are featuring these better shirts. Remember the name...JAYSON ...and you'll never forget the style and quality satisfaction these shirts give you.

F. JACOBSON & SONS, INC.
1115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

JAYSON SHIRTS
PAJAMAS
SPORTSWEAR

Jayson SHIRT

The JAYSON Whitehall shirt (illustrated above) $2. Also available JAYSON Whitehall pajamas, $2

SHADO CORDS

CLIP SQUARES

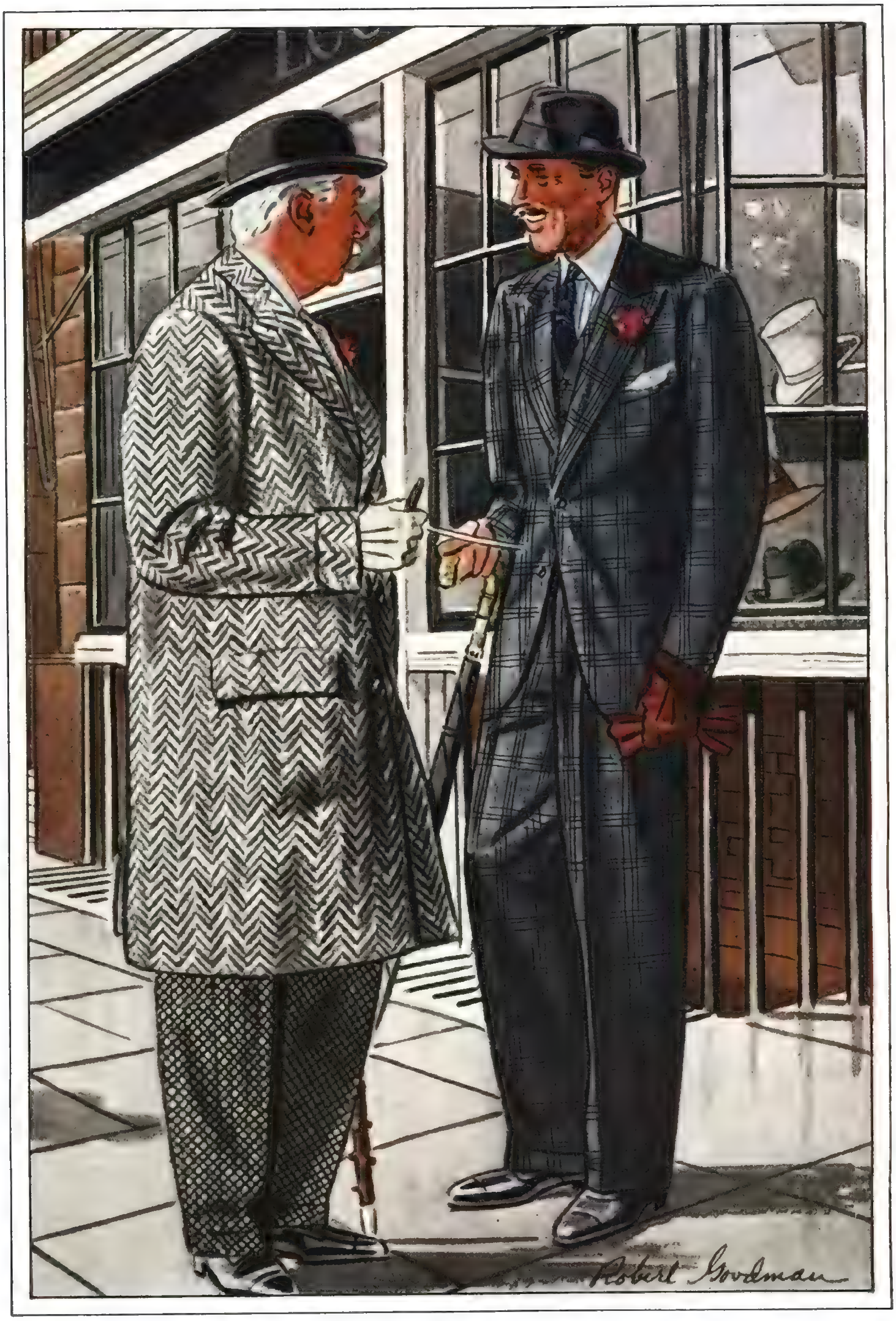
THORNLEY TONES

PLYTWIST

OMBRE STRIPES

*Made under Celanese patents

Shirts illustrated $2 each in a variety of soft collar models or the *Jaysonized no-starch, no-wilt collar. Other JAYSON shirts $2.50 and up.
JAYSON pajamas $2 to $10
JAYSON sportswear $2 to $7.50



LOOK, THOSE FOREIGNERS ARE HERE AGAIN

On the not unreasonable premise that what's good enough for wear in London is good enough for your bailiwick, and on the further assumption that you shouldn't be so modest as to consider it too good, we present herewith two versions of town wear currently popular around St. James' Street. The man on the left wears a three-button peak lapel grey herringbone topcoat in the short length that comes just below the knee, silver-shot clear cut worsted suit, rough finish bowler hat, black blucher semi-brogue shoes, and off-white buckskin gloves. The suit worn by the man at the right is a two-button single breasted peak lapel model in clear cut worsted. Note that the breast pocket is cut a bit lower than usual, showing the handkerchief to better advantage. Accessories include a shirt with alternating blue and grey grandrelle stripes, white starched collar, blue silver stripe tie, Lord's hat, plain shoes, and red goatskin gloves.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
OLD ANGUS
Liqueur
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
86 PROOF EIGHT YEARS OLD 4/5 QUART
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
Train & McIntyre Ltd.
DISTILLERS, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND
ESTABLISHED 1846

A great Scotch whisky becomes one of America's favorites.

OLD ANGUS

A NOBLE SCOTCH

"Gentle as a Lamb"

Long treasured in Scotland as a whisky of special merit, Old Angus, in less than a year, has proved to Americans too that it is one of the world's great whiskies. Try Old Angus—the whisky whose smooth liqueur quality and mild taste have earned for it the title "A Noble Scotch—Gentle as a Lamb".

YOUR GUIDE TO NATIONAL DISTILLERS GOOD LIQUORS

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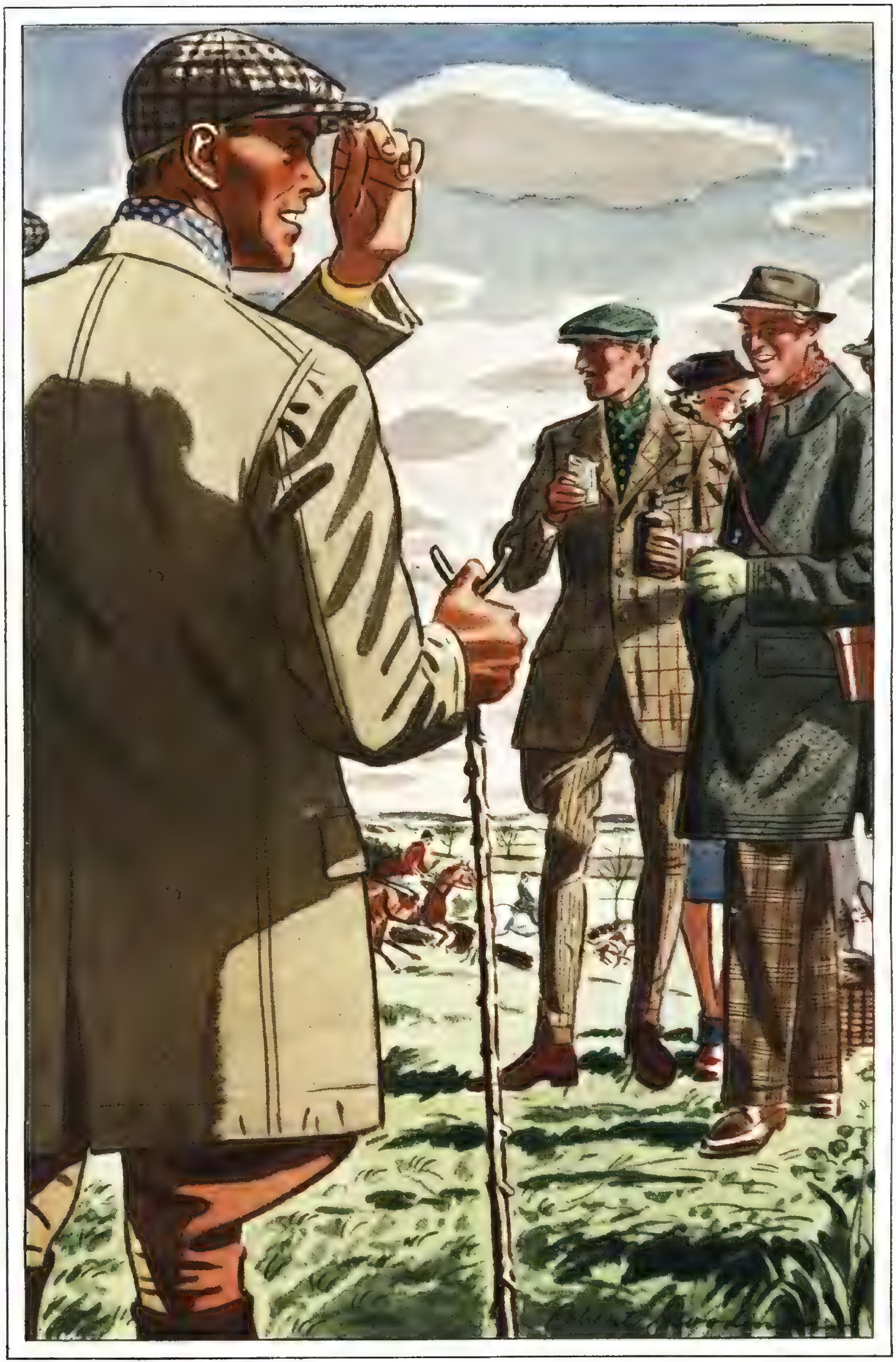


PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE AT LONG ISLAND BY ROBERT GOODMAN

FOR WEAR IN THE PRESENCE OF THE HORSE

If you happen to be a member of the horsy set—but of course you don't. Well, then, if somebody drags you along to a horse show, a country hunt or point-to-point race, or even a county fair this fall, here's how. The man in the foregound wears a fingertip length covert coat with long center vent, tan cavalry twill riding breeches, wool golf socks, small shape varsity cap, blue spotted silk scarf and, somewhere down below, brown brogue shoes. By way of swank he carries a thumbstick, so called because the thumb rests on it as per the illustration. Another riding type of outfit is that worn by the dispenser of good cheer. This consists of an Irish tweed jacket, wool stock, checked tweed cap, velvet cord Newmarket breeches with leather cuffs, and reversed calf turf boots. His companion wears a tweed field coat, Glen Urquhart suit, Paisley wool muffler, tan semi-sports hat, and Norwegian model shoes.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Enemies at Democracy's Table

Continued from page 37

definite strategy. The main tactic is this use of diplomatic etiquette to drag days into weeks and even months. In the interim, it becomes too late for democracies to do anything, or some dictator's goal already has been attained.

The League of Nations could not lend itself more completely to this tactic if it had tried. Trusting populaces, inspired by the democratic conception of the League, cannot believe that an organization born of the universal hope for a better world could be so callous as to lend itself knowingly to such a strategy. Yet, how could it be otherwise when so many of its members are fascist? Even without Japan, Germany and Italy, the League includes all the other fascist states in the Old and New Worlds.

They have been successful in checkmating all action by democracies. Anyone who attempts to abide by democratic principles is attacked as an obstructionist. This is just one more tactic in the dictatorial strategy. The Sino-Japanese conflict provides a striking illustration.

When the war began, a popular demand arose in England for an anti-Japanese boycott. The British Government promptly persuaded the organizations involved to drop the campaign by declaring that it would compromise international action about to be taken at Geneva.

The League, under the guidance of these same British statesmen, then proceeded to dodge the issue by passing a resolution that admitted Japan's guilt, but only suggested that the signatories of the Nine Powers Treaty hold a conference about it.

The conference was held at Brussels, but so as not to ruffle Japan's feelings, nobody mentioned "territorial integrity," the heart of the Nine Powers Treaty. When the Chinese delegates prepared to ask that any mediation be on the basis of this treaty, news despatches were flashed around the world accusing China of trying to wreck the conference, but naming only "reliable sources" for this information.

This began to look strangely similar to the formula of delay achieved for the benefit of the Japanese in 1932. That time, a high-sounding Commission of Inquiry was sent to Manchuria that arrived a year late, after the Nipponese had finished seizing the territory. The Chinese at Brussels remembered this, and knew that once more, long before mediation could be arranged, Japan would have consolidated its territorial gains. Then, it would be easy to brand China as an obstructionist all over again if it demanded the *status quo ante* instead of the *status quo*.

Yet, under British pressure, personally exerted by Eden, China was forced to give way. This was done to bring Italy into the Conference. Once in, Italy became the Japanese mouthpiece. Its representative, Count Luigi Aldrovandi-Marescotti, cynically told the delegates at the very first session that it wasn't their business "to discover when and how the situation had arisen," but only to decide that it was up to both sides to settle the war between themselves, and then to disband.

The Italians met no democratic resistance to their converting the conference into a backwater to dam up world indignation. So successful was this maneuver, and so little fear have both Japan and Italy of Democracy, that both countries afterwards boasted how they had played this little game.

So obvious a trick could never have succeeded if Democracy's statesmen hadn't welcomed this expedient. The members of the British Government are not so blind as this would indicate, however. The Cabinet members included the same men whose records during the Manchurian and Ethiopian invasions indicated less fervor for democratic principles than a personal liking for totalitarian methods.

Secrecy is the final detail in this fascist strategy, but vital to the success of all its own tactics. Secrecy has always accompanied disastrous international conferences or negotiations that played into the hands of the dictators.

Nothing could have been more secret, for instance, than the dreary series of conferences that was intended to prevent warfare in Ethiopia.

Public sessions were called by the League only to announce decisions already adopted in secret meetings. At these open sessions, spokesmen merely acted out the empty official communiqués that they so love to issue.

It was at secret conferences in hotel rooms and lobbies that sanctions were nullified, and that the delegates of democratic countries fraternized with fascist diplomats in a common sabotage of the principles of the League of Nations.

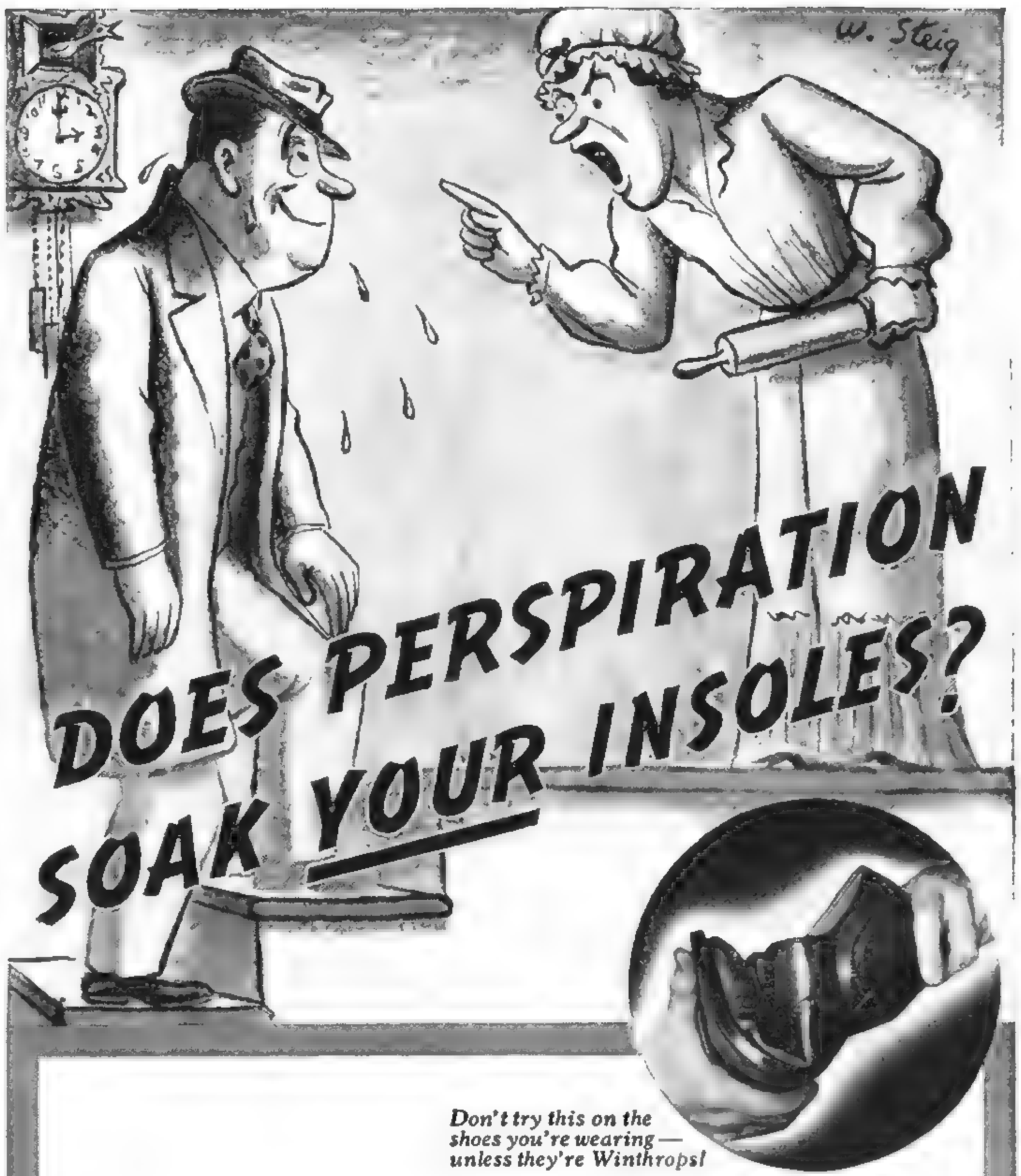
Sanctions didn't fail; they weren't even tried out. The war ended before a date was even set for oil sanctions, and other dates were arranged far enough ahead so that Italy could obtain ample supplies in time. But all this has now become customary procedure.

III

Has Democracy any defense against the enemies who operate within its own gates? Is it powerless before the Machiavellian strategy of its foes? What has been happening since 1918 appears to answer in the affirmative. At first glance, there doesn't seem to be any stopping of *realpolitik*.

A little prodding beneath the surface, however, reveals this attitude to be mere defeatism. The victories of fascism have not been due to its own strength, but to the

Continued on page 141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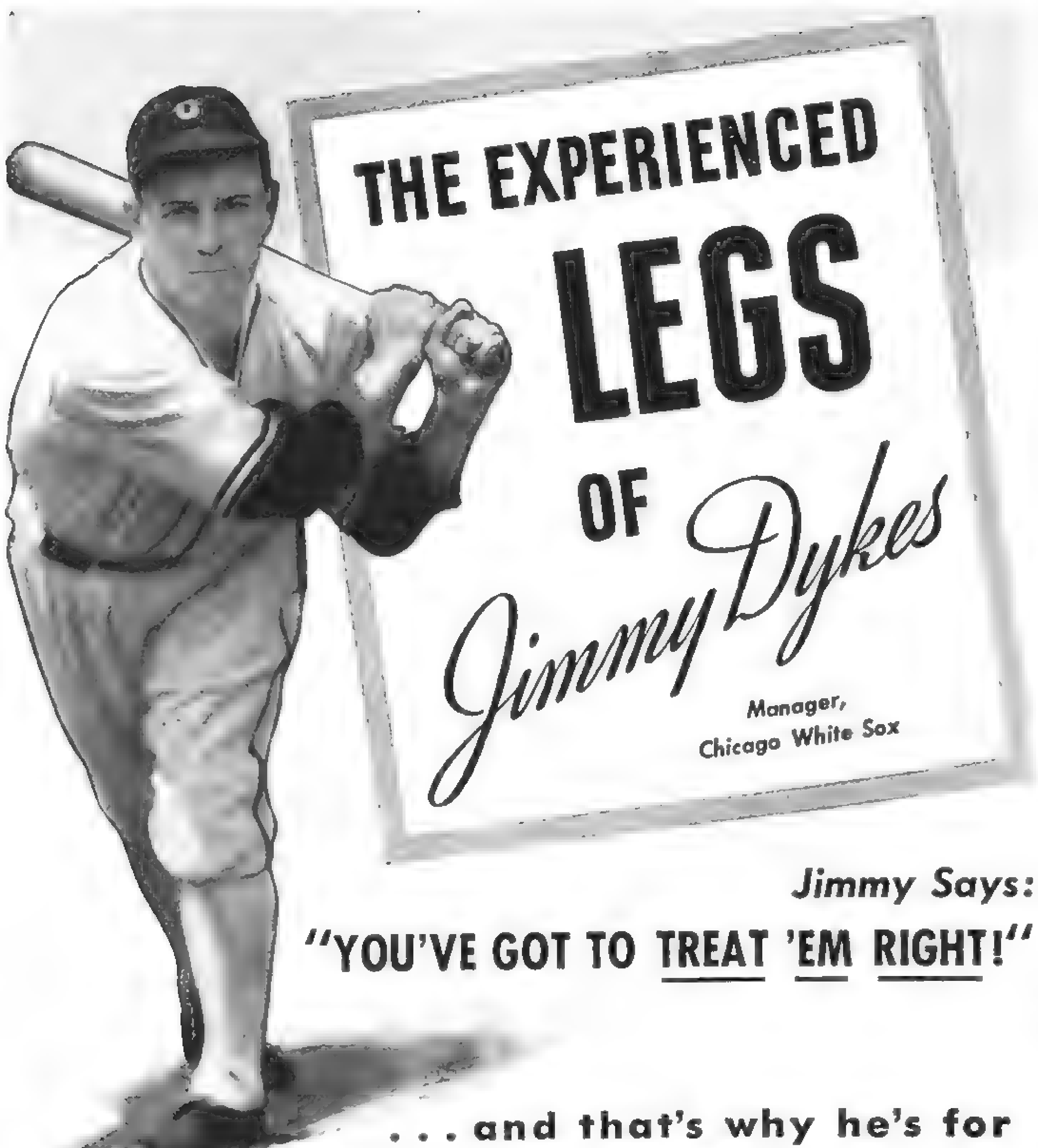

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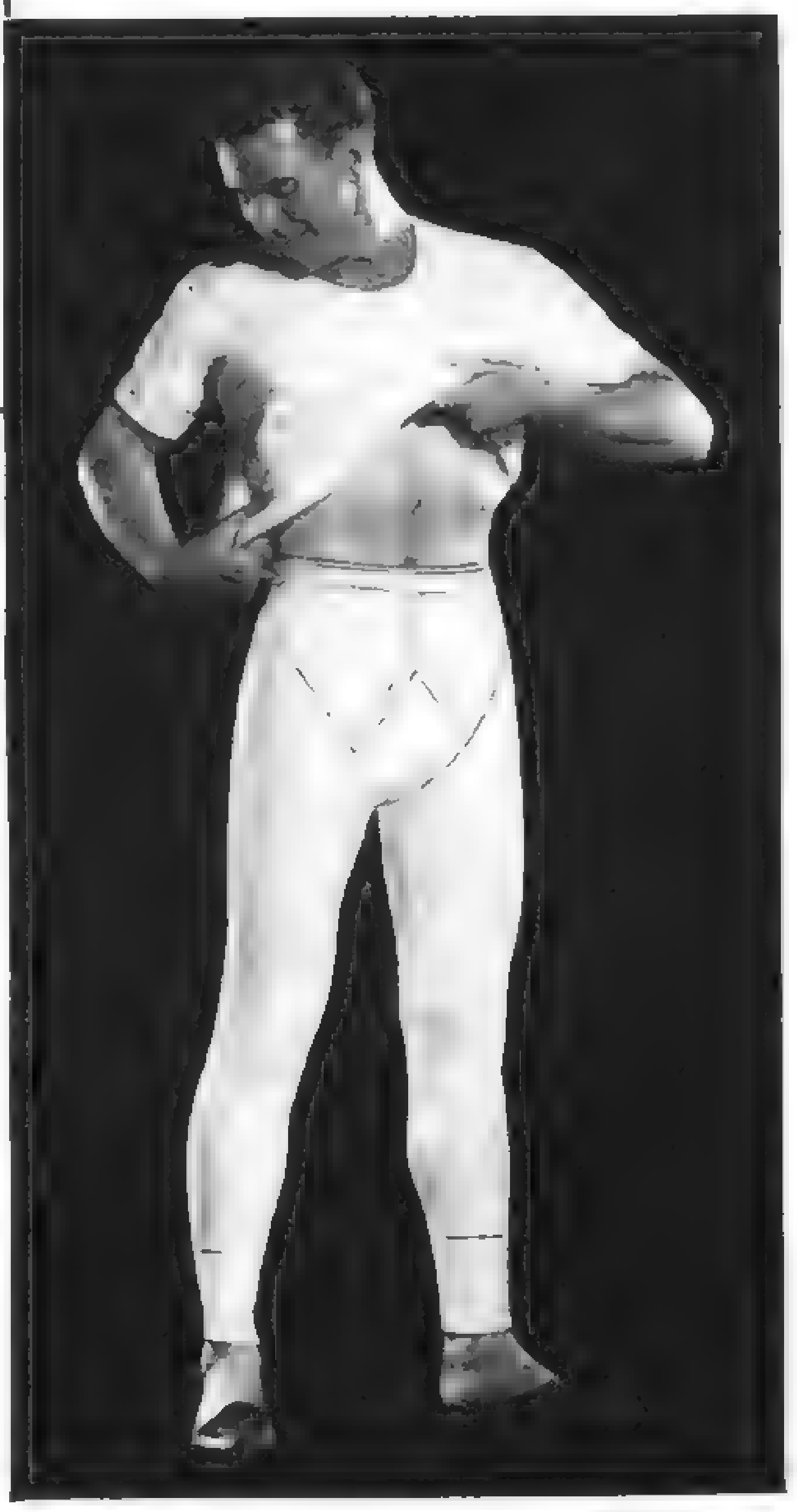

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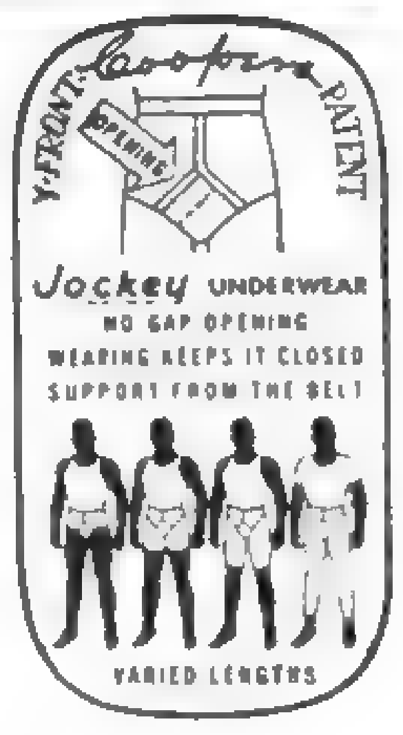

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Enemies at Democracy's Table

Continued from pages 37-143

timidity of Democracy. It has always been Democracy that stepped back when fascism talked big words.

The danger to Democracy does not lie in a frontal attack that would unite its ranks. It lies in the continuation of the fascist policy of boring from within, sapping the foundations of a nation a little at a time until, one by one, they crash into fascism. The danger to Democracy, in fact its doom, would be to permit such a condition to continue.

If Democracy is to survive, it must stop compromising on fundamental principles. Experience teaches that each concession is accepted only as a sign of democratic weakness, encouraging totalitarian states to demand continuously more, until Democracy has been sucked dry.

Democracies must insist on democratic procedure. The only alternative is fascist procedure, and this always means an additional democratic reversal. The World Economic and Monetary Conference was foredoomed to failure, for instance, when delegates sat down around the green table with two opposite purposes in mind.

The fascist nations had already proclaimed that they wouldn't deviate from their policy of a closed economy and self-sufficiency, whereas the open door is another international policy inseparable from Democracy. All that was left for the democratic states that called the conference to do, therefore, was to make concessions to fascism, or emphasize the discord between them. It was by the latter result that the conference ended. It would have been better not to have convened at all.

Open diplomacy, too, is inseparable from democratic procedure. Secret diplomacy is as much fascist procedure as open diplomacy is Democracy's. Rather than compromise, which becomes capitulation, it were better if international proceedings were frankly secret throughout, for then the world would not be lulled into a trusting slumber.

Open diplomacy is Democracy's only safeguard against sabotage at home and abroad by its own trusted leaders. Democracies are paying with their life blood for permitting them to say one thing in public and then work in the dark to achieve another.

The long, dreary series of disarmament conferences are a costly enough lesson that Democracy can't afford to continue hedging, but must adopt a firm stand. "They're not Disarmament, but Rearmament Conferences," I was frankly told at the French Foreign Office. Entangled "points of procedure" and clever formulas had seen to that.

France had zealously amassed voluminous proof of German rearmament, which it was anxious to reveal to the world, but the British Government exerted what it called its "good offices" to induce France to keep the incriminating details secret. Finally, German rearmament became another *fait accompli*, and nothing remained but to entomb the disarmament conferences in the burial chambers of the League Palace.

All they succeeded in doing was to induce democratic countries to reduce their armaments, while fascist countries were increasing theirs as fast as they financially and physically could. Each disarmament conference was tantamount to an important military victory for Japan, Italy and Germany. The fascist hand could have been forced by a definite democratic stand at a time when the power policy of the totalitarian states was still undeveloped.

There is a line beyond which compromise becomes capitulation, and where basic principles are concerned, all compromise is capitulation. That is the dismal story of Poland. Although it owes its existence to Democracy, it is now frankly one of the dictatorships. Poland was reborn by the sacrifice and insistence of democracies. It was fought for, equipped, financed and trained by France.

But it was the French Premier Laval who, when right extremists in his own country were fascinated by Nazi Germany, visited Warsaw and saved Jozef Beck's post for him as Foreign Minister. Col. Beck thereupon became the prime mover of the Polish-German rapprochement. This was the same Laval who paved the way for the Italian success in Ethiopia by secret negotiations with Mussolini at Rome.

It was the French Republic, too, that made it possible for the Hohenzollern King Carol to return to Rumania, where he immediately set to work to overturn the Democracy, and convert it into a dictatorship that would become part of the German bloc.

The counter-strategy that most tests Democracy's capacity to face reality, however, without abandoning its principles, is how to deal with the demand of dictators that their factions receive all democratic privileges, including full freedom of speech and press. The fact that they thereupon convert liberty into license, and Democracy into demagogy is tactfully ignored.

I do not see why only Democracy must be deprived of the right of self-defense. Everywhere that this has been true, I have seen dictatorships winning out. Quarantine restrictions are despotic in normal times, but perfectly democratic in times of epidemic.

Any individual, organization or party that promises the same free speech and free press that it demands, may safely be given such unlimited freedom. This can be accepted as a general rule. The problem is what to do in time of emergency with organizations that have as one of their cardinal principles the suppression of the press and forum. Should they receive the privileges that they are trying to end for all except themselves?

The only alternative to setting a dangerous precedent for Democracy would be to be so vigilant that the situation never becomes an emergency. Democracy has a real responsibility to prevent the encroachment of dictatorship. It's a question of life and death for Democracy. It were well to remember the lesson that 1931 taught, that if a minimum of firmness had been adopted toward Manchuria then, Democracy today would not be faced with this alternative of extinction.

If democracies don't adopt a counter-strategy now, and still refuse to regard as enemies those who are its sworn foes, it will not only have to gird for self-defense, but engage in a new ideological World War that we don't want, that may very well end in a new Dark Ages to endure for centuries. ⌗

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 93

He has built immense studios, spent huge amounts, employed half the stars and directors in Europe and many from America, made many expensive films and talked of many more. Korda is temperamental, shrewd, extravagant. He is often reported to be fed up, ruined, bankrupt, disillusioned. But he goes on. The reason is simple enough. Whitehall has okayed Korda for excellent reasons. The vast Prudential Assurance Company backs him.

In the same way, stooping, studious Erich Pommer, for years the controlling genius of Germany's gigantic Ufa, now does just the sort of films British capital wants of him.

The details of some of the tie-ups within the British film business in the last five years make interesting and illuminating reading.

Let me give a few examples of what I mean and tell you something of some of the men who have worked in the business and the things they have made.

Whitehall and the City are concerned with certain major objectives, easily classifiable, so far as film making is concerned. They are the dissemination, within Great Britain, of monarchist sentiment and a general contentment with the existing order; within the Empire, of satisfaction with its direction and no disruptive inclinations; outside the Empire, of respect for it and its history and traditions.

For many years, Hollywood has been encouraged to make splendiferous spectacular films presenting the Empire's history and government in the rosy glamor of orthodox British school textbooks.

Hollywood's *Cavalcade, Bengal Lancer, Lloyds of London,* and *Clive of India*—to name only four—were assured as a matter of course of the widest possible showing and praise in every land over which London rules, and they're plenty.

Today, as politely unhurried autarchy becomes Whitehall's policy, these films are being planned and made in London, in Elstree, Denham, Pinewood and Lime Grove. The men who are making them are Alexander Korda, Erich Pommer, Herbert Wilcox, an astute Irishman who makes Anna Neagle's films, Robert Ritchie and Michael Balcon of the big new British MGM unit, and others.

Korda has been on the job for years. His films are heavily colorful, packed with pageantry, romance, the private lives of monarchs, the glory of Empire.

His first important capture was Paul Robeson. Robeson could be useful for a number of reasons. He already had a great reputation, he was just about the most famous living Negro, and he had ten men's shares of personal magnetism.

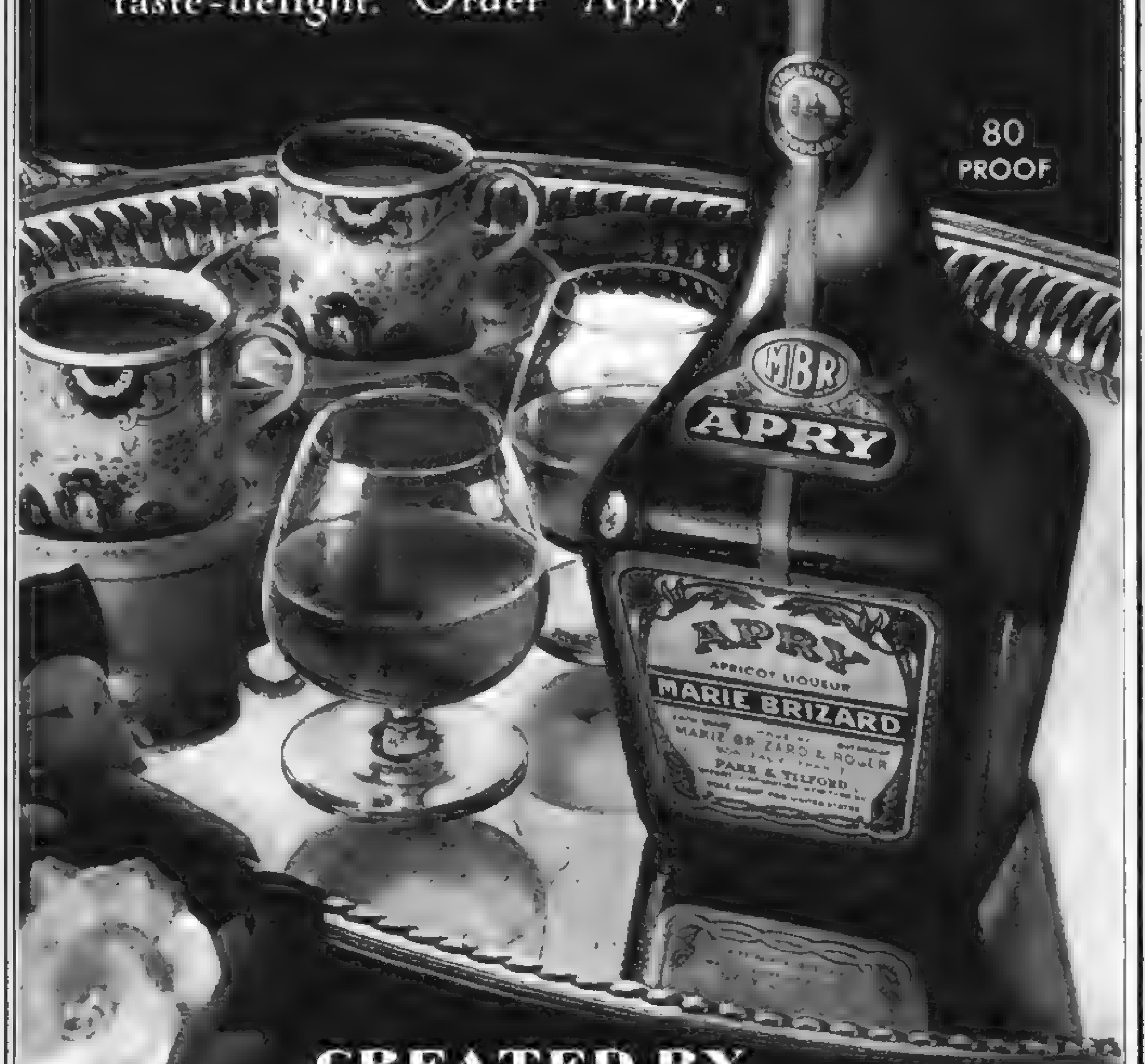
Britain wanted a man like this, because there are lots of colored people in the British Empire, and most of them are discontented and with good cause.

Robeson had made one film, an interesting version of *The Emperor Jones*, in New York, but was willing and keen to do some over here. He was signed up by Korda to make a film version of a famous Edgar Wallace story, *Sanders of the River*. Korda's brother Zoltan was put in charge, and the unit visited Africa. When the final version of the film was shown, it turned out to be one of the most blatant pieces of race propaganda ever shown in a cinema. It glorified the betrayal of his own people's interests by an African Negro chieftain. Robeson, who was leftward inclined then and today is much more so, was upset about it and refused to appear at the première. He spent the money he made in it by staging *Stevedore* at a small West End theatre.

Since then Robeson has made three or four more films in England but he has contrived to keep the political note out pretty well. He is sick of the whole affair now, and has thrown in his lot with the Left-wing Unity Theatre group.

Having failed with Robeson, Korda rooted around and found something equally valuable potentially—a youthful Indian named Sabu. Sabu was found somewhere in India about three years ago, and is a child of great natural charm and virility. Korda is using him for all he is worth to make films for the Empire and particularly the Indian markets. The first, Flaherty's *Elephant Boy*, was a sentimental yarn about a jungle lad with a genius for handling elephants, based on a Kipling story. It was somewhat marred by the leers which Walter Hudd threw at Sabu throughout the film; Hudd

Continued on page 146



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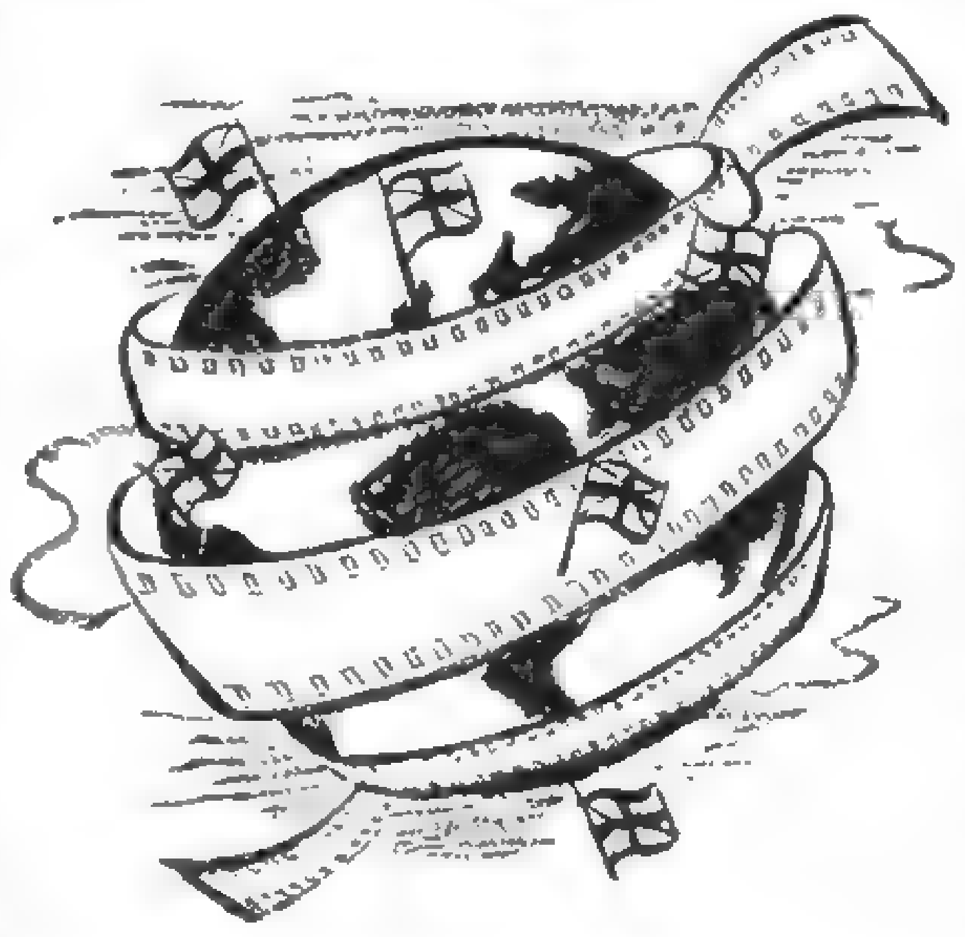
The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 93-145

is a British actor who was originally cast by Korda to be T. E. Lawrence in his long-planned film dealing with "the Last of the Great English Adventurers," and in some respects at least he was well suited to play Lawrence. The film has held fire, but will probably be made in due course with Leslie Howard as Lawrence and—if you please—Winston Churchill as adviser. (Churchill has also planned a film dealing with the history of aviation, to be made through Korda.)

Sabu's second film for Korda was a more specifically propagandist one. Korda called in the novelist A. E. W. Mason to write an original story to suit Sabu. Mason is one of the most interesting men in England. He is about seventy years old, distinguished-looking in a flamboyantly handsome way (he has an Irvingesque profile and is very tall) and is known to the public as the author of various romantic novels, notably *The Four Feathers*. But Mason is much more than a novelist. He is—like so many British writers, among them Maugham, Walpole, Fleming, Lord Tweedsmuir, Compton Mackenzie—close to the Intelligence Service, and during the Great War held a high position in the Naval Intelligence department. His novel *Fire Over England*—of which more later—dealt with the creation of the secret service by Walsingham. Mason is very active today. He is an amiable fellow, who knows how to keep his mouth shut. He says: "I shall never write my memoirs—I know too much." The owner of a comfortable yacht, he often visits Gibraltar, and not entirely for pleasure cruises. He is very friendly with Alfred Duff Cooper, Socialite head of the British Admiralty, and was staying at Cooper's country house just before this writing.



Mason's original story for Sabu was quite frankly a rollicking schoolboy story that was full of volleys aimed at villainous natives, clean-limbed English officers on the North West frontier, and Union Jacks.

The film was made in color. It told all about a dear little Indian lad who gets friendly with a drummer boy in a British regiment on the Afghan frontier and tells the British what his fellow natives are planning in the way of rebellion. It ran for seven weeks at a large London cinema—a very long run.

At the première Mason, his large hand on Sabu's shoulder, said it was a clean story for nice people, and no propaganda. It will of course be shown widely in the Empire.

Mason had been used by Korda before. In this case Erich Pommer was roped in. Pommer, a producer, a refugee from Fascism, has found that if he wants work in Britain, he must make films extolling the type of reaction and power politics which in Britain corresponds to Fascism on the continent. He did not resist.

Pommer was in charge of the production of *Fire Over England*, the screen version of the Mason novel I have mentioned. The American William K. Howard directed, and a brilliant London stage actress of great intelligence, Flora Robson, played Queen Elizabeth.

The film had two objectives—to stir up patriotic feeling, and, more specifically, to disseminate the mischievous and objectionable idea that the occupant of the throne embodies all that is good in a nation. It was made and shown immediately after the Empire had been drenched with newsreel monarchist propaganda—thanks to the George V Jubilee, his death, Edward's accession, George VI's accession and finally his coronation—of a quality and quantity that, unless you were in on it, you'd hardly credit.

The film dealt with the events leading up to the attempted invasion of Great Britain by the Spaniards in 1588—the Armada period, but it drew, by analogy, a very definite parallel with the other great moments of England's peril—1805, 1914, *and* 1938.

The crafty Walsingham, central figure in the novel, was eliminated from the film, and the primary message plugged by the disappointing picture which resulted was the idea that the British throne is (a) above criticism (b) the guardian of Freedom throughout the world!

Pommer was immediately put onto another job. This one was a modern story. It had Flora Robson as an English officer's wife and Britain's crack interpreter of tongue-tied, damned decent pukka Sahibs, Leslie Banks (a slightly less sleek Herbert Marshall) as the officer. The picture was called *Troopship*, and later *Farewell Again*, and it was recruiting stuff pure and simple. It dramatized the single day on shore at home of a British regiment on service in India, suddenly recalled, emphasizing the high mission of the English in India and the essential comradeship between officers and men.

By this time Pommer had shown beyond question his willingness and, more important, his ability to be British Imperialism's hack.

The Gaumont-British company, headed by the Ostrers, has always shown its willingness to glamorize the fighting services and to impregnate even its less ambitious films with some concealed plea for the status quo. Four years ago, however, this willingness became rather more concrete and pretentious. Something of a sensation in London's inner circles was the news that the G. B. combine had signed up Arthur Beverley Baxter as its Public Relations Counsel. At this time G. B. was spending enormous sums of money to break into the American film market, and "Bax" was a man who seemed likely to be able to assist in that campaign. Take a good look at "Bax," because he hopes to be Prime Minister of England, the Canadian Disraeli. "Bax" came from Canada after the War, wrote some good short stories, met the best people, got in with Beaverbrook and finally became Editor of the latter's hectic *Daily Express*, and the junior partner in the organization of "Max and Bax," selling Splendid Isolation or Gorgeous Seclusion to the English Speaking Democracies. "Bax" quarreled systematically with "Max," and his coming retirement from the "Express" group was rumored once a month at least. Finally they did part.

"Bax" loved being in pictures at first. No one knew exactly what he was to do. Mysterious lunches and plans and proposals were followed in due course by terrific poster and other campaigns for the "first great British picture," *The Tunnel*. It proved to be a ghastly, ponderous and top-heavy piece of symbolism, all about a tunnel between Britain and America, with engineers burrowing from both ends and meeting halfway, a moment of historic import, no doubt. To make matters worse, G. B. roped in Walter Huston and George Arliss to give "courtesy performances" as President of the United States and Prime Minister of Great Britain, each making a dreadful speech of greetings and good will. *The Tunnel*, the most humorless film ever made, was a pronounced flop, and just about finished the Ostrers' American plans. It also disillusioned "Bax." He decided to try politics. A working class area of London, Wood Green, asked to choose between "Bax" and a first-class woman Socialist, Dorothy Woodman, as its Member of Parliament, chose "Bax." He supplemented his £400 salary (since raised to £600) by becoming Editorial Adviser to the huge Berry newspaper group (Lord Camrose) at £15,000 a year. "Bax" has big ideas for himself, and is one of the cleverest men in Europe, despite his flop in films.

About the same time as *The Tunnel* dug its way to oblivion, an even more interesting attempt to organize film propaganda in Britain was hatched. This was Toeplitz Productions Ltd., a company which obviously had ample cash resources and invited the Press to a big reception at the Dorchester Hotel to hear all about the project of a super film to be called *The Dictator*. The big man was a plump, suave and worldly sophisticate who called himself Count Ludovico Toeplitz de Grand Ry. (A trade paper printed it "Toeplitz de Grand Railway.") He wore a chin beard—like Balbo and Grandi—and was a hell of a success with the ladies. Toeplitz is the son of Giuseppe Toeplitz, who, as head of the immense Banca Commerciale Italiana and financier of the March on Rome, is one of the most powerful men in Italy, despite reported differences with Mussolini. The young Toeplitz is an adventurous character who boasts of having been the right hand man of Gabriele d'Annunzio in the attack on Fiume which started Fascism in Italy.

A single newspaper article showed up some of the connections of the new company. Its directors were directly and indirectly tied up with the biggest reactionary vested interests not only in Britain but in Italy and Germany. The International of Fascism was invading the British cinema. An article signed "D. W." published in Lady Rhondda's weekly *Time and Tide* pointed out the tie ups between big finance and this company. The adaptor, a British playwright, Benn Levy wrote in to say that he had been assured that so far as the picture did anything it would satirize dictatorships. Alfred Santell, the famous Hollywood director, who had been brought over to direct—resigned suddenly and returned to the States without an explanation. Several others panicked. The completed film, a period piece which dealt with the colorful Danish dictator Struensee, was expensive but dull, despite a flashy cast and interesting technicians. Toeplitz, whose contacts with the remoter heights of European big money are still not fully unraveled, faded out soon (he claimed to have found the money for Korda's *Henry VIII*, incidentally) as a film producer, but stayed on in Britain, in some way attached to the Italian Embassy. A man to watch.

From that date on British films have poured more and more political and monarchistic propaganda into their films. The Navy and Army have been glorified and plugged with blatant directness and some skill. Some of the newsreel concerns get away with murder, notably the offensive, jingoistic British Movietone News, part of the odious Rothermere (*Daily Mail*) machine and nominally directed by the motorist Sir Malcolm Campbell, an influential Fascist with wide connections. (He has just become a Ford director.)

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, most markedly right-wing of big Hollywood concerns, after years of hesitation, finally entered production in Britain. They went in in a big way. Their first film was a schoolboyish but entertaining film starring Robert Taylor, *A Yank at Oxford*. It was pure "hands across the sea," and this time well done. For the second, MGM

Continued at top of page 148

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(*From a letter by* C. P., Ft. Wayne)

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(*From a letter by* R. D., Wyoming)

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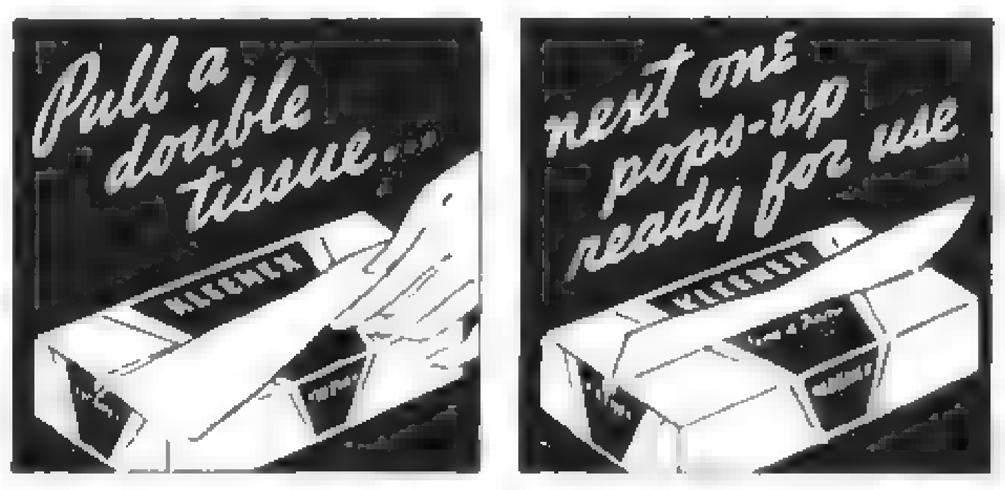
(*From a letter by* Mrs. H. M. T., Louisiana)

● During colds and hay fever, Kleenex soothes your nose, saves money, reduces handkerchief washing. Use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

Adopt the habit of using Kleenex in the Serv-a-Tissue box that ends waste and mess... boxes of 200 sheets now 2 for 25c. It's the handy size for every room in your home, for your office and your car.

BUY KLEENEX* IN THE SERV-A-TISSUE BOX

It Saves as it Serves—one double tissue at a time



Pull a double tissue...
next one pops-up ready for use

KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES

(** Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office*)

HOME OFFICE —745 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK — ELdorado 5-6700

Street Railways Advertising Co.

CAR ADVERTISING
IN THE UNITED STATES, CANADA AND CUBA.

Car advertising fair-goers totalled over 13 BILLION last year.

Dear Son:

It seems only yesterday that you and I sat on the grassy knoll overlooking the old swamp and watched preliminary dredging and grading operations in Flushing meadows. Actually a great deal has happened in the intervening months. I have traveled over a good many miles of our United States and have seen car advertisements act as a life-giving tonic to many an anemically ailing advertising appropriation. You, in turn, have quickened your old Dad's heart by your ambitious application to your recently acquired job in the Advertising Agency. And all this time work has been going on apace at the site of the World's Fair of 1939.

This "fair with a soul" will truly be a spectacle of spectacles. Its dramatic and magnetic magnitude will draw an estimated 50 million people within its gates. They will travel from the four corners of the earth to see and to admire, to thrill and to learn.

Perhaps not so highly dramatized, but none the less magnificent, is that perpetually educational fair which is constantly being staged in the transportation systems of our country by car advertisers. Every day a responsive audience of more than 35 million men and women view these shrewd advertisers' colorful presentations of packages, products and services. This vast group returns again and again to the great car advertising fair, dependent upon the transportation units of our country to deliver them speedily and surely to their offices and factories, to shops and stores, and back once more to their homes.

Astute Advertisers and their Advertising Agencies, insistently intent upon reaching volume audiences at the lowest possible cost, can find no substitute for car advertising for it appears before the greatest number of prospective buyers at the smallest fractional sales cost known among the five major producing media. That cost is 6c per thousand impressionable reader riders. Car advertisements can be relied upon to vertically stiffen the saggingly passive indicator line on many an ever hopeful sales chart.

Smooth down my resting place on that little knoll, son, I'm due back at the home office in the not too distant future. Two advertising men in the house at one time will be more than even your almost always patient mother can stand. Therefore, we'd better go back to our old perch overlooking the Fair grounds when we start talking business. With that vista spread out before us we shouldn't want for inspiration. Not that we're likely to, as long as I have my car advertisements as a conversation piece.

Affectionately,

your Dad—

Car advertisers' messages are as pointed as the trylon; as encompassing as the perisphere.

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 93-145-147

wanted to glorify the British Royal Air Force in a super film. The Air Ministry liked the idea very, very much and said so. Then MGM explained that this time they would give something even better, if possible, than Taylor—Clark Gable. Gable was to be an officer in the Royal Air Force. Gad, said the Air Ministry, a bit thick, what? Couldn't an English actor do as well as that fellow, and better? Said MGM—if we put Gable in the whole world will want to see the film, and so much the better for the Royal Air Force. Privately they admitted that they calculated that having Gable in would increase takings by at least two million dollars. That is the situation at present.

No one has exploited the willingness of British official circles to back the "right kind" of films so shrewdly as the sleek, cocky little London Irishman, Herbert Wilcox, a producer who took Anna Neagle away from the London stage seven years ago and has made her an actress famous throughout the British Empire. Miss Neagle, an unassuming Scots lassie whose real name is Robertson, made *Victoria the Great* in deference to Wilcox's wishes. Wilcox spent big money to make sure the English-speaking world should see the Widow of Windsor as Elstree has decided the world shall agree to pretend she was — a tolerable, even a likable human being. He got Miss Neagle wined, dined and banqueted in New York, across the States, in Los Angeles and all over Canada, where Lord Tweedsmuir ballyhooed the film energetically.

It is the new technique. Britain has caught on. If any producer can deliver the goods, he's in. If not, no. It is the acid test. A "good" film is backed with all the might and irresistible authority of British officialdom. Open subsidies? Nothing so crude, nothing so coarse. Simply this—such banquets, such headlines, such send-offs by the best people that every manager in the Empire wants the film at any price, and its profits are enormous. Films glorifying Wellington (Aubrey Smith) and Nelson (Leslie Howard) are under way. The producers have caught on, winked back and stepped into line. Britain's reputedly richest man, millionaire miller Joseph Rank, a pious Methodist, is putting millions into a prodigious campaign to "call the people back to religion" through the cinema. The censorship, run by the Catholic Lord Tyrrell, who knows the Pope's views on the function of the cinema, does its part. In 1938, the City of London is wise to what Lenin saw in 1918 and Churchill soon after — that the screen can make and break empires. ##

Gone Without the Wind

Continued from page 69

We crept sadly off, the ghost of John Silver and I, and we reassured one another a bit by deciding that our weapons were too antiquated to fight the higher mathematics of modern thought.

Two weeks later we returned to the ship. I was amazed, for though I had nodded a silent and uneasy assent to the technological advice of experts, I was not quite prepared for what confronted me. The interior of the good ship looked peculiarly like the Sixth Avenue Subway since they have been digging away at it. These modern workmen had none of the spirit of hide-and-seek; they had no desire to rummage about in the old trunk to see what they could find.

There seemed to be nothing left below but an iron skeleton, and the hammering and riveting and the smell of acetylene torches would have put to shame that sulphurous hell which the notorious Blackbeard once created as a little game of fire and brimstone for himself and his crew. Machinists, plumbers, pipefitters, carpenters, joiners, ironworkers toiled about me. I picked up a bill and observed one item of two-hundred and fifty dollars for "screws, nuts, and bolts." One thing, however, pleased me: the second-hand Diesel engine which was about to be installed. It looked old enough to be in perfect keeping with the ship.

I thought of Thermopylae, and I realized that once you had let the Persians through, there was no stemming the tide. Within the next two months a veritable city of improvements was built into the *Conrad*. A labyrinth of beaverboard partitions sprang up, and five bathrooms with five sets of porcelain fittings, all wrapped up like Christmas presents; ventilating fans were installed on deck; the entire boat was wired for electric light; three refrigerators appeared. I found, indeed, that it was necessary for me to take a most humiliating part in this metamorphosis: I had to see about glasses, silver, china, linen, and lighting fixtures. I did insist on one or two details; I decided, on brass lanterns and imitation candles, the originals of which one might have found at the Admiral Benbow Inn. (My personal flag, too, was as close to being the skull and crossbones of the Jolly Roger as the New York Yacht Club might have considered good taste.

When the ship was ready to sail, I followed the plan of Squire Trelawney, for, having selected a captain, I left to him most of the job of selecting a crew. This problem, as a matter of fact, heretofore had entered my mind only in the dimmest way. As to paying them, I had a glimmering idea that we should share and share alike in whatever spoils we should take, even if the gold which we captured happened to be at the bottom of the ocean instead of on the surface, and that if we failed to take any we would follow the old rule of the pirates, "no prey, no pay." Of course the captain, the mate, the carpenter, the bo's'n and the gunner were entitled to a special share of the swag when there was any, and naturally a man was to receive a special reimbursement for the loss of an arm, a leg, or an eye. Every man, to be sure, was at all times to have as much as he could eat. I realized, too, that the pirates had had a certain amount of discipline; in almost all cases the smuggling of women aboard was punished by marooning or death (which was fair enough) and a number of minor offenses were rewarded with Mose's Law, forty stripes lacking one, on the bare back. And as to religion, one pirate was so strait-laced that not only did he take his crew to church every Sunday ashore, but when one of his men acted in a disorderly fashion during the *Te Deum*, he shot him.

But other than that I had pictured us as a rather happy-go-lucky band of rascals, sitting around the deck all day polishing our silver-mounted pistols or playing backgammon below, and at night bellowing for rum. However, I discovered different.

My captain was a romantic Russian, but he was also efficient. He kept books, and he showed how you paid salaries on a sliding scale, beginning with the captain at $450 a month and ending with the able-bodied seamen at eighty. Moreover, you gave each man two uniforms, a blue one for knocking about, and a white one for dress, or for tropic use. Od's blood! I exclaimed, indignantly. As I have said, I pictured them sprawled drunkenly about the deck all day long, and never thinking about anything more businesslike than a slaughter or a hurricane. But apparently their work was very much cut out for them, especially since the boat had been overhauled. Three were to be mates, the third mate being the wireless operator—pardon me, I forgot to mention the wireless. One was to be a chief engineer, another his assistant, and there was to be a cook, a mess boy, stewards, and twelve sailors—six on a watch. Moreover, there was to be Carlson, the family chauffeur; Mother insisted he come along, as guardian angel, for he was such a realist that he had a downright spiritual influence on the whole family. I knew the way he would act—he would split every town wide open, doped up with Coca-Colas. Carlson was a Swede who, although he had been in this country fourteen years, still could not speak fluent English; however, he found his way about very nicely, and I knew that he would be there calling for me, "Master Hontington, Master Hontington," when I most needed but least wanted him.

Twenty-four souls on my hands, and not one of them willing to fight for his pay! I had a sudden feeling that perhaps I should have bought a yacht in the first place, and headed straight for Nassau with the rest of Nancy Randolph's column. Why, I had no stabilizer on the ship, and no phonograph to put a baby stabilizer on! I did not even have a movie projector, nor had I taken even the first step toward inviting some of the stars to cocktails!

A week later we were all set to leave—for the island of Tortuga, north of Haiti, near which mucn of the sunken treasure we had in mind was supposed to be located. Mother came down to see us off; she was looking slightly younger than myself, and the only claim she had to her eyelashes was the fact that she had paid for them. She did not bother much with me, but went and confided to the captain (as he later reported) that I was to have Walker-Gordon milk shipped by plane and that I was to have it every morning for breakfast instead of coffee, which might keep me awake all day. Then she gave me a big kiss, gave nine sailors a glance which incapacitated them for eighteen hours, and left.

Beside the crew and Carlson, I had four friends with me—all masculine. As we sailed out of New York Harbor, with every stitch of canvas on (the engine was also going, for navigational purposes, but we ignored it) we stood on the bridge and envied the crowds who could watch us from the shore. What a picture we must have made, with the bowsprit slowly dipping above the gilded figurehead of old Joseph Conrad, and the sails, all the way up to the t'gallants and royals, gently swelling in the quartering breeze! I could see her right then on a calendar. The ship, as she indeed was, looked like a ghost of other days, and I could only wonder what her Danish owners would have thought could they have seen her now. Perhaps their forgotten faces would have lighted with a smile as they saw the men straining at the capstan bars, heaving the anchor from the hawse to its resting place on the forecastle head (a donkey engine was used to haul it out of the water; pirates like us would never be caught with our anchors down). Perhaps they would have thrilled once more as they heard the captain rapping out orders and saw the men scurrying up the ratlin's to the highest crosstrees, or getting together on a halyard and with a lusty heave-ho running to the other end of the deck with it, the man by the rope making it fast. Many a Dane who once trained as a boy on the *Conrad* had not easily restrained a tear at the sight of the old ship, still holding her head high. Perhaps, best of all, those former owners would have enjoyed seeing the workmanlike job we did when, having turned off the engine, we came about—just to show that we could do it.

"Ready to come about—let go jib sheets—clew up mainsail—

Continued on page 150

The world knows no better topcoat value
Dewbury
IMPORTED
Dewbury
Scotch Wool
British-Isles
LONDON — NEW YORK
GLASG
Lipson

Search the world over. Find, if you can, a better topcoat value.

"Dewbury" was created to give you the most for your topcoat dollar . . . the utmost in style and faultless workmanship.

Imagine a coat tailored from DURABLE SCOTCH WOOL . . . generously cut; a coat of luxurious feel . . . soft . . . warm and comfortable.

Imagine getting the finishing touches of style that you would expect to find only in coats above $40. We refer to the zipper change pocket, the metal chain hanger at the collar, the throat tab (very English).

Imagine being able to own a "Dewbury" this fall for a mere . . .

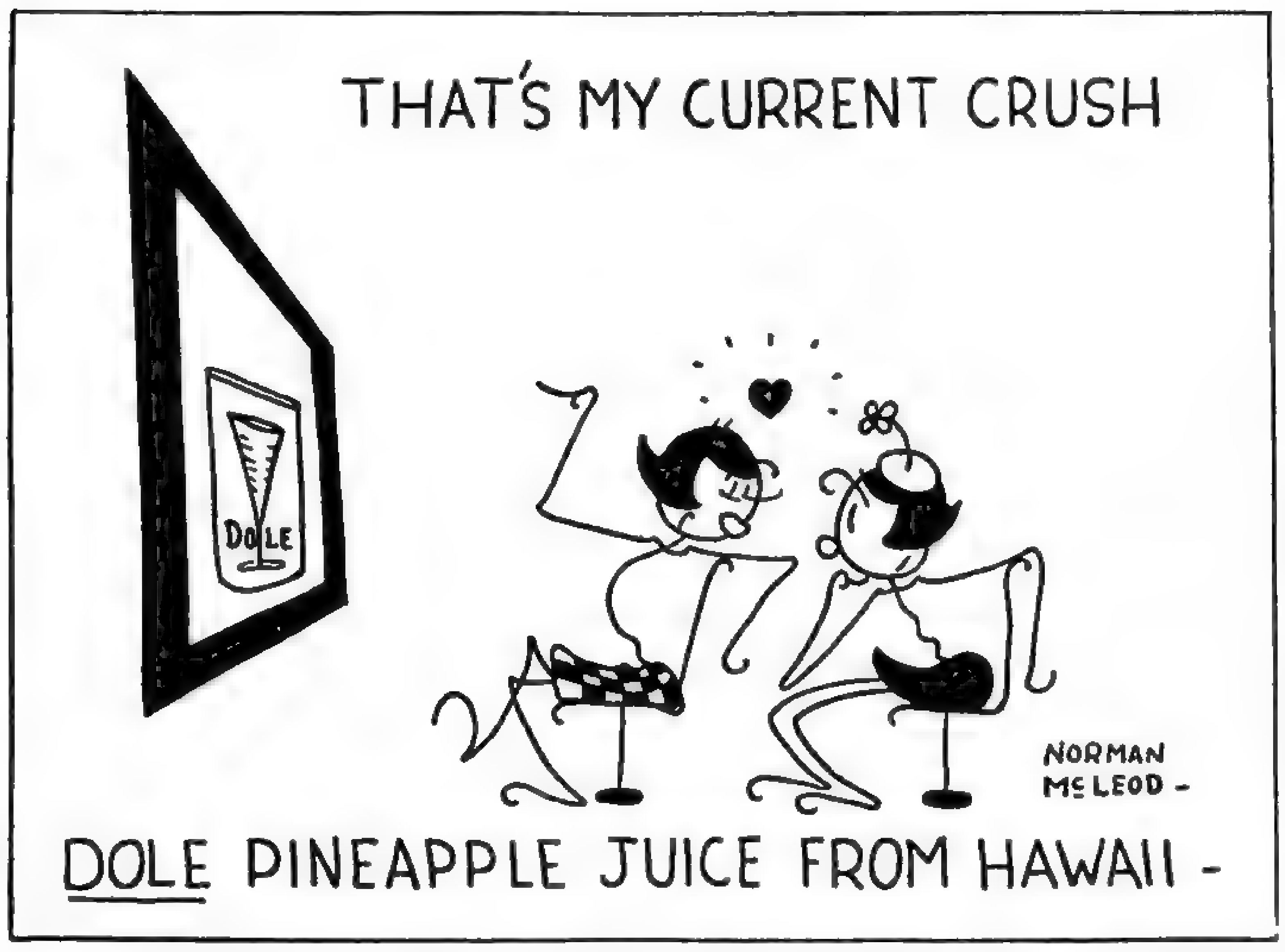
$25

At America's Better Men's Stores. Names on request.

The STRATBURY Manufacturing Co.

ALSO SOLE MAKERS OF ALPAGORA AND STRATBURY TOPCOATS AND OVERCOATS

GALION, OHIO



Report any Change of Address direct to Esquire rather than to the Post Office

A request for change of address must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, enclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy. The Post Office will not forward copies to your new address unless extra postage is provided by you.

OFFER TO YOUNG MEN

Who Hanker to Smoke a Pipe

MECHANICALLY PRE-SMOKED Already "broken in"
EDGEWORTH HIGH GRADE READY-RUBBED
EDGEWORTH Junior
TOBACCO
EDGEWORTH SLICED
HAND-SELECTED BRIAR
YOUR OWN SIGNATURE GOES HERE

MEN: Complete smoking pleasure comes only from smoking fine tobacco, and starting under ideal conditions. Through this unusual offer we are introducing to you pipe smoking at its best.

Here's Our Offer

FIRST: Trial Packets of each of the three styles of world-famous Edgeworth, wrapped in heavy foil. Edgeworth, famous for more than 35 years, has always contained only the finest tobacco leaf on the market. We know that you cannot make good tobacco from inferior tobacco leaf any more than you can get the pleasure of choicest porterhouse steak for a rump steak price. We gladly pay premium prices to give you a finer smoke. This costly leaf is then manufactured to the high Edgeworth standard—better tobacco, made to smoke cooler, means *no tongue bite* and permits you to enjoy fully its enhanced flavor, greater mildness and richer aroma.

SECOND: A handsome *Signature* Pipe (made by Linkman) that has been mechanically pre-smoked (already "Broken-In") with genuine Edgeworth. It's sweet and gentle from the start. Then to give you an added interest in this pipe, we engrave your *own personal signature* in gold color on the stem. No pipe so personal.

EDGEWORTH *Smoking* TOBACCO

TO GET YOUR EDGEWORTH SAMPLER KIT—JUST MAIL COUPON WITH $1.00

LARUS & BRO. Co.
Richmond, Va.

Enclosed please find $1.00 for your Edgeworth Sampler Kit . . . Opposite is my signature to *engrave* on the stem of the pipe. (Please *print* clearly your name and address below.)

SIGNATURE

Place your normal signature clearly within exact space allotted

Name.............................. Address..............................
City.............................. State...... E. A.—A

PLEASE SEND US YOUR DEALER'S NAME AND ADDRESS

Dealer's Name.............................. Address..............................
City.............................. State..............................

Gone Without the Wind

Continued from pages 69-149

hard-a-lee!—brace main and mizzen—get that mizzen around!!—brace foresail—foretack!" the staccato orders crackled from the captain, and the hardboiled mate echoed them with a fire of his own.

Then we were on the open sea—what a wind! It was half a gale, and from precisely the direction in which we were heading. The old ship began pitching back and forth like a rocking chair (she is a quarter as broad as she is long on the water line) and of course we had to shorten canvas, and start the engine again. At best, she can sail only six points off the wind, and there was the infernal engine, all set to be used. But I would never have used it had it not been for two of my comrades; they had to get back to the city within a given time, just as the broker had prophesied. As for me, I would have tacked *ad infinitum* and the devil take the hindmost. When the sails were taken in, we jockeyed our way along at about two knots an hour, and every other wave was not a roller, but a steam roller. We crouched between the rudder chains and the two brass cannon on the poop deck, and I called out to old Scottie, who was at the open wheel (he was forever telling me stories about flying fish and moons with a ring around them): "hey, Scottie, drive carefully over the bumps!" As we sat there, we reveled in the spray which occasionally burst over the side, for it washed the villainous odor of the Diesel exhaust out of our nostrils.

Before long the sun had set, and a steward in a shining smile and a white coat appeared on deck, like the rising moon, with a tray of cocktails and canapés. My mind rebelled at this outrage, but my stomach, I regret to say, was not in a mood for extended arguments. Without a word I took my medicine. In a few minutes we went below, and having washed up in the bathrooms (which worked nicely, except that the sewage had backed up in the showers) we sat down at the new teak table in the main saloon for dinner. I had managed to preserve some of the atmosphere of the old ship, for the mainmast still rose unadorned through the forward end of the saloon, and the old pine floor was as uneven as ever. But I am afraid the only atmosphere we noticed was supplied by the Diesel, for the fumes flowed with smooth and forceful persistence down the ventilators. However, we ate a fair dinner (the curried chicken, though probably indigestible, was excellent; the seasoning seemed to sharpen the prow of the food so that at least you could swallow it) and after dinner one of my friends and I had a rousing game of backgammon. Our cries resounded through the creaking ship; when one of us was winning he would roar, "got him by the gold rims!" or "that's got whipped cream all over it!" or "lemme have him, coach!" and the loser, upon rolling the dice and getting a low number, would cry out, "you choice, grade-A, milk-fed, hemstitched, unfair little b—s!" and tear a few more hairs out.

Finally we got some beer and went up on deck, and we kept drinking out of the bottles so we could throw them overboard and shoot them with a twenty-two; this, however, was a vicious circle, for the more beer we drank, the fewer bottles we hit.

About midnight we went below, and before turning in I went to get some ice cubes from the refrigerator for a nightcap. It was locked. I rang for the steward and in a moment he appeared, smiling as ever.

"What's the matter with this refrigerator?" I roared piratically, thumping the pantry sideboard in my most truculent manner. "I want my ice cubes!"

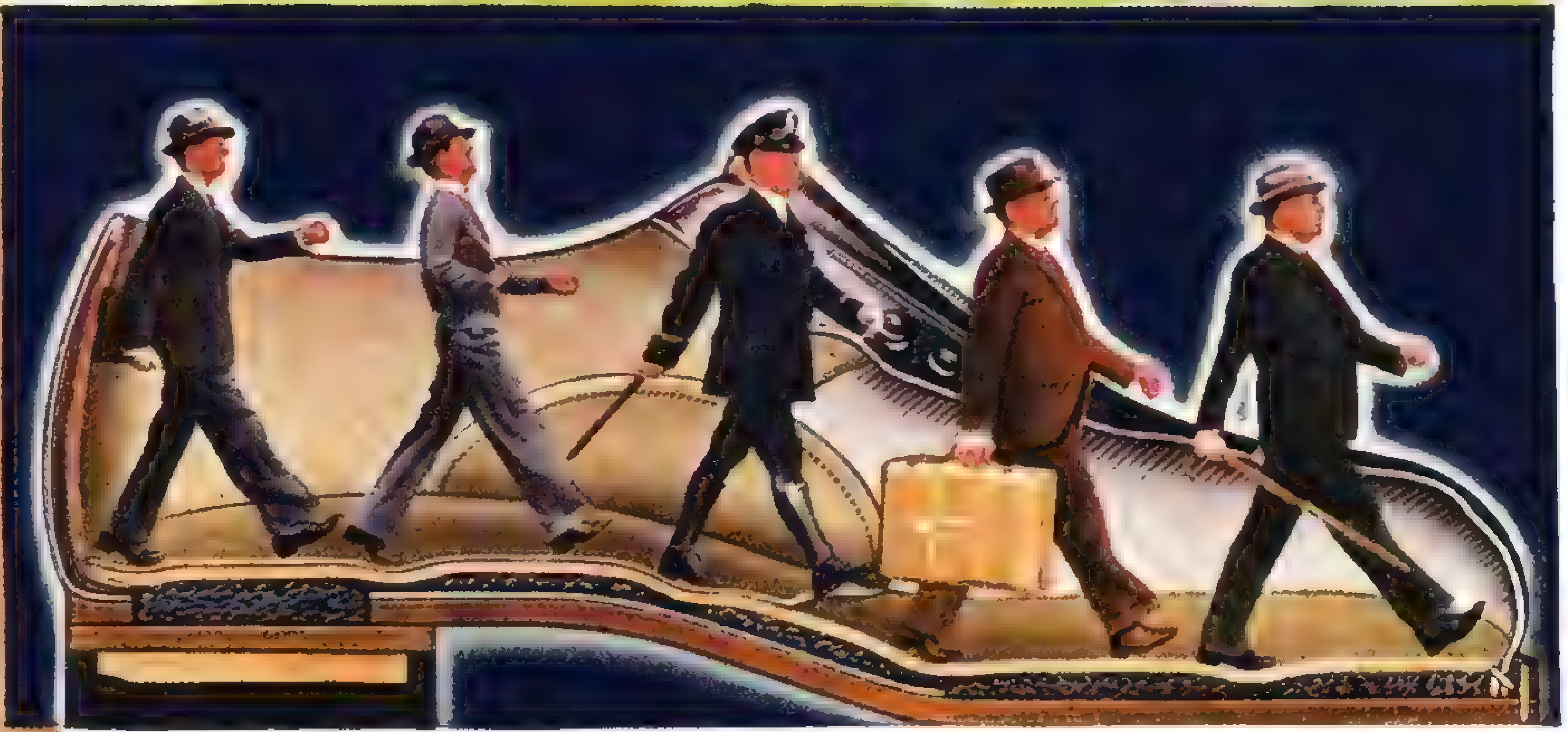
"Yes, sir," he replied, "you see, some of the crew are inclined to be—shall we say light-fingered?" He unlocked the box, and after another round of drinks, I went tearfully to bed. Ice cubes! that was what they had done to me.

I must have been asleep for several hours—not a sound sleep, indeed, for I was tossed around the berth in eighty ways, as Jules Verne might have put it—when suddenly I awoke with my heart in my mouth, and my body braced to the sides of the bunk like Washington Bridge to the banks of the Hudson. Suddenly the ship went straight up in the air; a wave had caught her off balance with the concussion of an iron door. Then everything came down. First it was the bottles in the bathroom, and the moment they were free, they began rolling back and forth. Then it was the entire interior of the pantry, *en masse.* Finally a door somewhere began slamming, and I wondered if I would get up and close it. But as I listened to the rhythmic beat it gradually turned into a native tom-tom, and I dozed off again and began to dream. I dreamed of a sailboat without an engine, and I could see at a glance it had a reasonable wind, a wind that was willing to compromise on direction. And this sailboat was lightly heading toward a turquoise bay, where the sands below the water looked like mother-of-pearl, and the sand upon the beach was fine and white as salt, and the palm trees near by were as green as if they had been freshly painted. And in the bay were three great galleasses, with all the crew sprawled about after a drunken orgy, only waiting to be captured. I smiled, and in my dream I thought of the old buccaneer song:

Oh, 'tis sweet to rest in Aves
A'swingin' in the breeze,
With a store of good tobaccy,
In a hammock 'neath the trees;
With a nigger lass to fan you
As you listen to the roar
Of the breakers on the outer reef
That never reach the shore. #

Cushioned Landing
G.E.Kemp

MORE THAN
Cushioned
THESE SMART SHOES ARE *MASSAGIC* TOO!



Model 2226
HAMPTON LAST
Brown or Black Calf

Model 2207
CUSTOM LAST
Black or Brown Calf

$6.00 and $6.50

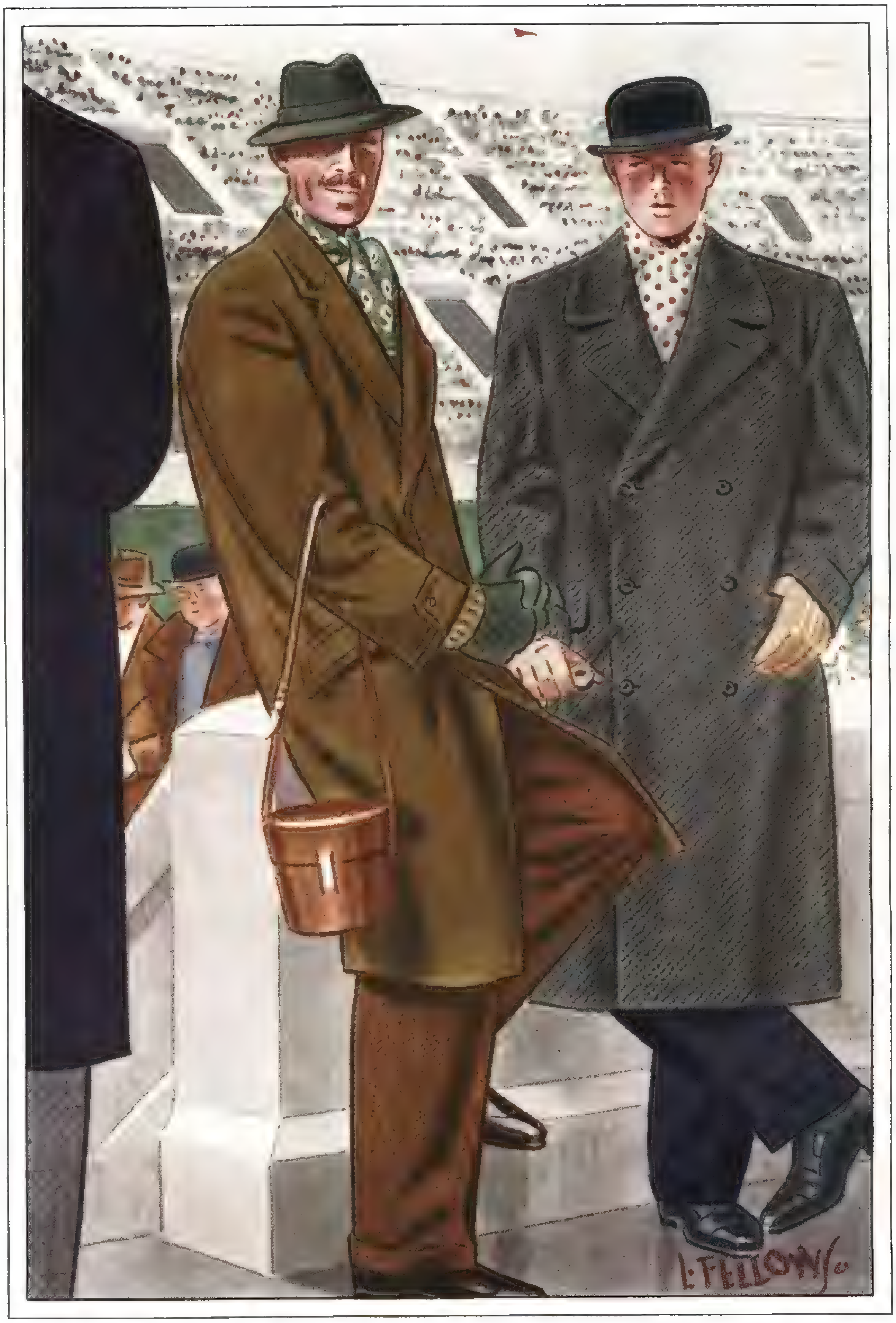
Like walking on Air

Your feet "land" on air . . . *every step* . . . and travel in style—in Weyenberg Massagic Shoes. What's more, you'll finish the day's last mile as foot-fresh as when you "take off" in the morning.

The refreshing massage-like action of a patented air cushion stimulates circulation . . . rests your feet . . . keeps them youthful and buoyant years longer. Give your feet a Massagic air cushioned treat . . . now. See your dealer or write us for Massagic folder.

WEYENBERG SHOE MFG. CO. • MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
Men's Quality Shoes for 40 Years
Also Makers of Comfo-Tred Nailess Shoes—$7.50

WEYENBERG
Massagic
FOOT MASSAGING SHOES



DRESS REHEARSAL FOR THE COMING COLD SNAP

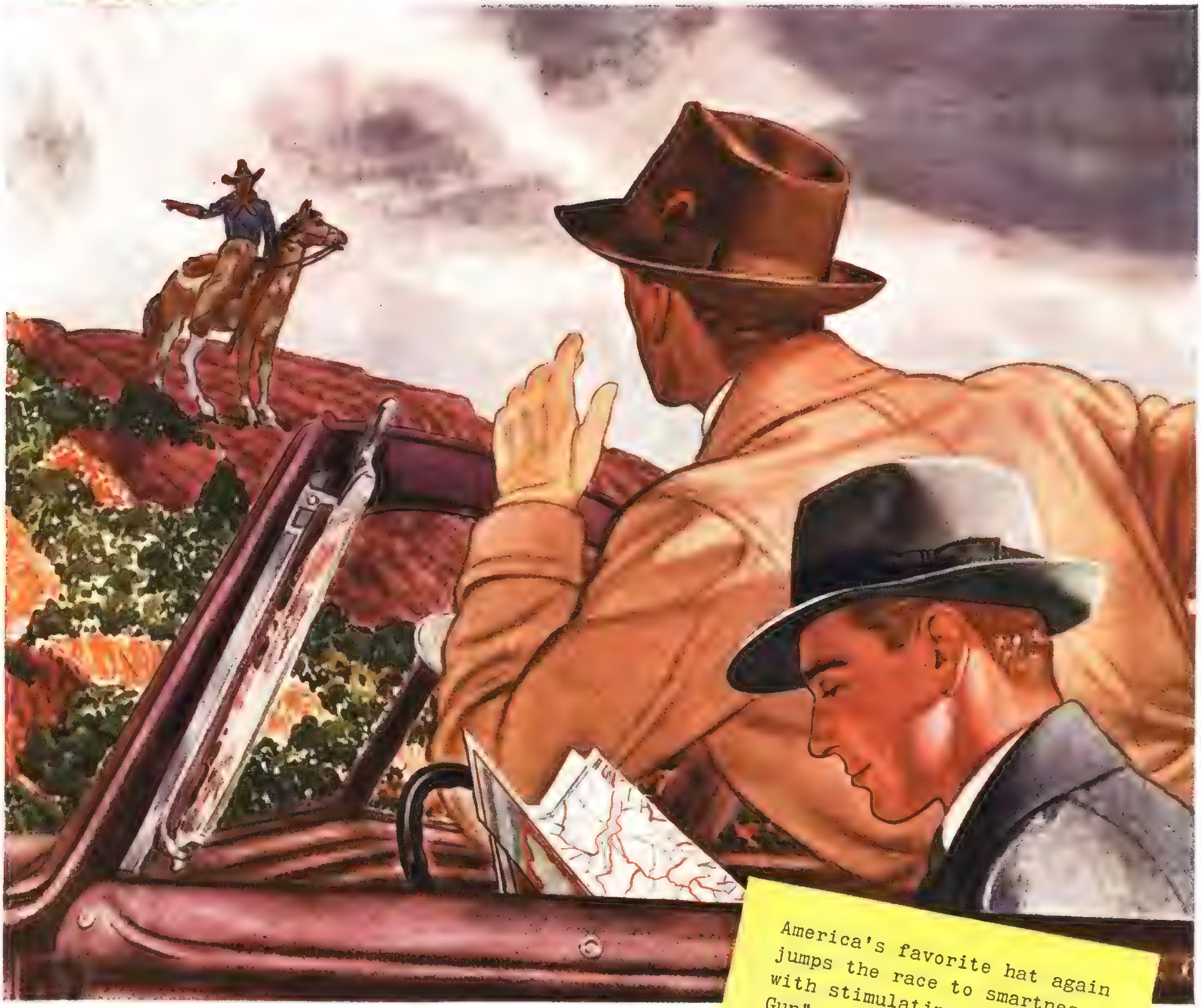
You can't say they're not asking for it. "Down in front!" There—we feel better now. The man on the left wears a single breasted overcoat with fly front and notch lapels. The moral of this model, first sighted at the Grand National in England, is the two-button front, a fashion feature which makes for a lower opening and thus gives a more breath-taking view of the shirt and tie or the scarf. Nonsense! Who's chilly? A herringbone Shetland suit, green rough felt semi-sports hat with tweed band, brown calf brogue shoes, and string gloves of dark green with tan knitted wrists complete the outfit. The other overcoat is the popular double breasted grey diagonal ulster in heavy cheviot, a three-button model with large convertible collar. Accessories include a printed cashmere scarf and drab buckskin gloves, while the blue worsted suit, black shoes and bowler suggest a heavy engagement in town after the game.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Fall Hat Shades at Their Smartest

ROD-AND-GUN COLORS

Styled by Stetson

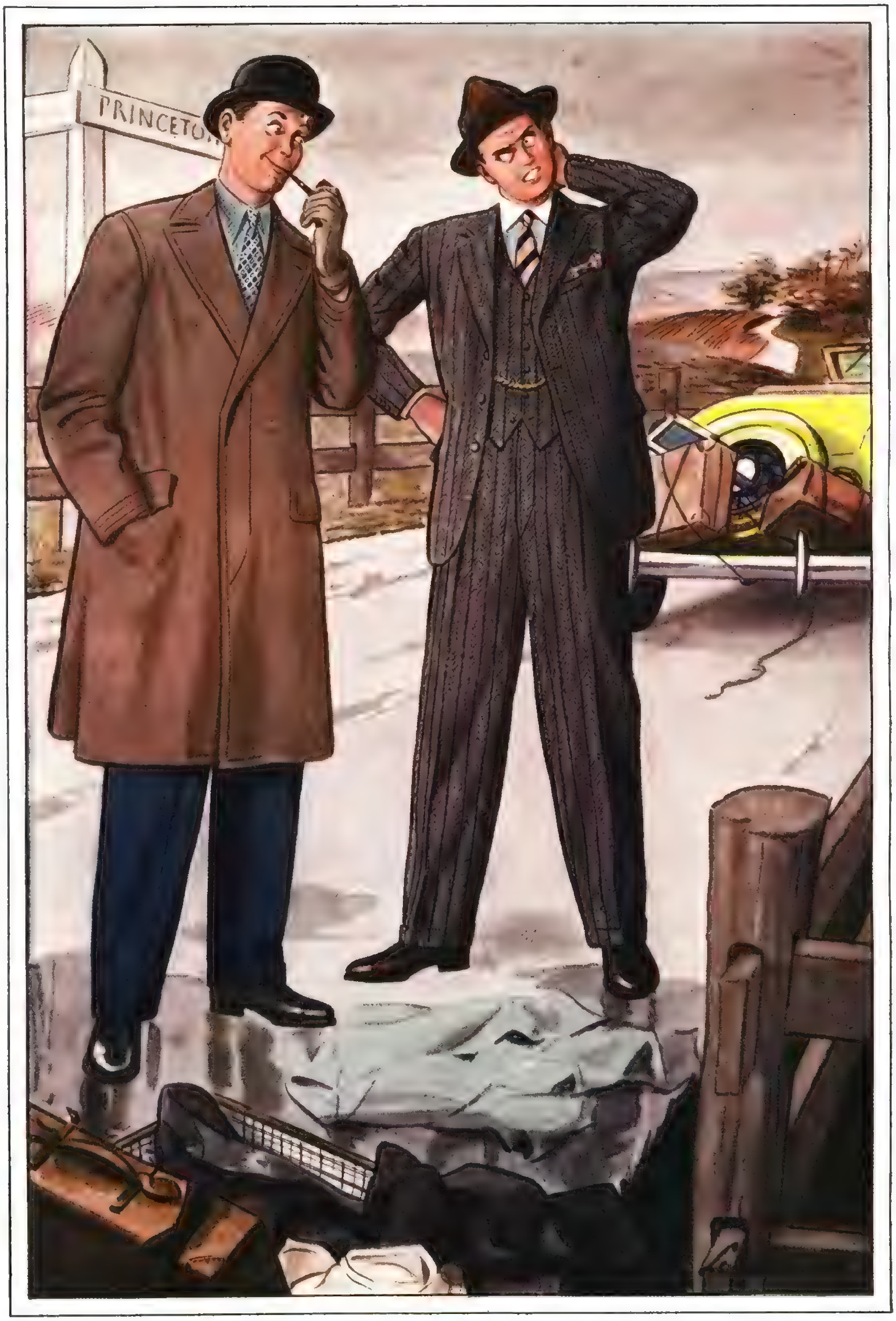


America's favorite hat again jumps the race to smartness with stimulating "Rod-and-Gun" colors...he-man shades from the great outdoors in up-to-the-minute hat styles. Above: full-brimmed "Bighorn Gray" felt in tailored edge and sleek "Stag Brown" shade in low-crowned snap-brim that has everything!

STETSONS ARE PRICED AT
FIVE DOLLARS, SEVEN-FIFTY, TEN DOLLARS
AND UP TO FORTY DOLLARS
STETSONS MADE IN CANADA, FROM FIVE-FIFTY

Step Out with a **STETSON!**

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS



NOTICE: NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR ACCIDENTS

The treachery of the art department passes all belief. As if it weren't enough work to describe two whole outfits, they deliberately spill the contents of a suitcase all over the place just to make it tougher. We'll fool 'em. In line of duty, we report that the man on the left, a student by trade, is wearing a short length fly front covert coat, blue unfinished worsted suit, blue "pic and pic" shirt, white ground Spitalfields tie, bowler hat, black calf shoes, and buckskin gloves. The other undergraduate wears a three-button notch lapel grey cheviot suit with colored stripe, grey satin stripe shirt with white stiff collar, club stripe tie, snuff colored snap-brim hat, and semi-brogue shoes. The first outfit is suitable for wear en route to school and for week ends in town. The other tops that by also being correct for campus wear. That's all. You may as well close up that suitcase, boys, and get going now.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 90

packed Town Hall every week, intent on hearing Beethoven's virtually unknown songs with violin, cello, and piano, his *Equali* for four trombones, trio for two oboes and English horn, two viola quintets, brass septet, and Brahms' clarinet quintet, horn trio, cello sonata, songs for viola and piano, and a dozen works that were having their first showing in New York.

These audiences, fanatical and attentive, were unlike the ordinary run. Free from the evils of the "star" system, they were bound together by a common experience. There were no false poses, few snobs, no spirit of a competitive race. They met as devotees, fellow-worshipers at a common shrine. This was no lobby-fest with incidental music. For one hour and a half they listened "without distraction of nicotine or conversation," meditated on their own thoughts, formulated their own reactions, lost themselves in the music and its mood . . . and filed out in complete absorption. There may have been some who, in the beginning, did not realize the full nature of the blessings they were about to receive but they could not have left without being in a state of greater grace.

The performers felt the spirit of consecration and lost themselves in a worshipful communion. They may not always have been the most inspired or the most deeply gifted of the world's interpreters, but they were not assuming a cheap, offensive, self-conscious virtuoso pose; they were sincere and they gave of their best. They could but realize that the audience had joined with them in conversing with the composer and was not merely whiling away an hour, attending a "gathering of the clans, a fashion show, a cocktail party without cocktails . . . an author's tea."

To give these experiences to those who could not come to New York, the New Friends had their programs recorded, and they are now available to all who own a gramophone.

* * *

The New Friends make public their auditor's report, a practice the Met and all symphony orchestras should follow. For the first season they had a negligible deficit of four hundred dollars; for the second, a profit of three hundred thirty-eight dollars. Their deficit to date, for thirty-two concerts, is some sixty-odd dollars. For the coming season, the entire house was sold out six months in advance. Refunds are made whenever a subscriber finds he cannot attend a single concert. Enthusiasts have bequeathed their seats in their wills.

To my knowledge, no better job of merchandising music as against personalities has ever been done in America. Perhaps merchandising isn't the correct word; anyway, it's the most efficient job of bringing together those who enjoy the greatest music and those who perform it. That you could sell Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms as personalities . . . that there was a numerous public for chamber music well presented never occurred to the master minds who chart our musical menu. Or, if it did, it wasn't sufficiently profitable to interest them.

The New Friends were able to take advantage of the fact that New York is the headquarters of most musicians; that, whereas they receive a fee for appearances in other cities, they (except for a very few) pay out money to have a New York concert. The New Friends could thus offer them a New York appearance with its publicity, prestige, etc., a full house, and a small fee besides. The fee was not as large as they would get in Chicago or San Francisco, but it was a profit instead of deficit.

Second, the New Friends chose an hour, five-thirty, when Town Hall was not in use, and thus saved one-third the rental. As it happens, five or five-thirty is a most civilized hour for concerts: it allows time for dinner and discussion afterwards. The French, ever intelligent in their habits, have preferred it for a century.

Third, administrative expense was kept at a minimum. The Friends employ only two persons and a part-time stenographer. Two rooms constitute their offices.

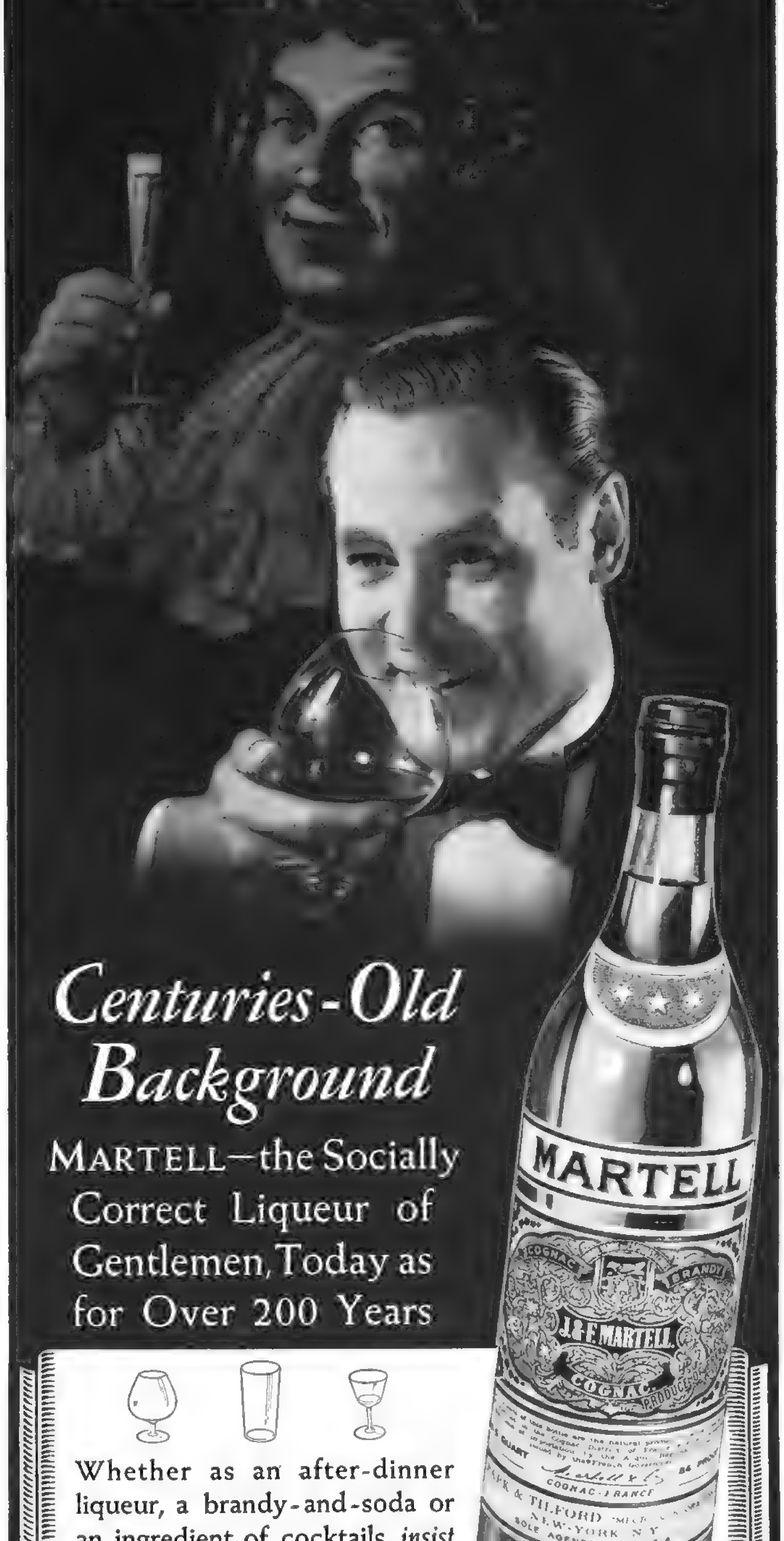
There is no valid reason why a similar series of chamber musicales is not a part of the cultural life of every one of our cities. Our citizens are reaching the age where they want to attend concerts to hear what the music has to say, and not merely to prattle and gossip about the performers and their neighbors. The chief problem is to get them started. If every community had an Ira Hirschmann: a man with the energy and the taste to prove that universal values not only live longer but are good box office, the same as journalistic values; it would be easy.

The New Friends will gladly act as a clearing house for information about chamber music organizations and programs. Its new chamber orchestra, which this winter will perform Haydn symphonies and Bach concerti in New York, will soon be ready to travel . . . and help relieve the steady diet of rum-tum overtures, Franck symphonies, Martucci tidbits, and *Lohengrin* preludes that surfeit our symphony programs.

What a joy it would be to know that there were sizable audiences all over America which met not because of the glamor of big names, nor because of charity nor social ambitions, but for a musical experience!

Try it in your town this winter. Hire a string quartet, select a well-balanced and interesting program, advertise Beethoven and Brahms instead of Gladys Swarthout and Nino Martini, who suffer

Continued at top of page 156



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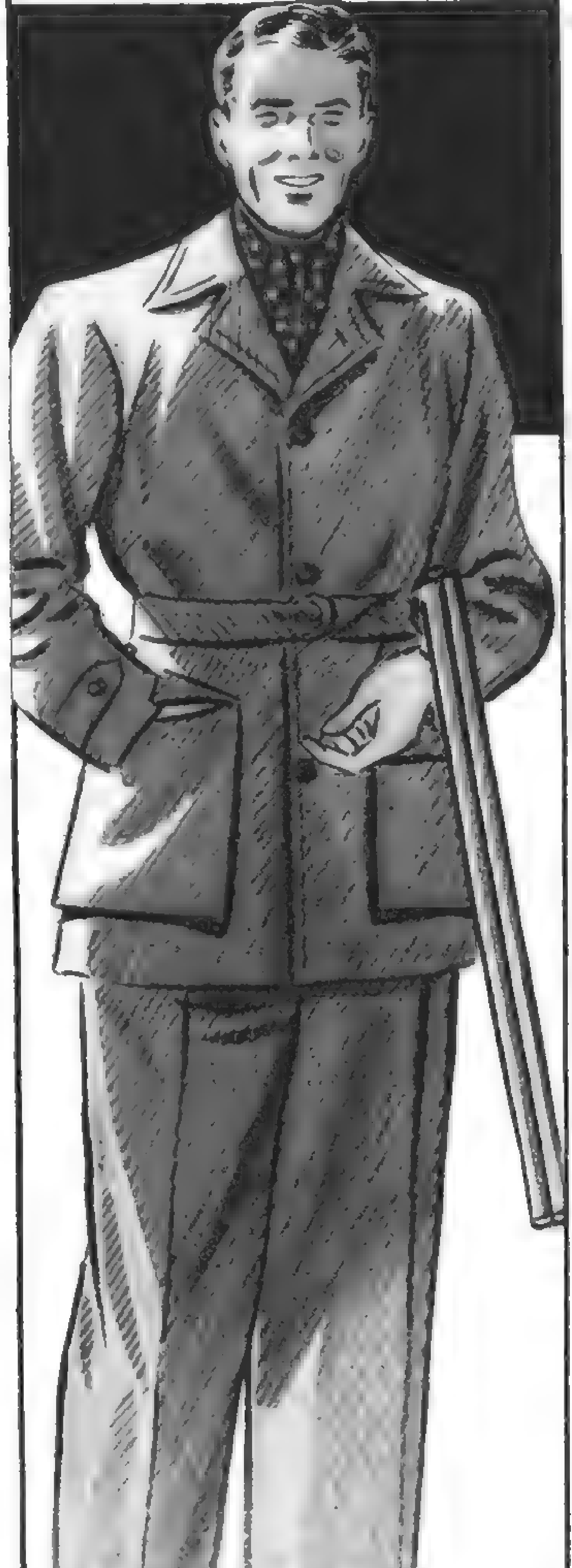

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Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from pages 90-155

from too much ballyhoo already. Get your friends to concentrate on what the composer says and not on how he or she puts it over. In the long run, they will find it more worthwhile when the performer serves the music instead of when the music is a mere plaything for the performer.

* * *

There is another series of concerts in America that causes rejoicing in Elysium.

"Heh! Heh!" chuckles Haydn. "Look at those young folks down there excited as can be. I remember when I was that way myself . . . once!"

"Ya! Ya!" echoes Bach, "it's a wonderful sight. For starting that, I could almost forgive Stokowski for monkeying with my Chaconne and my chorales. . . ."

The old boys were talking of the Philadelphia Orchestra's Youth Concerts, now entering their sixth season. And well they might. Few audiences in the wide world are as vibrant and as enthusiastic as these three thousand Philadelphians between the ages of thirteen and twenty-five. The only way an adult can sneak in is to buy ten tickets for those of eligible age and accompany them. Bouncers are on hand and on their toes. Eugene Ormandy was promptly bounced two years before he became the orchestra's permanent conductor. Another time a young man got through the entrance and when he was accosted, he promptly produced his birth certificate with the remark that, because of his thinning hair, he knew he would be stopped and so he was prepared. A very young child and an adult got past the ticket man and ducked into the Ladies' Lounge, from which the child peered hopefully from time to time. Twenty minutes the bouncer waited outside in the foyer until they finally came out and were sent home.

Aside from the saving in admission, it is no wonder people want to sit in this audience, where silence, even, is electric. To look into their faces, as these children lean forward all tense, you see that they are in earnest, freshly awakened to the deepest meanings in the music. Their response is natural and spontaneous, not affected or irrelevant or freighted with the put-on solemnity of our dowager audiences.

The organization of these concerts is entirely in the hands of a volunteer committee of young men and women. They have charge of the advertising, newspaper publicity, school canvassing. They make posters, decorate the Academy of Music, write the program notes, do the bouncing, do everything. The conductor usually speaks to them about the music . . . youth soloists are featured . . . and they express their suggestions and requests freely. What their participation adds to a concert cannot be described. It must be felt.

* * *

The most significant tribute that can be paid to musical America at the beginning of the 1938-39 season is not that it can boast the world's finest orchestras, that it engages the world's most expensive minstrels . . . but that it has audiences like those of New York's New Friends of Music and Philadelphia's Youth Concerts. ⧺

On the Record

Continued from page 94

thirty-two measures of the average tune."

Psychologists have recognized in it a protest against mechanization, a release from the drab monotony of this machine age. Ministers, Y. M. C. A. secretaries, and sociologists have opposed it, accused it of turning future Americans into a "horde of jumping jackals."

A bill was proposed to the New York legislature to make it illegal. It has been dismissed by hoity-toity dance band leaders as beneath them, ignored by critics who couldn't fathom it, and labeled by philosophers as a "fitting *danse macabre* for a society tobogganing to its grave."

Cussed as erotic, a dangerous drug, a crime, and a prostitution, it is a religion to youngsters who wear Benny Goodman frocks and Tommy Dorsey shorts. To them, it is the forerunner of a new era in which freedom and youth will rule the world. Opposition is futile. As Edgar Guest put it:

"Old King Canute upon the shore
Once bade the waves to roll no more,
Now oldsters, like that foolish king,
Are telling youth they mustn't swing."

Week by week, the craze spreads. The shag, trucking, bumping, clucking, the Susy-Q, and the Dipsy-Doodle have burst forth to horrify self-appointed guardians of the public morals. Teensters not only slap their hands, stomp their feet, and chew their gum in rhythm, they get light-headed and giddy, shout "Take Off, Boy," "Jam That Tram," "Yeah, man!" . . . "Shoot the Likker to Me, John Boy."

They bang cocktail glasses and beer bottles on table tops with the off-beat, they hang around bandstands like maggots on smelly cheese. They screw up their mouths, twitch their eyes, wiggle their ears, crack their jawbones, suck their tongues in tempo.

They peck, that is, dance with head and shoulders (don't ask me what happens to their feet). They stand apart, stick out their necks

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like woodpeckers, move their heads back and forth in sharp, jerky motions, not unlike epileptics.

They bump (girls are most agile at this): place both hands behind their necks, stick out their buttocks, and by a convulsive wiggle of the body bring their posteriors forward . . . with suggestive rhythmic jerks. Formerly, this was the prerogative of burlesque teasers.

If you want to see them at their hottest, have a look-in on Bob Crosby at Chicago's Blackhawk restaurant. If that isn't handy, there'll be a top band or two in your neighborhood. October finds Benny Goodman and Hal Kemp playing one-night stands in the Mid-West and East. Benny is at the Waldorf-Astoria October 26. Skinnay Ennis is currently at the Mark Hopkins, San Francisco. In New York, Eddy Duchin arrives at the Plaza September 27, Sammy Kaye at the Commodore September 30, Kay Kyser at the Pennsylvania October 4, and Larry Clinton at the Hotel Lincoln October 6. Guy Lombardo comes to the Palmer House, Chicago, October 1.

Your loudspeaker carries them every night: Horace Heidt on Sunday; Bob Crosby, Monday; Benny Goodman and Hal Kemp, Tuesday; Paul Whiteman, Kay Kyser, Tommy Dorsey, and Skinnay Ennis, Wednesday; Leo Reisman, Saturday.

If you want to practice in private, and see what swing does to you, here are a few records (especially the side listed first) that are more or less hot and that right now are contributing to the *Education of Carleton Smith:*

HAL KEMP: *Powerhouse* and *In Dutch with the Duchess.* (Victor 25718)

BENNY GOODMAN: *Flat Foot Floogie* and *Big John Special.* (Victor 25871)

JIMMY DORSEY: *Parade of the Milk Bottle Tops* and *Don't Look Now.* (Decca 941)

EDDY DUCHIN: *Ol' Man Mose* and *Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea.* (Brunswick m8168)

BOB CROSBY: *Yancey Special* and *At the Jazz Band Ball.* (Decca 1747)

LARRY CLINTON: *A Study in Blue* and *Nightshade.* (Victor 25897)

WILL HUDSON'S SWINGSTERS: *Hangover in Hong-Kong* and *Lady of the Night.* (Brunswick m8177)

DICK ROBERTSON: *Oh, Ma-Ma* and *Cry Baby Cry* (Decca 1726)

BENNY GOODMAN: *I Let A Song Go Out of My Heart* and *Feelin' High and Happy.* (Victor 25840)

JIMMIE LUNCEFORD: *Margie* and *Like a Ship at Sea.* (Decca 1617)

Jitter-bugs insist that to be properly appreciated swing should be heard and meditated over, not danced to. So, if you're too lazy to give out, then take in. ⌗

BEST SELLERS

Permanent	*Transient*
Liberty Music Shops, New York	
Symphony No. 13 in G Major (Haydn); Arturo Toscanini and the N. B. C. Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-454	*Now It Can Be Told* and *My Walking Stick* from *Alexander's Rag-Time Band;* Ray Noble and his Orchestra. Brunswick 8153
Quintet for Clarinet and Strings, K-581 (Mozart); Benny Goodman and Budapest String Quartet. Victor M-452	*I Married An Angel;* Medley on two pianos by Walters & Bower. Liberty Music Shop L-234
Concerto No. 2 in G Minor, Opus 63; Jascha Heifetz and Boston Symphony Orchestra under direction of Sergei Koussevitzky. Victor M-450	*What Do You Know About Love* and *Meet the Beat of My Heart* from *Love Finds Andy Hardy;* Hal Kemp and his Orchestra. Victor 25893
Grinnell Brothers, Detroit	
Overture to Semiramide (Rossini); Arturo Toscanini and N. Y. Philharmonic Symphony. Victor M-408	*Flat Foot Floogie* and *Big John Special;* Benny Goodman and his Orchestra. Victor 25871
Concerto No. 1 in B Flat Major, Opus 23, (Tchaikowsky); Egon Petri and London Philharmonic under direction of Walter Goehr. Columbia 318	*I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart* and *Feelin' High and Happy;* Benny Goodman and his Orchestra. Victor 25840
Ah! Perfido (Beethoven, Op. 65); Kirsten Flagstad with Philadelphia Orchestra under direction of Eugene Ormandy. Victor M-439	*Oh, Ma-Ma* (The Butcher Boy) and *Cry Baby Cry;* Dick Robertson and his Orchestra. Decca 1726
Royer-Smith, Philadelphia	
Valse Triste (Sibelius) and *Berceuse* from *The Tempest* (Sibelius); Philadelphia Orchestra with Stokowski. Victor 14726	*Flat Foot Floogie* and *Big John Special;* Benny Goodman and his Orchestra. Victor 25871
Claire de Lune (*No. 3, Suite Bergamasque*) (Debussy); Philadelphia Orchestra with Stokowski. Victor 1812	*This Time It's Real* (Tommy Dorsey); *Mr. Jinx Stay Away from Me* (Larry Clinton). Victor 25879
Triple Concerto in C Major, Opus 56 (Beethoven); R. Odnoposoff (violin), Stefan Auber (violoncello), Angelica Morales (piano) and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Felix Weingartner. Columbia S 327	*A Tisket A Tasket; Liza;* Ella Fitz-Gerald with Chick Webb. Decca 1840

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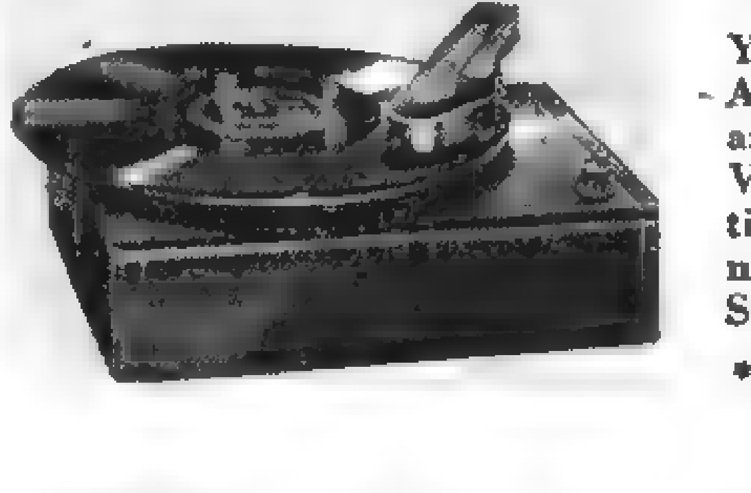

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In the Midst of Death We Live

Continued from page 65

again, and round the corner came the truck, bearing the red cow.

"Well, damn and set fire to me," exclaimed the mayor, "they said they had no gasoline."

"Give her a cheer, compañeros," the secretary sardonically called from the balcony.

When at last the cow had been half dragged, half persuaded to walk down the incline from the truck, everyone stood around, praising the cow, congratulating Lucía, though all knew the animal was to be turned over to the collective. During this, the commander's car arrived, and the colonel got out.

"Nice cow, Paco," he said, nodding, "I suppose my quartermaster will be able to buy milk some time or other?"

"She's beautiful, beautiful. Eh, why not?"

Juan slowly got out of the car, and husband and wife embraced; the cheering broke down because there was no one to lead it.

Gonzalez was trying to open the cow's mouth. "Hola, Juan," he exclaimed, and pushing Lucía aside flung his arms around the former militiaman. "Well, well, do you see how everyone's glad to see you?" Most of the villagers were already gathered round the cow again.

"Hey, give Juan a welcome," he shouted, his arms still round the wearily smiling man, who was watching the cow. The peasants crowded round, shaking his hand. Lucía in the background, holding the cow's halter, gazing happily at the round face of her husband, once so boyish, now furrowed and lightless. Once a fortnight she had visited her husband in Madrid, in the hospital that had once been the Victoria Hotel, but the hospital had terrified her more than the first shells had done, or the line itself, only half a mile away. There were so many limping, bloodless men, so many faces of death, and the sickly-sweet smell of death. Ah, tonight she would hold him against her body, and warm him against her, though it would be long before he would regain his manhood. "Will it be cruel to him?" she reflected for a moment.

As they walked down to their house upon the edge of the village, she was dreaming of their love; it would be the first time they had stayed together since that day in July when the war had so unexpectedly started. And only once had she been able to be with him, when his column had been stationed near Colmenar Vieja for one night and she had walked many miles through the cold, wet night and an hour after dawn she had found him and eagerly taken him into a wood, where hurriedly, awkwardly, he had embraced her; his rifle by their side. He had blessed her, extravagantly praising her for her kindness in visiting him, and she had been content, though not rejoiced, for he had seemed almost a strange man, so terrible and impersonal had been his need of her. Ah tonight, his hand would rest behind her head and music would sing his name through the echoing spaces of her body and brain, and he would be there. Juan, Juan, you are back with me. No, it was not the desire of her, ah dear Mother of God, she would have to see the wound upon his hip and thigh . . . but in her body was life and warmth; her heart throbbed as she thought of holding him against her.

Yes, he is going to sit upon his side of the bench, she thought, as they approached their house, watching his face as his gaze settled upon the bench. Very slowly he sat down, playing the old game, sitting upon the door side of the bench.

"Now how am I to watch the fire and the pot and your supper?" she asked.

"Fussy little hen," he murmured and moved over and patted the stone by his side and she sat down.

"You're home, Juanito," she said and he nodded, and until she looked into his eyes she was deeply happy, but in them she saw the shadow of a far-off anguish. There was no relief there, nor the joy she had felt until that moment.

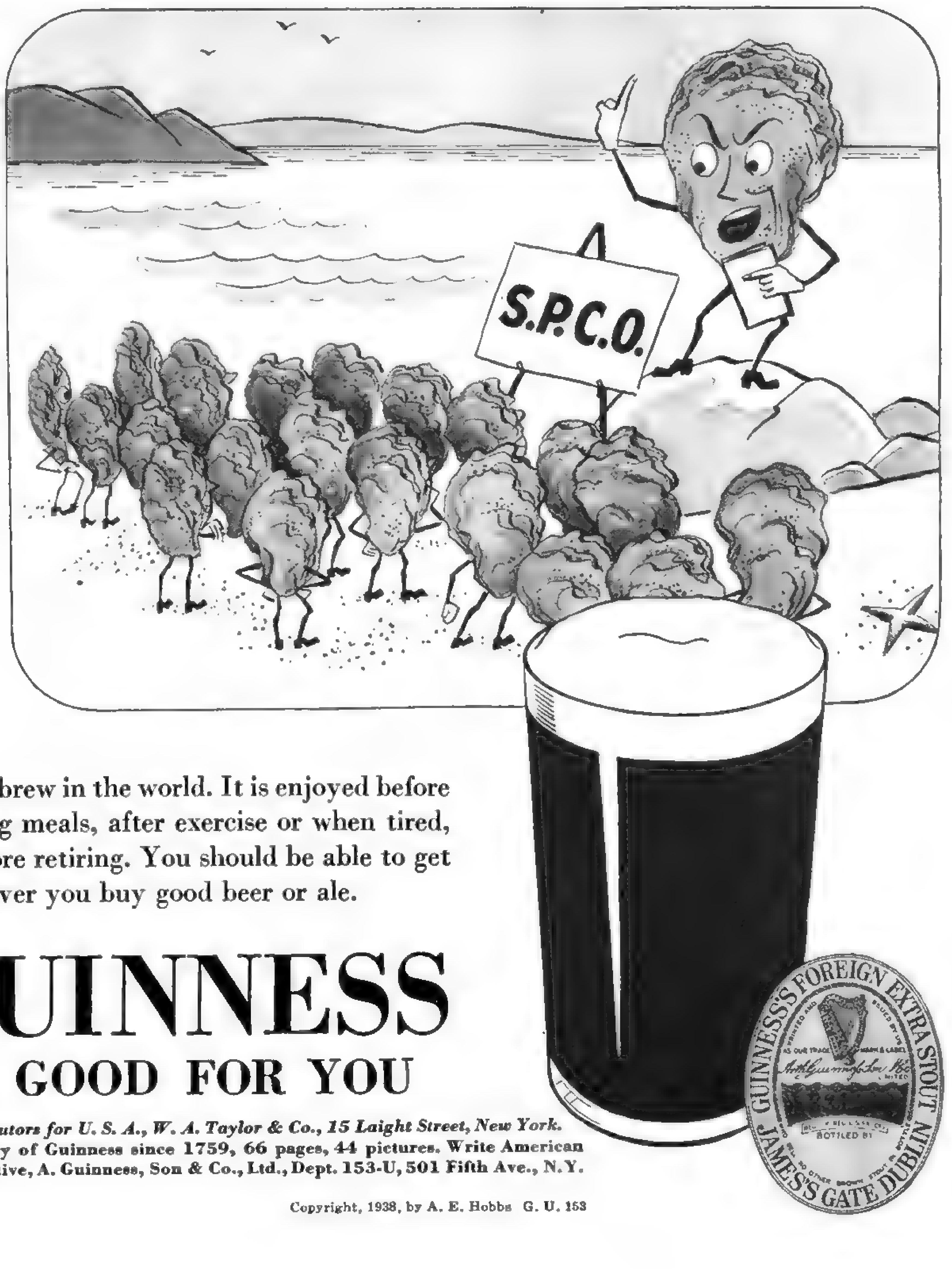
The following morning a shell smashed the mill conduit, and though in April there was no grain to grind, Gonzalez set four men to repair it, for the spilling water was washing away the soil of a cabbage patch. As he returned to the town to take a few hours' sleep, for he had been on the potato field all night, leading the collectivists, he saw Lucía and her husband.

"Hola, enjoying your holiday, girl?" he bawled; the compañeros had agreed to give her a week's holiday upon Juan's return. Ah, poor boy, it would be a long time before he'd be strong again. They ought to have some children, too; though he could ill-spare Lucía from the work of the village.

"Hey," he shouted and strode over with heavy swinging gait. "Your cow is ready for the bull, isn't she, Juan? We'll take her over this afternoon, eh?"

"If you like . . . she's tired, I expect, she traveled a lot yesterday."

"Ha, that doesn't matter. Let's take her this afternoon. The U. G. T. over at Collado has a fine bull; plenty of will in him. I'll ring them up."



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"Just as you like, Paco," Juanito assented willingly.

"We'll have to walk her down, but I can get the quartermaster's car for you and Lucía; we'll give my old woman a ride too, she wants to see her sister. Hey! Tomás," the man halted and Gonzalez told him to bring the cow up from Revulgo's pasture at one o'clock.

Magdalena, Paco's deaf wife, screamed all the way to Collado, about the excellence of the cow, her husband, the bull, and Lucía's good fortune in having Juan back. She superintended the women who did the menial work at the base dressing station for that sector, installed in the village church. She was thus learned in mutilations and gave them long accounts of the impossible cases that came to the church; oh, Lucía was lucky, Juanito's wound must have been terrible when first inflicted. Her enthusiasm made the young woman sweat.

Just outside of Collado they ran past Paco and Tomás, the latter of whom was leading the cow. The mayor bellowed at them to stop and he stood upon the running board and rode into the village, and hastened to the U. G. T. They heard his roaring laughter ringing from the open window as they entered the street; presently he came down, followed by the syndical secretary.

"He says the bull's in good shape, he's up in the corral." Gonzalez rubbed his hands and set out at once towards the edge of the town. The secretary, who had been dismissed from the Madrid 5th Regiment on account of advanced age, had fought beside Juan's column at El Pardo and Lucía suffered vague jealousy at their conversation. They took no notice of her, or of her interjections; she was outside of this war, it seemed.

"Oh, it's a fine day," Paco exclaimed, looking at the dappled sky and rubbing his hands. "Your garden will be enjoying this weather, girl."

Her admiration for the mayor was increased by his good cheer now; he had been on his feet all night, she knew, for as she lay by the side of Juanito, whispering to him, hoping he would make a pretense of arguing about which pillow he should have, she had heard Paco's voice ring out once at the head of the valley of danger. She had put the low pillow on Juan's side of the bed, as always, hoping he would make mock protests, but he had not done so. She had been disappointed, as she had been with almost every event of his homecoming. It was not until he had become drowsy that she reasoned with herself, saying that it was not only her patience and the warmth of her flesh he needed, but her profounder understanding; he had lain long in the arms of pain and fear. Then she had put her head near his and whispered, not intending that he should hear.

"Juanito, you're a fox," and he had sleepily answered, as in the old days, "You're a she-hare." She had cried a little, and his homecoming had become the event she had expected it to be.

But now, as throughout the day, she once more felt disappointment. She knew she had no right to his gratitude for the care with which she served him, nor in the old days would he have shown much sign of gratitude; but she had hoped that the comfort and intimacy of home would have been so welcome to him that he would have told her. He had not done so, though when she had taken the wood chopper from his hand as he had started to prepare firing, he had said, "Good girl," rejoicing her. For a moment, glancing at her husband's tense, interested face as the secretary described an adventure at El Pardo, she was angry.

"Oh what a day, hey!" Gonzalez shouted and sprang across the street with immense vitality, to greet two young men in khaki hurrying by. They were his nephews and had recently spent their leave with him. "Hey, *cojones*, here's Pepito and Albertito," the mayor dealt the nearest boy a punch in the ribs and the two boys mobbed him, pushing his hat down over his forehead, and trying vainly to imprison his powerful arms.

"Great Body," he roared, "and how did you get here?" The boys linked arms with Gonzalez and began talking of their regiment. Silently she walked by their side; until the boys, after suddenly explaining that a truck was waiting for them, knocked off Paco's hat and took to their heels.

"By the navel," he roared, and pursued them, his heavy shod feet battering the ground. What a man the mayor was, she thought as he returned to her, laughing, wiping the sweat from his block-like neck; how fortunate their village was to have such a leader, he drove the village forward, he was its principal energy, its decisive will and tyrannous life.

They entered the empty house at the rear of which the bull had been corralled, and shortly they heard Tomás lead in the cow.

Afterwards they stood round the cow, patting her, speaking endearments to her, calling her a good and beautiful little animal, and gave her water to drink and led her away.

That evening they took the cow to the pasture and stood watching her, the five of them, as she swayed her head from side to side, smelling the fresh spring grass.

"Good little cow," Lucía said and caressed its flanks.

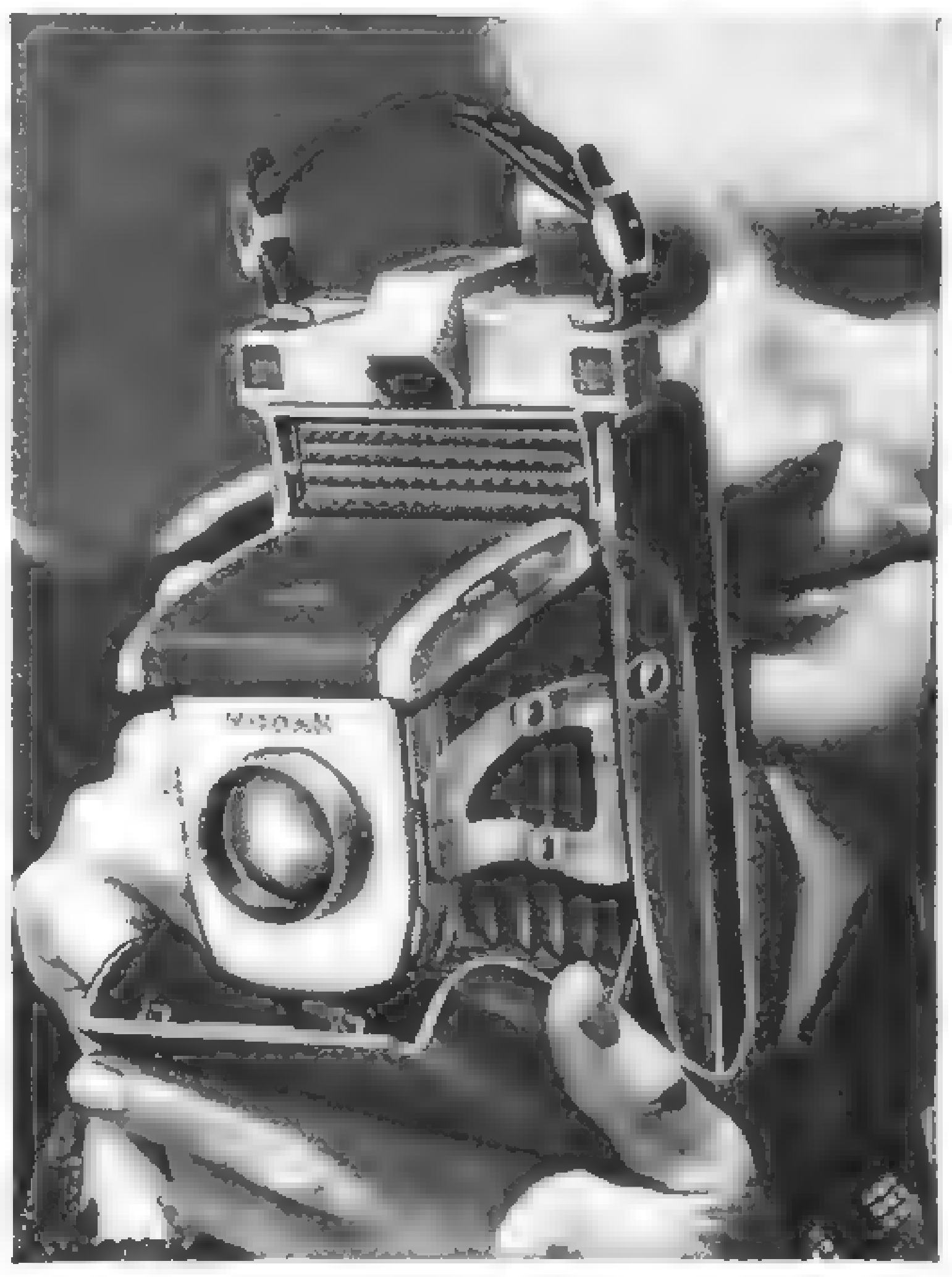
"She ought to have a healthy calf," Gonzalez said. "Juanito, we did right to take her over to the bull. What a lovely beast she is!" He strode up and down three or four paces, in his pleasure making vigorous gestures.

They looked up into the sky as a single shell rushed over the ridge and burst beyond the town in the nut copse. No more followed.

"*Cojones*," Gonzales exclaimed, "what in God's revelation they can see in shelling that little wood I don't know. I'd better send

Continued at top of page 160

Revolutionary New Kodak has Electric Eye



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In the Midst of Death We Live

Continued from pages 65-159

someone over there, anyway." He called "good-night" over his shoulder and bounded away. They lingered a few minutes, watching the cow, now peacefully enjoying the rich pasture.

"Good little cow," Lucía whispered again and turned away. A crackling of rifle fire broke out on the ridge, followed by a deep boom. Another volley of shells swiftly bundled through the air and burst in the nut copse; in the growing dark they saw tawny flames glowing among the dense bushes.

When they reached the main street, Gonzalez was marshaling the night workers for the potato fields, loudly giving exact instructions for the first two hours of their work; he was going to rest a while. The swallows were still wheeling erratically about the sky.

"What a tío Paco is," Lucía said in admiration, and then linked her arm through Juanito's, and was silent.

That night as she closed the shutter of their bedroom window, distant searchlights were rocking slowly on their narrow bases; the new moon faintly illuminating the night, disclosing a sky like a great plain of little fields. A brilliant star, a minute point of incandescence, shone for a half-minute low down on the horizon. She shuddered, the long white arms were the searchlights of Madrid, holding off death. Her fear became momentarily acute, and then Juanito called her and he was lying in her bed.

"Fox!"

"She-hare . . . that was a good idea, buying the cow," he said. Yes, that was how she must withdraw him from the obsession of the war, she must interest him in the work of their collective, find him easy tasks, until he was strong and could clamber about the steep fields. Once he had leapt over the rocks like a wild animal, like a fox; it had been her pride to watch him at the "pelota" wall on Sunday afternoons. He would never be quick again, but he would be strong. They would have strong, quick children.

"You've got my pillow," she grumbled, in feigned protest.

"Come near to me, she-hare," he answered and she wriggled across the bed and whispered, "Oh Juanito, I'm glad you're home, I was frightened all the while."

"I am glad, too, little she-hare," and they talked of the work before them, of the garden, which he was going to extend, and the water course he would build. Before they fell asleep they heard the mayor shouting orders across the fields of danger below in the valley. #

Telegraph in the Jungle

Continued from page 63

sound of an electric burglar alarm awakening a sleeping urban householder.

The newspaper presses of our world thunder out the tidings that new gold veins have been discovered in the Transvaal or the Klondike, and hordes of adventurous men start in search of the treasure. But the primitive native's treasure is *gnama* (meat), and he needs no one to tell him where or when the precious *gnama* has been found.

I remember an impressive instance of this uncanny faculty which occurred to me a short time ago on the plains of Budjumu.

I needed very badly to obtain some fresh meat for one of my companions who was ill, but though I went on several hunting expeditions, I was unable to locate even the smallest animal. Then, passing through a small village, I noticed a fresh skin of an eland, a native told me where the animal had been killed and where I might expect to find others.

The next morning I started out, crossing the bare plain until with my field glasses I picked up a solitary group of four elands in the distance. I tried time and time again to approach them, but on each occasion they galloped away before I could get in range. I tried everything—creeping over the ground inch by inch, making long and cautious detours, running towards them suddenly at top speed. All quite useless. The elands were always in view but never in range.

At last, exasperated, although they were still a thousand yards from me, I dropped down, took the most accurate aim with the telescope, and fired. The animals didn't move, but as soon as I rose they galloped away.

How in such country, with game so scarce, those natives had managed to kill an eland with a spear, while I, with my car and field glasses, rifle and telescope, had failed, I never understood.

But the following day, pressed by necessity, I determined to tackle the hunt again and was on the spot at dawn. Leaving the car behind some bushes and, ridiculous as it sounds, tying around my body several leafy branches in the hope of fooling the elands, I began the chase. Whether the strategy was successful or I was merely lucky, after three or four hours of maneuvering I succeeded in getting close enough to kill a big male.

I had by that time walked several miles, and a stretch of impassable swampy ground separated me from my car. Through the field glasses I searched the horizon in every direction, but not a hut, not a single native was visible. So I had to make up my mind to cut away from the animal as much meat as I could carry and leave the rest.

In the midst of this quite disgusting operation, I again examined the horizon. Far away, just

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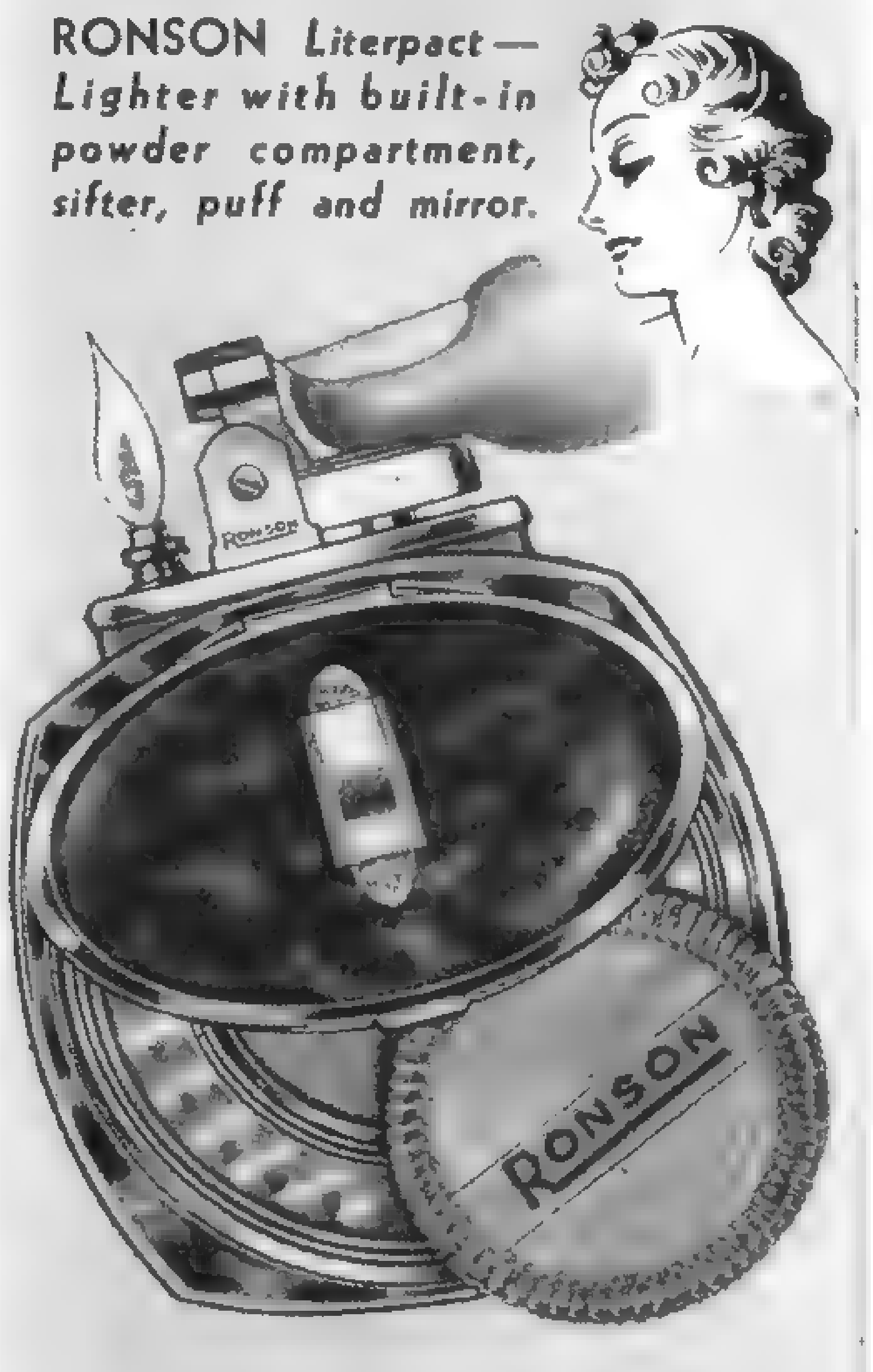

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distinguishable with the binoculars, I saw three natives coming, apparently towards me. I looked again and from other directions small human figures were approaching. In less than an hour nine natives had reached me; finished the skinning of the animal; carried to my car all the meat I wanted, and started back to their distant huts, very happy at the *gnama* they had fraternally shared with me.

Back at my camp, I added two new unanswered questions to my collection.

What had called those natives from such a distance? They certainly could not have observed my movements nor heard my gun.

And what had warned them on the previous day that my shot had missed and there was no need for them to put in an appearance as no meat was to be had?

Very similar to this phenomenon, it seems to me, is the occult attraction exerted by water over nearly every native.

I had a particularly interesting proof of this once in the Karroo Desert. We were getting towards the end of the dry season and one day a sudden and unexpectedly early wind arose, blowing inexorably day and night over the entire country. Immediately the small streams which had supplied us with sufficient water dried up. Every bird and animal vanished, and even the sparse vegetation wilted and rapidly died.

We at once rationed the small amount of water we had, allowing a pint a day to each of our party for drinking, cooking, washing and shaving. In this way we thought we should have enough to last for the five days necessary to arrive at the nearest village.

But our truck recognized no water ration. The resistance of the wind, and the fine sand drifting into the radiator caused it to boil like a locomotive; and with burning faces and parched throats we were obliged to watch our supply of water disappear into its thirsty, round mouth.

Only one who has tried the pangs of thirst can understand our state of mind. Although we were not, of course, suffering seriously as yet from lack of water, the discomfort was excessive.

"I wish I were a rhabdomancer, instead of an anthropologist," groaned the professor.

A rhabdomancer! That gave me an idea. Here was one of the very few forms of the sixth sense that had resisted the effects of civilization and persisted among a few whites; surely it would still be active in primitive man. I shouted for Milk, our cook, the only native within a radius of a hundred miles.

"*Upi manzi?*—Where is some water?" I asked when the boy appeared.

"*Apana asi*—I don't know," he answered with a carefree, joyous laugh.

I pointed to a couple of empty buckets. "Bring those back to me full of water," I told him, "and quickly, too."

Obediently and cheerfully he departed, breasting the stinging wind that nearly swept him off his feet.

For nearly two hours we waited, but at the end of that time Milk reappeared, grinning from ear to ear, his two buckets brimming with beautiful spring water.

When we had drunk inordinately of the delicious cool water, we questioned him. Where had he found it?

"*Lapa,*" he answered, pointing vaguely.

We followed him to see where "*lapa*" was and he led us to a hole three feet deep which he had dug. At the bottom bubbled a crystalline spring, from which we soon filled the tanks and every available utensil.

On each of the three succeeding evenings, when we stopped for the night, Milk started confidently over the desert in search of water, we following him. And on each occasion, reaching a spot which bore no exterior signs of the presence of water or even a slight dampness, Milk suddenly stopped and said "*Lapa*—there."

On the fifth day as we were breaking up camp I looked at the barometer of our little meteorological station. The hand stood just in the center of the word "Dry."

"Hey, Milk," I said, half in fun, speaking in Swahili, "when does the rain come?"

"Today, *musungu,*" he answered in his English.

"Today, my hat!" said the professor venomously, as an especially strong gust of wind parted for a moment the yellowish cloud in which we had been living for a week and showed us an unyielding stretch of hard blue sky.

"Yes, *musungu,*" said the innocent cook, with many broad smiles and corroborative nods of his head.

And in the middle of the afternoon sullen clouds suddenly loosed on us a cataract of rain which, we knew, would not stop until the end of the rainy season.

Milk, very happy, addressed himself to the professor:

"See, *musungu,* today-my-hat," he said, convinced that he had learned the "Engrisch" for rain.

And our barometer?

When I consulted it again it appeared to me as a significant emblem of all the series of instruments, machinery, inventions and contrivances to which we have laboriously delegated, one by one, the protective properties of our original sixth sense—of that sixth sense which the primitive man and the animal conserve more or less intact in its natural form, perfect and effortless, subject neither to loss, strikes, mistakes nor breakdowns.

It was only when the plain had been converted into an unending swamp and we were paddling about like drowning rats that the hand of the barometer reached the word "Rain."

And the shining beautiful instrument seemed to me to be very proud of itself, too. ‡‡

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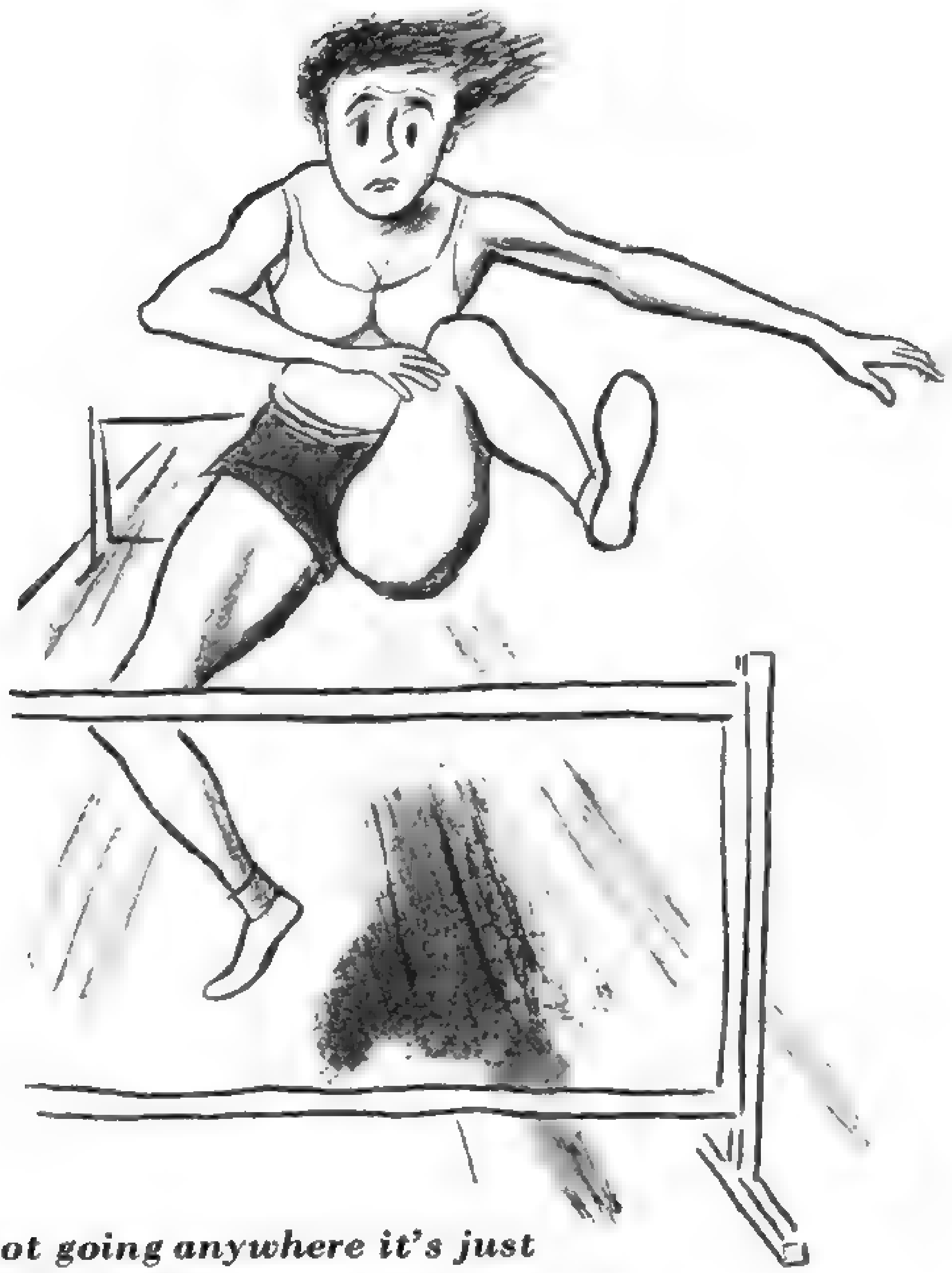
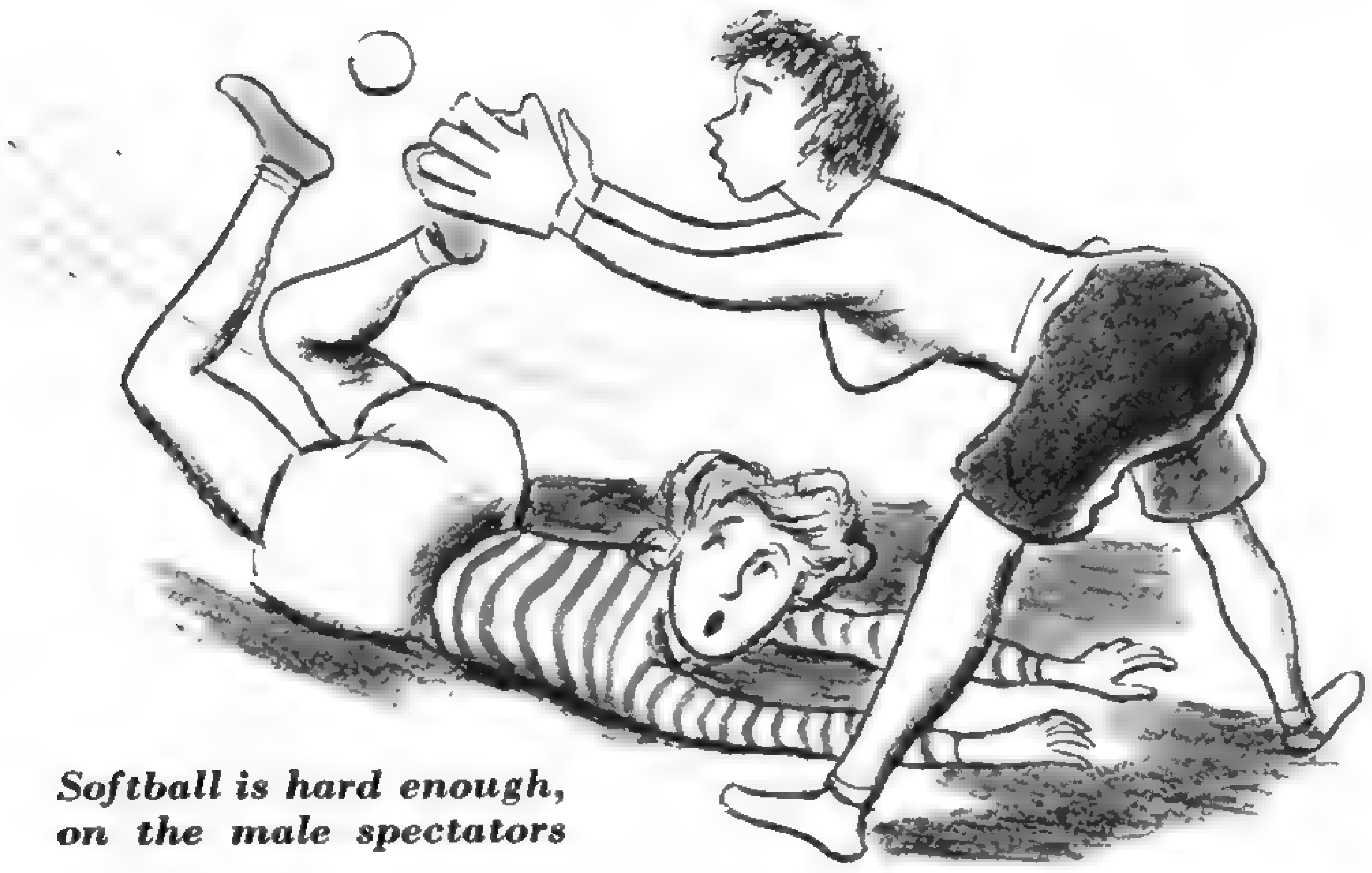


She is not going anywhere it's just her way of feeling equal to men

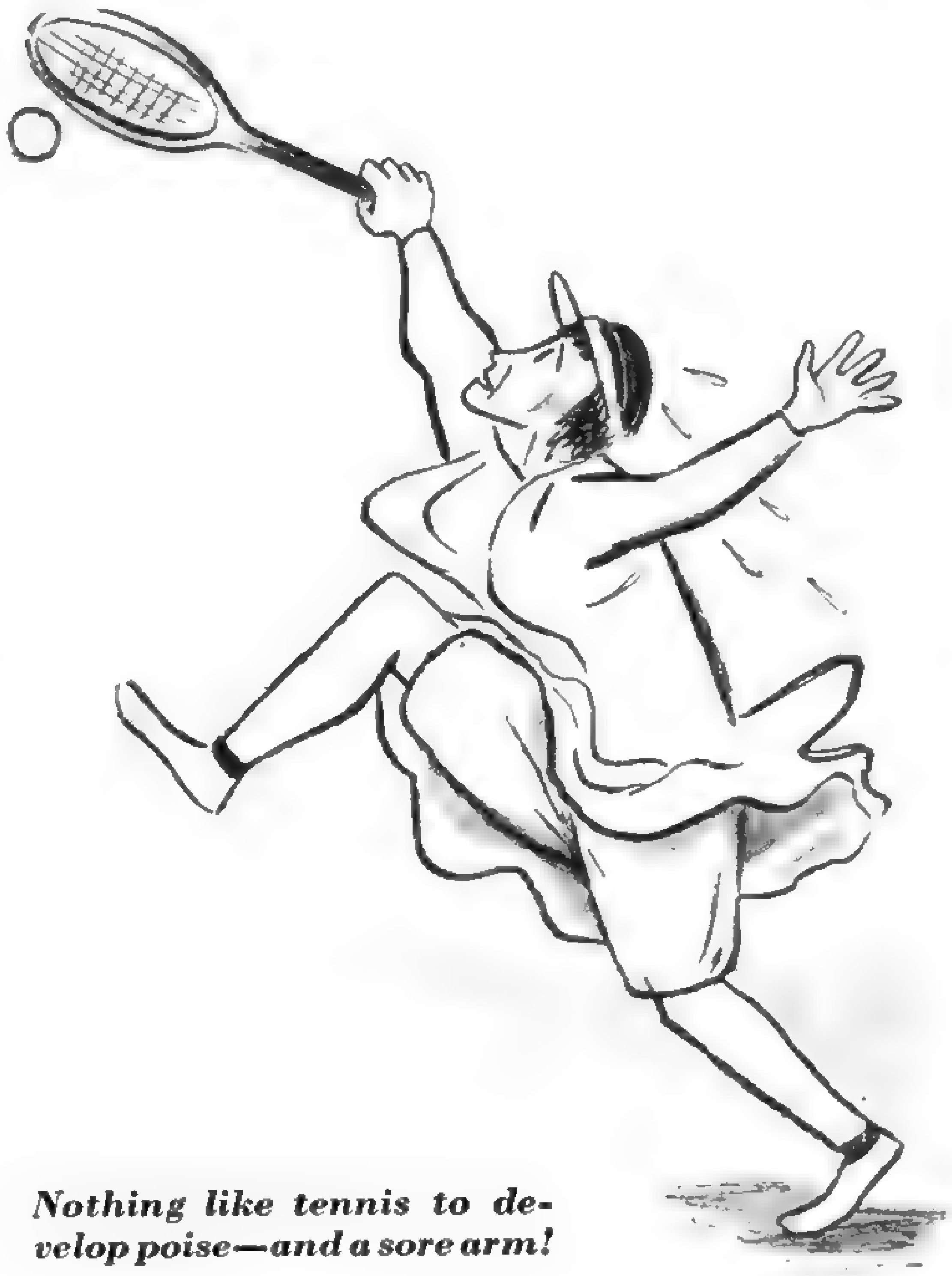


Softball is hard enough, on the male spectators

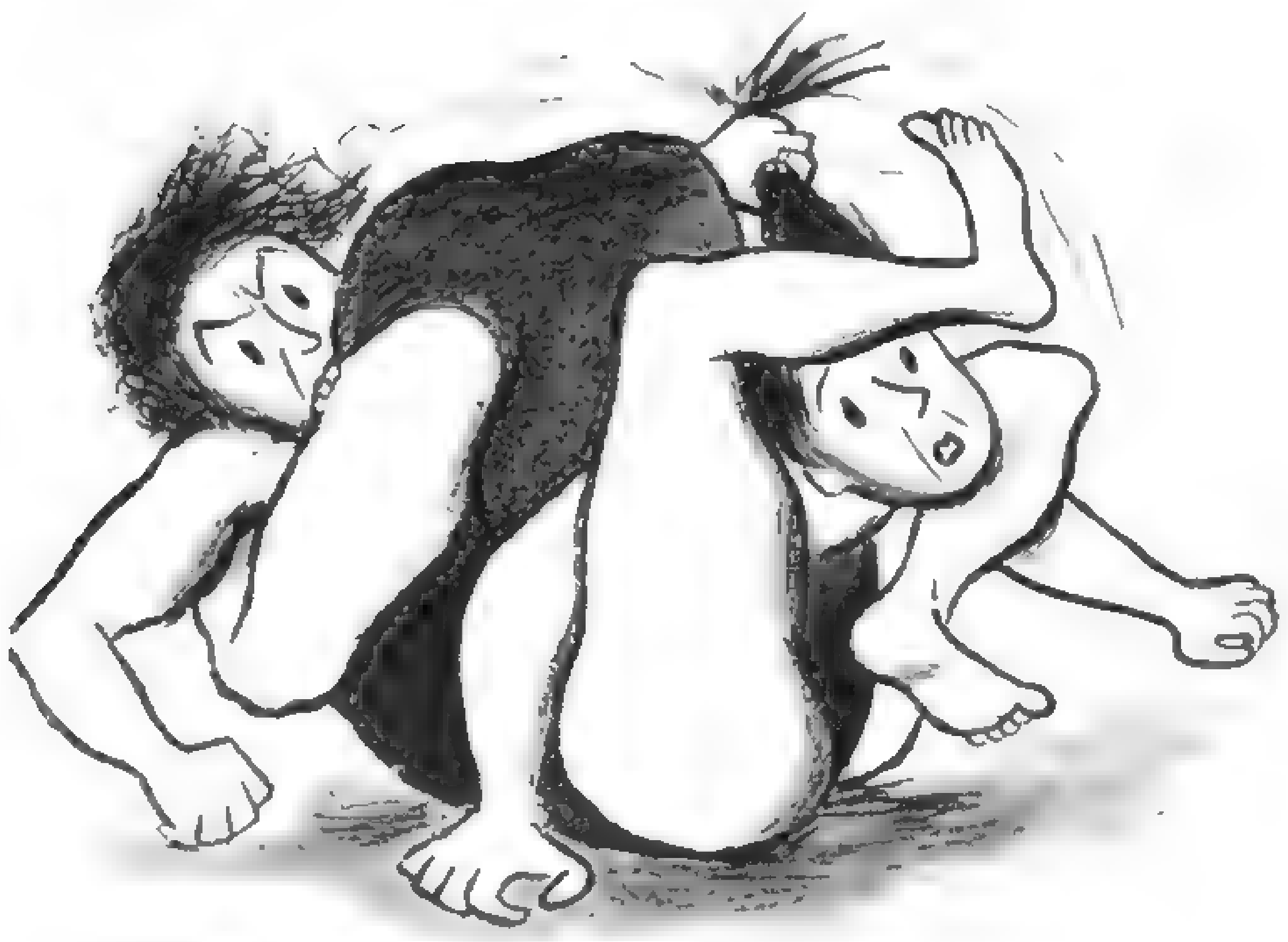
Sports, Women and Beauty

Showing that in most cases you can have plenty of sport and little beauty

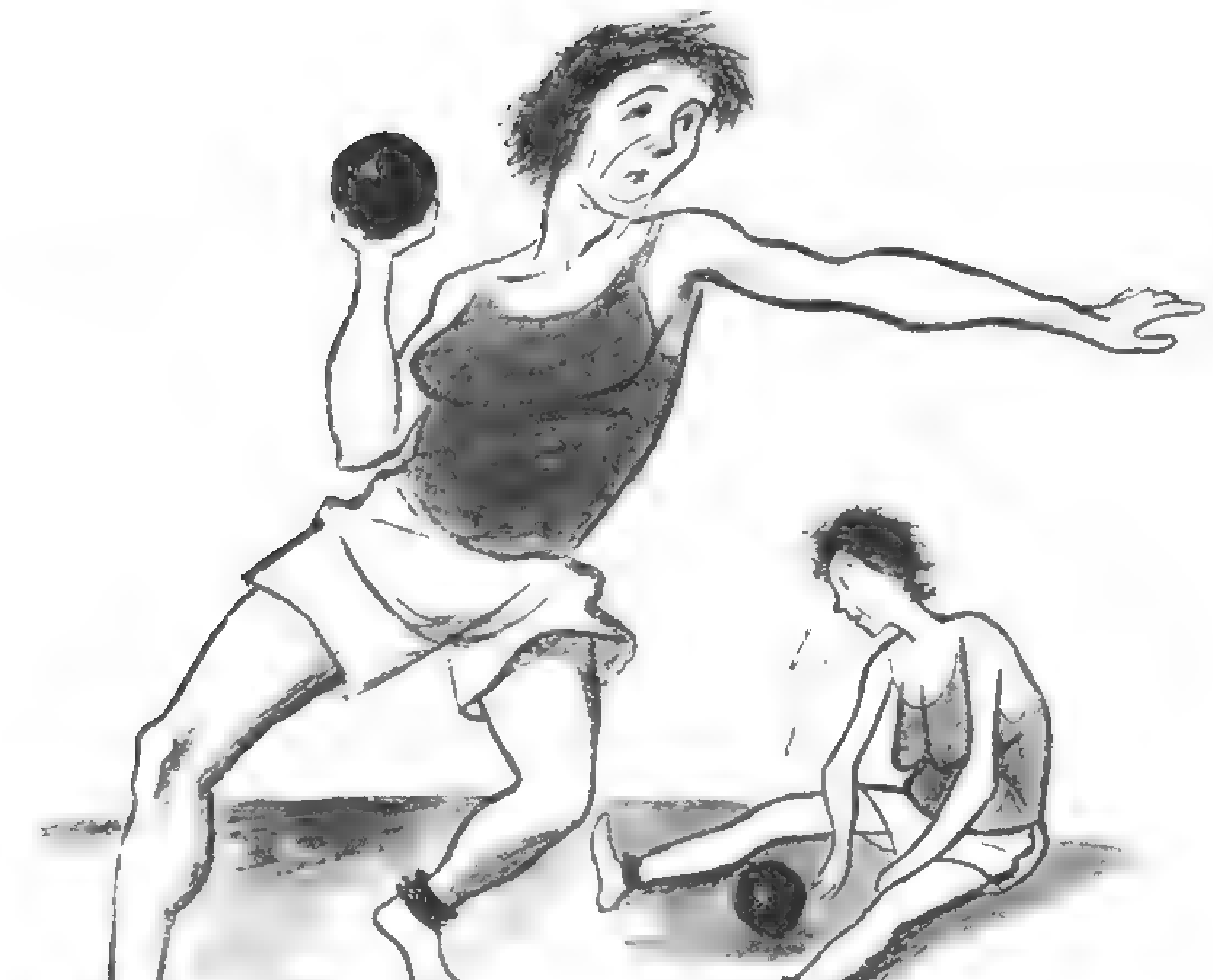
by MISCHA RICHTER



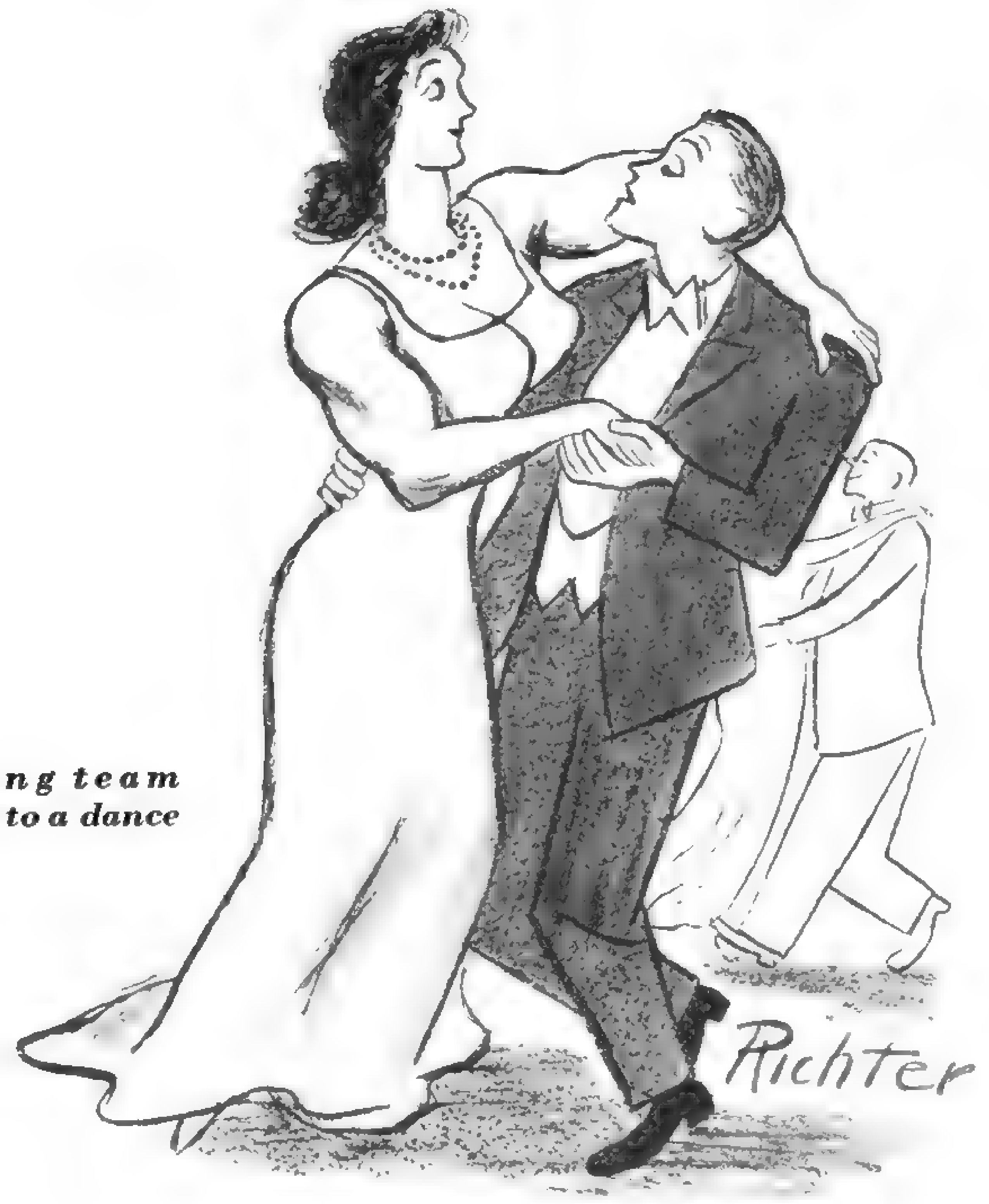
Nothing like tennis to develop poise—and a sore arm!



OUCH!



Looks like this one is aiming at some man: if she can get one!



The rowing team "gal" goes to a dance

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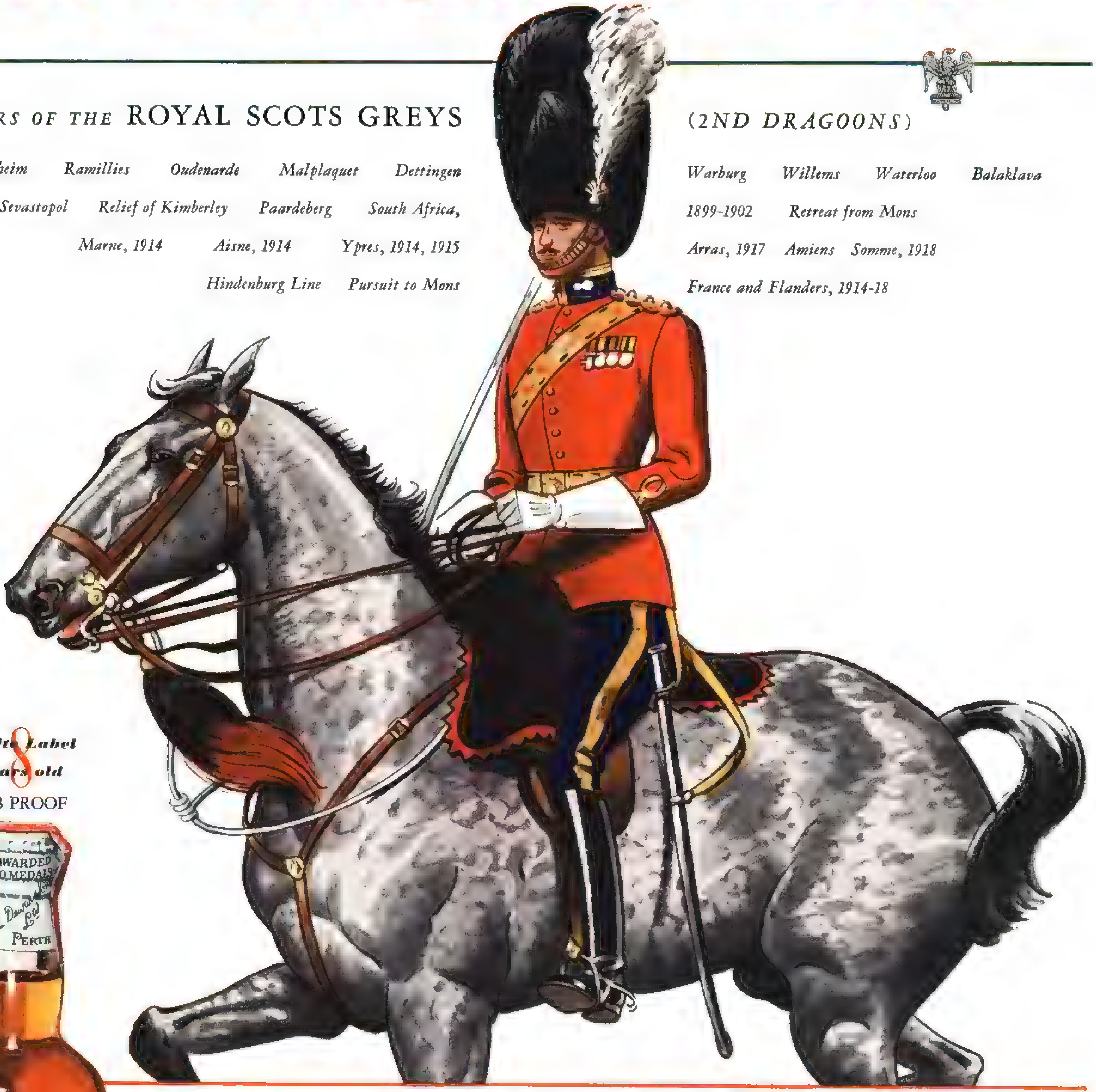
Marne, 1914 Aisne, 1914 Ypres, 1914, 1915 Arras, 1917 Amiens Somme, 1918

Hindenburg Line Pursuit to Mons France and Flanders, 1914-18



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STYLE-MART Clothes

See opposite column on how to secure STYLE-MART's complimentary Football Schedule for 1938.

MERIT CLOTHING CO., INC.
MAYFIELD, KENTUCKY

The Clever Grandma

Continued from page 41

now she didn't know herself where they were. It was possible that her mind had snapped just at that moment, but on the other hand she might have been slipping for a long time.

Well, from now on she was hopelessly and irretrievably senile. Her memory would no longer function. Jewelry?

The more the family quizzed her, the less she could remember. Finally she didn't even know what kind of treasure she was being held responsible for:

"I am no thief! I didn't steal anything!"

The family stood around her in despair.

Oh, Grandma, Grandma! Never had such a little moth-Grandma wronged so much those whom she loved. And one couldn't even beat her. One had to flatter her, tickle her double chin:

"Come on, Grandma, tell us at least where you put the pearl necklace."

But Grandma gave no information. What's more, in one dark dawn, at the first crowing of the cock, she closed her eyes for eternity and irrevocably took the secret to the grave with her.

At the funeral, when the ornate coffin bearing the family coat of arms was placed in the crypt, there were honest tears in the eyes of the great family; but still behind the tears there was the sorrowful sigh:

"Oh, Grandma, sweet old Grandma, you certainly left us in one swell fix!"

For a long time the castle was just like a madhouse. The sons, the grandsons, the great-grandsons, in fact all the heirs unceasingly searched for the hiding place of the valuables. With their own hands they took apart the stoves; they climbed up into the chimneys; they pierced the cushions of the fauteuils and the divans with hatpins. The parquet was taken up, the mattresses disemboweled, the flower beds of the park dug up. Nothing anywhere! Grandma had done a good job, God bless her memory. But still it was hard to get accustomed to it. Even after ten years it would often happen that some member of the family would lean, with a wildly beating heart, down to the ground where something gleamed in the gravel. But the devil take it, it was usually just a discarded sardine tin or some rainbow-colored, sticky snail shell; one had to wash his hands after touching it.

Grandma's oil portrait hung in the gallery among the other ancestors. The younger ones began to smile at it, and in time even the wrath of the old guard began to abate.

What's more, after fifteen years it was generally admitted that Grandma's action had not been entirely foolish. Jewels are cold stones. Just because they exist, because they dwell some place in the depths of some dark safe, they cause no joy. If they had done something with them, if they had sold them, if they had played the Bourse with them as was being done in those days, all the money would have been lost a hundred times. But this way, the treasure was still intact. Even though they didn't know where it was, still it was there in the house, in the ground. It conserved the whole estate like a secret oil well.

In the beginning the heirs lived frugally because of this secret. One had to keep an eye on the estate, on the house. Let not the ancestral estate slip out from under them: in it somewhere lay pearls, gold, the three famous opals of the family.

Then they got used to frugality, to work. The estate weathered the hard times beautifully without debt. And the family remained together under the burden of the common sorrow. Count János, who loved live wheat better than dead stones, when he got home from agricultural college, threw a kiss at the old portrait black with time:

"Dear old Great-Grandma! That wasn't such a bad trick after all!"

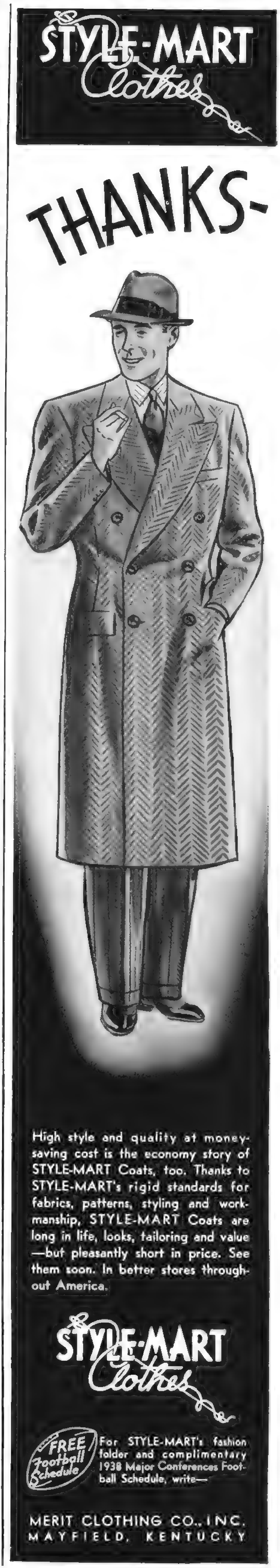
After twenty years, just before the wedding of Countess Emma, somebody hit upon a splendid idea. For her wedding the bride would wear the three-hundred-year-old gown which was hanging as an honored relic among the old keepsakes in an unopened closet. Of course, it would have to be altered. It was a sumptuous gown—ancient French lace. True, it was stuck full of all sorts of beads and sequins. All that was necessary was to remove all that tinsel; then that exquisite cream-colored lace could be made over into a modern wedding gown. They took the dress out of the closet, blew off the dust; they looked at it. Aunt Berenice screamed out:

"Good Lord! This is a real opal! And this is a ruby! And these pearls sewed here on the slip are not *tekla!*"

By nightfall the jeweler whom they had called in Budapest came with his loupes, diamond scales, and other technical equipment.

Well, there was the treasure. Now they could see what had happened. Poor old Grandma with her blinking eyes and trembling hands spent night after night sewing the precious stones among the false ones on the old lace gown. Following this clue they found intact the ducats of old Kanut. They had been sewed on men's clothing, ancient and elegant: on tail coats, on Prince Alberts—to serve as buttons, beautifully covered with silk by the dear old half-crazy Grandma. There was the whole hoard. For twenty years right under the nose of the whole family. It was a shame to have torn the house apart, to have dug up the beautiful flower beds for it.

Their joy was great, but by midnight the violet-colored clouds



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MERIT CLOTHING CO., INC.
MAYFIELD, KENTUCKY

of the family storm appeared above the castle. They began to quarrel about what to do with the jewels. Should they divide them? Should they keep them together? Sell them?

"Sell them!" said young Count János. "Look at these two thousand *holds* stuck to our boundaries. All that land used to belong to us. Now we can buy it back for the price of this gleaming junk."

Five of the family snorted at once.

"Land? Now? Till the soil? Now? In these uncertain times?"

The well-built, brown-necked young man motioned for silence.

"Don't you be afraid. Quiet times are coming now. How do I know?"

Playfully, warmly, he winked at Grandma's portrait.

"Well, just because if quiet times were not around the corner, dear old Great-Grandma certainly would not have coughed up the jewels!" #

Artistic Integrity

Continued from page 39

member . . . *Entre Nous!*

Pewtree: Sure, under the hat.

Figgis: It's about a submarine captain who's been riding around the ocean since the War. He don't know it's over.

Bartender: Don't he ever come up?

Figgis: I'm glad you asked me that. He just comes up to attack ships. Y'see, he's been suffering from amnesia.

Bartender: Like you with your bill here.

Pewtree: Say, that story has sincerity.

Figgis: Knocks you cold, huh? Do you blame me when I say this is one Hollywood'll never get?

Pewtree: Right! And the same goes for my story, too.

Bartender: Hey, boys, I think I can lick this whole thing for you.

Pewtree: How do you mean?

Bartender: Look. We can take your dog and his submarine captain and combine them.

Pewtree and Figgis: Like hell you will . . . How?

Bartender: We give it a motivation with progressive dramatic sequence.

Pewtree: So what?

Bartender: Suppose your dog, during his wanderings around, is marooned on a desert island.

Pewtree: I won't buy that. Kills the sincerity.

Bartender: It's got to have heart, don't it? So the dog's on the island and the submarine captain is approaching it for supplies.

Figgis: But who are you rooting for?

Bartender: Wait! Now comes the precipitating event! The Captain looks through his periscope and, in a long shot, he sees a solitary dog running toward him with a newspaper in his mouth.

Pewtree: Not MY dog!

Bartender: And here's your sock finish. The newspaper is twenty years old and it tells the Captain the War's over.

Figgis: For cripes sakes, how?

Bartender: Cause that's the day the dog got lost with the newspaper—Armistice Day. In all the excitement!

Pewtree: Hey, do you DRINK any of this stuff here yourself? You're nuts!

Bartender: Wait! The romantic angle! The paper reminds the Captain who he is. And he sees a tag on the dog's collar, To Alice With Love. It's the dog he gave his old sweetheart the day he joined the Navy!

Figgis: The whole thing stinks!

Bartender: And WHAT a fade-out! The Captain and the dog TOGETHER, silhouetted on top of the submarine, sailing off into the sunset, sailing home, HOME! Boy, will the yokelry in Hiawatha, Kansas, go for this.

Pewtree: Thanks, Eddie. You're still a good bartender. Maybe I didn't make myself clear before. I said this story is one I'm saving. To do AS IS. And it still goes!

Figgis: Mine, too, Pewtree. You can't combine two individual works of art and preserve the integrity of each.

Pewtree: Shake!

Bartender: Gosh, boys, I got to give you credit at that. Maybe I had you pegged wrong. Hey, where you going? What's the rush?

Pewtree: Got to get to the bank. S'long!

Figgis: Me, too. Got to see a guy in Glendale. S'long!

Bartender: S'long! Hello, Mister Beeber. See those two lads just left? They're very remarkable, unusual characters. The only two writers in Hollywood with artistic integrity.

* * *

(Hollywood Reporter, April 3)

YARN SNARL
SNAGS ACAD.

Legal reps for Pete Smith shorts and Looney-Tunes will tiff today before the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences to untangle simultaneous purchase by both outfits of same yarn, *To Alice With Love*. Smith made purchase of original for animal short from Larry Pewtree, while Looney-Tunes bought theirs for cartoon from Jim Figgis. Unusual situation lies in fact that both stories have same title, and both concern a submarine captain who finds a dog on a desert island.

* * *

(Hollywood Daily Variety, April 4)

BARKEEP MICKEYS
FILM BIGGIES

Eddie Godge, bartender at the El Pepito, served a sizzling legal cocktail today in the form of a lawsuit alleging plagiarism of his original yarn, *To Alice With Love*. Named as defendants are Larry Pewtree and Jim Figgis, free lance writers, Pete Smith, and six major picture companies. #

Candid-ly . . . if it's a **FOWNES** that's all you need to know about a glove!

Faultlessly styled . . . luxuriously soft and pliable, these *easy slip-on gloves* are perfect for driving, sports and general wear. Capeskin and Goat at $3...Pigskin at $3.50. At leading stores everywhere. Other Fownes gloves $2 to $25.

1777 1938

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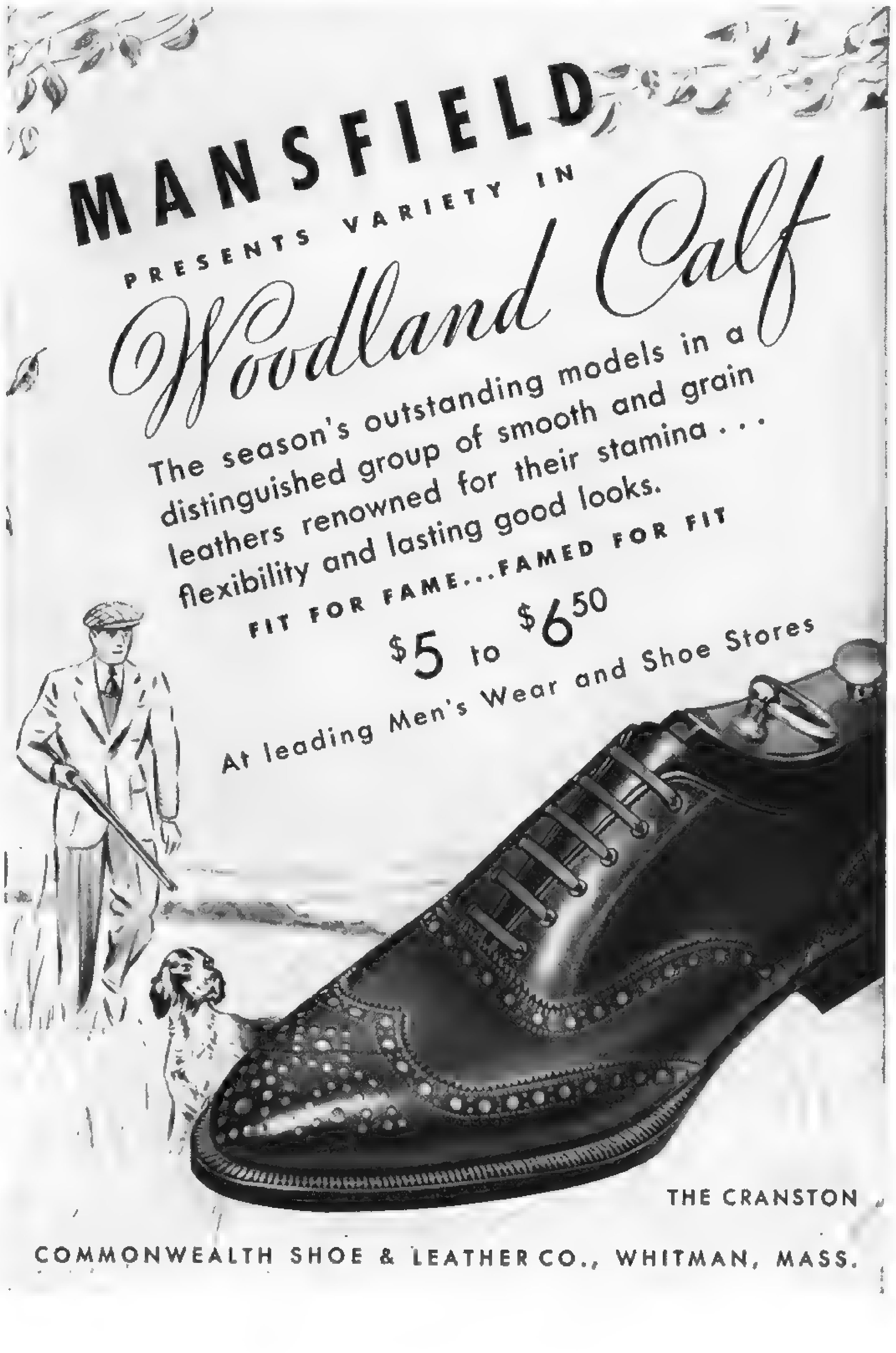

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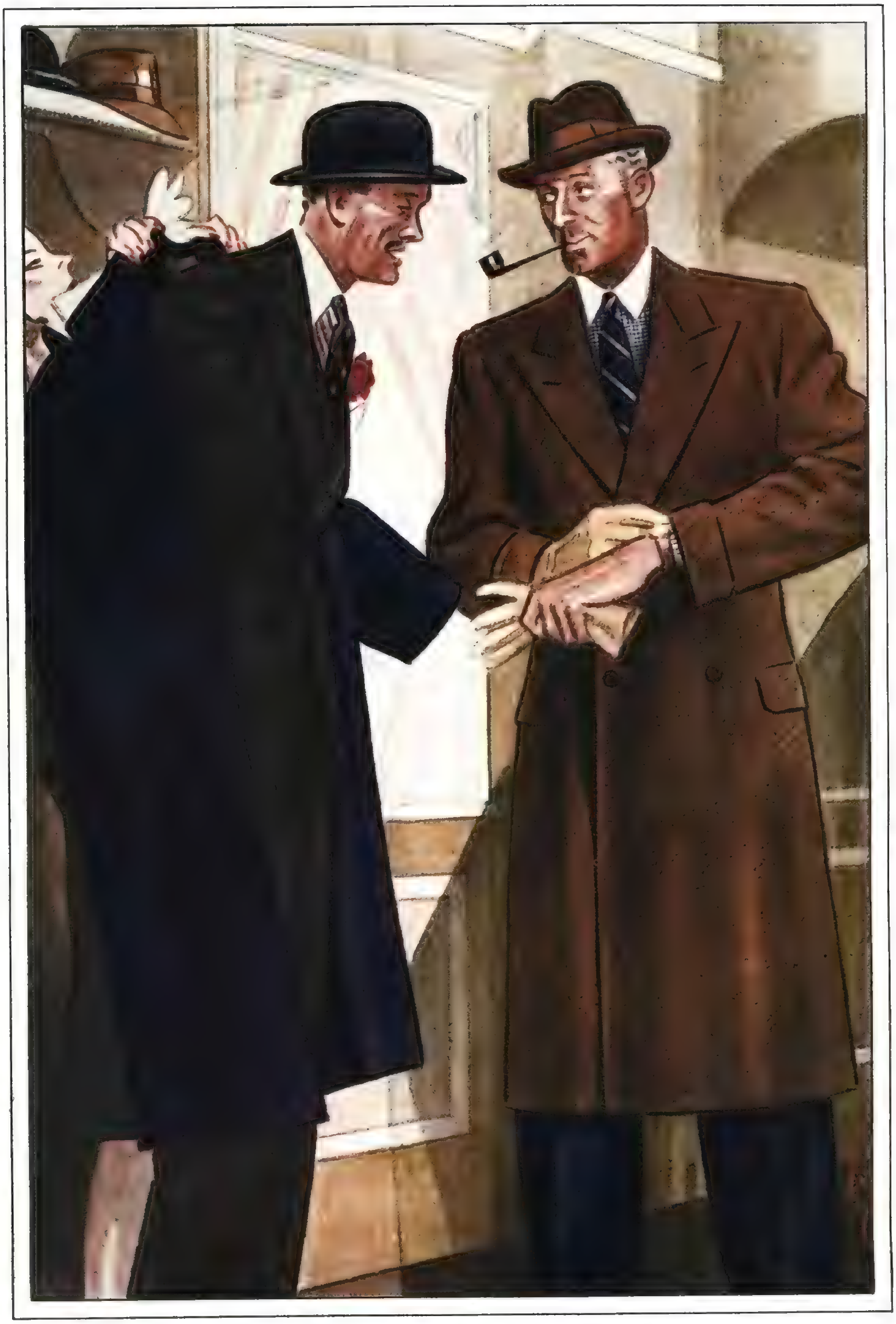

NOW THAT LABOR DAY HAS COME AND GONE

It's always later than you think. Which pretty well covers the predicament of these belated night-clubbers but which, unfortunately, seems to get us nowhere. Taking a more direct tack, the man at the left is about to wear a blue fly front topcoat and is wearing an unfinished worsted suit in a two-button single breasted peak lapel model—very Londonish with its red and white striped black ground fabric and its dressy cut. The accessories include a grey broadcloth shirt with red stripes, white stiff collar, black ground tie with red spaced figures, and bowler hat. The man with the wristwatch wears a double breasted brown tweed topcoat (note the breast pocket—there isn't any), marine blue flannel suit, gingham check shirt with white starched collar, old Etonian school tie, brown felt hat with roll brim and tapered edge, and yellow chamois gloves. Both of these are first rate post-Labor Day town outfits.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 10-12

FIREMAN, SAVE OUR CARTOONS!

The gang here appreciate and get a great kick out of your firemen cartoons.

While some of the funny firemen's-pictures in the papers and magazines seem to tend to show up the brave ladder climber and smoke eater as somewhat of a rube, and his outfit of capable, courageous and determined water sprinklers as a care-free, hosier organization, we can take a joke, and pride ourselves on being able to give such frivolous exaggerations the proper interpretations. Considerable pleasure is afforded us in explaining to the visitors to our hall who call to look over our art collection of firemen's cartoons that the artist had in mind the new men when he drew the picture.

Then, of course, our collection includes so many "good ones" all good for many a hearty laugh and a bunch of smiles. "Where did we get them?" Oh! those there, nice ones, we got from friend ESQUIRE we see fit to explain. The wholesome nonsense goes far to keep up the ordinary spirit of life, to break any possible monotony, to spread a healthy spirit of humor; and creates and sustains that commendable "firemen's atmosphere and feeling" as well as the necessary professional dignity so essential in maintaining a volunteer F.D. On examination, one of the new men was asked, "if a brewery and a grocery store both took fire at the same time, what fire would you put out first?" After looking over some of the cartoons, he gave the correct answer.

So, let's have some more; and with best wishes from the gang.

NORMAN SAUER

Sans Souci, Mich.

MANN THE HATCHES!

I have just received your August edition and the first thing I saw was the article *The New Italy* by Kenneth Mann, on Page 23. This, naturally, interested me and I read the headlines and I could not help but feel surprised at the contents of same.

I read this article with disgust and my reaction to it was even more so. To begin with I am an American Citizen of many generations, but have lived in Italy for a number of years, so in justice to the people I live among, and whom I have learned to love as my own, I have decided to write this letter.

I have often read articles which seemed unfair, and, of course, many people write many things that should not be written, but since freedom of speech is one thing that the Americans pride themselves in, it leads many to writing many things that are unfair and unjust.

Usually one writes an article with an object. I am unable to understand or see any reason for Kenneth Mann's article, unless he has a grudge against Italy, or really wants to do harm. I see no justification whatsoever for his article, and what he writes is done with the object of giving the readers of your magazine a false and untrue picture of Italy.

When I first read this article I was prompted to sit right down and write you, but I thought it best to wait several days and to re-read this article carefully to see if my reactions were the same. I am sorry to say that they are, and I am wondering what you yourself would think if someone would write a similar article about the United States after having gone, perhaps, through the slums of New York only to take as an example things that he saw there to judge the United States by.

I have found the world to be the same everywhere I have travelled and, recently, during my trip home I saw many things that were disagreeable to me; yet, I would not write about these things so that anyone would think that the United States or any section was represented by what I have seen.

I have lived in Italy for 21 years and I am in a position to know that Kenneth Mann, whether it is for political reasons or other reasons, has very grossly misrepresented the New Italy of today, and whether one wants to believe it or not, the Italy of today is what it is due to the untiring efforts of the Duce, about which it is useless to go into details here. I feel that fair-minded Americans who have travelled in Italy will feel about this article the same as I do.

I am under the impression that before an article is accepted it is the Editor's duty to read it and, therefore, I am at a loss to understand how this article ever got into your paper, and especially its prominent position in it. I do not care to read such articles; therefore, as a protest to this I would appreciate it if you would cancel my name from your subscription list and discontinue sending me your magazine.

I have written this letter because I do not see how fair-minded and intelligent people can accept unfairness whether it is to Italians or to any other race as a whole, while if someone had for political or personal reasons a grudge, it should be limited to this.

Yours very truly,

STEPHEN A. CRUMP

Milan, Italy

ACCURACY AGONY

You've got a swell magazine, but when I see a picture of an iguana used to illustrate a story about an alligator (and a good story), my herpetological blood boils. I am no expert on the subject, but I've owned baby alligators and seen plenty of iguanas, and ought to know the difference. You may tell artist Sharp for me to go hide his head in shame of such ignorance!

Yours for justice to reptiles,

AINSWORTH KUEHNE

Austin, Texas

NAMING THE UNNAMED

Without any reflection on the honest intent of either ESQUIRE or Hal Salpeter, the highly interesting article on Emil Ganso in your July 1938 issue becomes pure fiction right after (I quote) "About 1915-16, Ganso teamed up with an old German artist, since deceased." Without doubt, you have set down exactly what Ganso told his interviewer. But the actual story is otherwise; quite different in every detail.

There was an "old German artist" in Emil's early career. Very much so. This painter, since deceased, was the man who made Emil Ganso. Ganso was a pupil of the then middle-aged artist for nearly ten years; in fact Emil was regarded as a foster-son for the twenty years of their association.

Ganso's *Reclining Nude* on page 58 clearly shows the influence of study with this artist of repute. I have the companion nude done by Ganso's master; they painted together from the same model and in the same studio. This master taught Emil to portray the warmth and loveliness of the nude figure.

The unnamed painter in article is anonymous only where Ganso is concerned. To give you a thumbnail sketch: Fred A. Precht, who studied at the National Academy of Design, and exhibited there, was the man who made Ganso. At the time Emil asked to be taken in, Fred A. Precht was completing a portrait from life of Cardinal (then Bishop) Hayes. How does that click with the "starving" artist legend?

Me? I'm just Fred A. Precht's son.

Very truly yours,

OTTO J. PRECHT

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Remember when men's wrist watches were "sissy"?
Don Herold Says:

Maybe ONCE men thought *Mum* "sissy"

The thing men are scaredest of, is being thought softies.

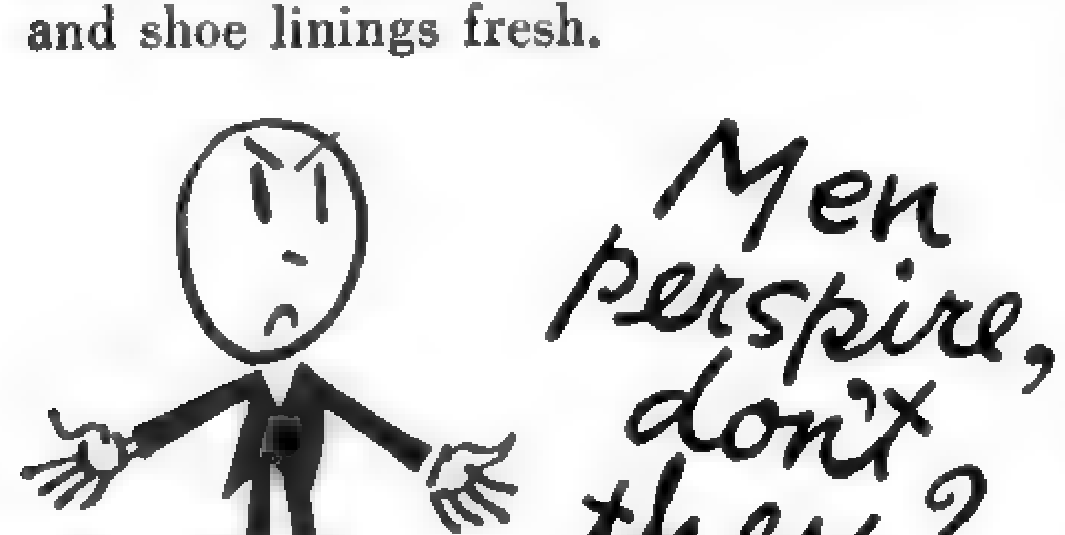
This is a survival of the little boy instinct to want to appear tough—not feminine.

But male ideas about some things change. I can remember when it was almost thought sissy if you didn't chaw terbaccer. And I'll bet our ancestors once thought it weak to shave or even to bathe. We still have remnants of those cave-man prejudices in us.

Men took to Mum slowly. At first they stood up for their right to be themselves in every offensive sense of the word. Besides, women are quicker in all the niceties of life and they had found Mum first. *That* was against it, for men.

But look at this matter sanely. Why a double standard of personal cleanliness and personal acceptability? Shouldn't men be and *seem* just as immaculate as women in such things?

Hundreds of thousands of men think so. They now make a daily morning habit of using dabs of Mum underarm to preserve that after-bath freshness. They also use Mum again before evenings out. And many use touches to the feet to keep hose and shoe linings fresh.


Men perspire, don't they?

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MUM

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

The Schoolboy's Return

Continued from page 51

you know what he said to mine?"

Mme Kiriline seemed distracted. Through the window one could see hills becoming mountains, fir trees succeeding the oaks, chalets the houses, torrents the rivers.

"Good heavens!" she said . . . "But this is frightful . . . Poor little fellow . . . I well knew that he did not like that school; I put it down to laziness . . . and above all to jealousy . . . for he detests my husband, and he is wrong, for what could I do without a man in the house? Even for my son he will soon be a precious support."

"Of course," said Bertrand, "but your son is a child, he doesn't reason."

Her eyes were filled with tears. "What shall I do," she said . . . "Do you think I ought to take him back to Paris and give up the idea? My husband will be so angry . . . He says I spoil Jean-Louis and that I will thrust him into life badly prepared . . . I think he's right . . . Jean-Louis is a little boy with too much imagination . . . Since this marriage he thinks he's a victim . . . It isn't true, not at all, but when a child has an idea in his head."

Mme Kiriline and her son left the train before Bertrand. When they had gone Alain remained quiet for some time.

"Papa," he said finally, "if the big boys are too mean, I will telegraph you and you will come to get me, won't you?" #

The Fellow With the Whistle

Continued from page 48

them come up, star for a time and then sink into the list of also rans. One sees a flock of football players in fifteen years in the big circuit.

Many people have asked me how I ever got mixed up with professional football refereeing. Those who know me off the football field think I have a normal amount of grey matter so wonder how any one individual with an ounce of sense would ever get tangled up in the officiating side of football. Sometimes, after sleepless nights during the height of the season, I wonder myself. But to me it seemed only a logical step.

I loved football and after graduating from the University of Chicago where I played for three years under the Grand Old Man, A. A. Stagg, I started handling high school games and then drifted to semi-pro and sandlot games and then into big time football—the National Professional League.

Shortly after I had started refereeing in professional football the Old Man called me aside at one of the "C" banquets and said he would like to talk to me. As one of "his boys" my advent into the professional side of football, even the officiating angle, had hurt him, as he was then, as he still is, very much opposed to the professional phase of football.

"Bobbie," he said, "I wish you would quit your officiating at professional games. Your association with the professionals is against all my teachings as well as against all traditions of amateurism."

I gave the Old Man's words considerable thought but I like the professional side of football and for a little guy it seemed to be the only angle in which I could tie up with the game. Then too, I thought that I might possibly be able to carry over into the officiating side of the game some of the "honesty, integrity and sportsmanship" the Old Man had imbued within me. So, much against Mr. Stagg's wishes, I stayed with the game. And in all my years of officiating I don't think I have done anything that even the Old Man himself could complain about. I have found the men connected with professional football to be high grade individuals. They are all college men and no matter how tough and hard they may seem on the football field they still retain much of the old college spirit.

It is interesting to watch the treatment of the college stars as they come up into the ranks of the money players. I recall very vividly the entrance of Red Grange into professional football. Red signed to play with the Bears against the Cardinals on Thanksgiving Day.

The game drew over forty thousand at the Cubs Park. As referee of the game I was wondering what sort of treatment the greatest star of college football would get from his teammates as well as his opponents. To the credit of the pros they put on as clean a game of football as I had ever seen. In fact, time after time I witnessed Cardinal players helping Grange up off the ground, a gesture I had never seen in any professional game up to this time.

As long as we are talking about super stars of the game I'd like to give my version of Jay Berwanger and his play with the All-Stars against the Detroit Lions in the only game Berwanger ever played against the pros. So many rumors were circulated after the game to the effect that Jay's teammates on the All-Stars had not given their support to the great Chicago halfback because of jealousy.

I'm frank to say that this didn't seem to me to be the case at all. The field was wet and slippery and it was hard for a back like Berwanger to get started. True he looked bad but I think this was due more to the conditions under which the teams played than it was to the lack of co-operation Jay received from the other All-Stars.

I have seen All-American stars come up from college campuses to the professional fields and have

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GLOVES

marveled at the reception the newcomers got from the veterans. The yearlings are not put on the pan—far from it. Their teammates do everything they can to put the player at ease and teach him the methods the professionals use playing football. Say what you will, the game as played by the topnotch professional teams is as different as day is from night from college football. The pro game is faster, trickier and more complex than college football. There are fewer wasted movements and better blocking and harder tackling, and fewer injuries. The newcomer soon realizes he is not playing for honor and press clippings but for the do-re-mi and it isn't long before he gets the feel of things.

The first year up he doesn't say much. He is sort of quiet and demure, no matter what his reputation in collegiate circles might have been. He is a bit timid on the football field in his first year of professional play. However, as the second year rolls around he has learned a few things. He shouts as loud and as long as any of the boys. He has discovered that as he has to take it he might as well dish it out. They catch on easily.

Take this chap Baugh, for example. He came up with a great reputation as a passer and his professional opponents did their damndest to get the "kid" scared. They rushed him in all his passing and roughed him up plenty—all on the legitimate side, of course. He had to take as much or more than any player ever coming into pro football.

But take it he did and today after one year of play as a professional he stands out as the greatest sensation to come up from the college ranks.

He may get better but it is hard to figure him having a better year than he did in his freshman year in the pro circuit. He is good. Let there be no doubt about it. They tell about the first day or so of practice with the Washington Redskins. The coach was telling him that in passing he should always aim at the receiver's eye. Sammy came back with, "which eye, coach?" And his passing the rest of the year proved he knew which eye.

Funny things happen on the football field—things the crowds never see or seldom if ever hear about. Due to my diminutive stature (I measure a fraction over five feet) I have a bit of difficulty in getting over some verbal licks to some of those towering six foot four giants. One day a number of years back I was trying to tell Fleckenstein, one of the Bear's big tackles that he couldn't do something or other. In order to impress it upon him I was shaking my finger at him. My finger almost reached his mid-section. Big Jim McMillan, then playing with the Bears, picked me up and held me smack in front of Fleckenstein. "Now Bobbie," said Jim, "shake your finger in his face, maybe it will do some good."

One day down at Rock Island the Bears were playing the old Rock Island team on which Jim Thorpe, Little Twig and Guyon, the great Indian stars were playing. This was one of Jim's last games but he was still a great football player.

I had made some decision against Rock Island. Apparently it didn't suit the fancy of Little Twig and he popped out with a line of Indian words that even to one raised back of the yards sounded like cussing. I demanded to know what he had said and the smart Indian came back with, "Mr. Referee, I was only praying in my native tongue that the Bears wouldn't send the next play through me."

Everyone knows the rivalry between the Bears and the Cardinals. In one of their many games Halas and Creighton, the two coaches, tore out on the field and engaged in a great verbal set-to. It looked as if a fight would result so I hurried over to the spot just in time to get the only blow of the fight smack in the jaw. Later the two coaches were laughing about it and they told me they both had had a bone to pick with me but they didn't think they would have to get in a fight between themselves to square things with me.

I have taken any number of raps for what folks seemed to think was my fault when their team lost.

I recall one fall I refereed a game up at Green Bay, which town, by the way, is about as rabid a football town as there is in the country. The Packers had lost a close one and the following day the papers came out with headline "Cahn Never To Officiate Here Again." The next Sunday I was back there again. I went to club officials and asked them what the idea was, in giving out such a story. "Forget it, Bobbie," they said. "Someone had to take the rap for losing the game and we couldn't afford to take it. You're getting paid for it. You can take it." That seems to be the attitude in many cases. Let the official take the rap.

In looking back over the years I have witnessed some great football by such stars as Jim Thorpe, Paddy Driscoll, Red Grange, Bronko Nagurski, Jack Manders, Dutch Clark, George Trafton, Vern Llewellyn, Ken Strong, Ernie Nevers, Bill Hewitt, Sammy Baugh and dozens of others. These fellows have taken professional football a long way from the days of the Canton Bulldogs and Massillon, Ohio, teams up to where it is today—one of the leading sports of the country. And it will not be long before the pros will have their own stadiums.

The men behind professional football have been smart in their handling of the sport and although it may never hit the popularity of college football it will continue to put out the greatest brand of football played any place. ⧺

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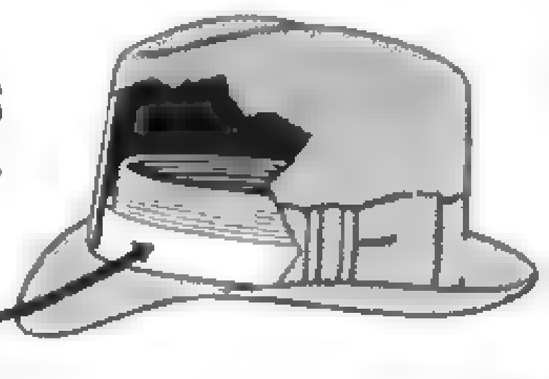

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Etiquette of the Duel

Continued from page 35

drummed out of the army.

Once you have your seconds, you have practically nothing more to say about your own duel. They decide everything for it. And you can trust them implicitly.

The four seconds arrange a meeting and select a direttore. The direttore is usually an important person in the community. He may be a judge, a mayor, a fencing master, a high army officer. He must be a master in the art of fencing—that is important, for reasons which presently will be clear—and he is intimately familiar with the Code of Honor.

There is a vague impression in America that seconds meet merely to decide the time and place of the duel. Not so. The seconds must first decide who is the offender and who the offended. The challenger may have slapped the challenged, but that does not necessarily mean the challenger is the offended one. Perhaps the blow was preceded by a verbal insult that provoked the blow. The offended is by no means always the challenger.

Now, is the offender prepared to apologize? Is the offended content with a written apology? If the answers are yes, the affair, of course, may be settled.

Do you, perhaps, suspect that Pietro is no gentleman? Does Pietro suspect that you are not? If so, the case goes to a court of honor, a body of five, two judges named by your seconds, two by your opponent's seconds, and these four judges elect a fifth. Very gravely, they take up the question of whether the challenged or challenger is no gentleman.

If the court finds that either is no gentleman, there is no duel. For the duel is a gentleman's privilege, not an honor to be shared with rogues.

These courts nowadays are very searching, and for a rather odd reason. Duelling in Europe has been used flagrantly as a means of social climbing. The nobody who succeeds in provoking and fighting a duel with a great gentleman is automatically lifted to the great gentleman's social standing. In America you may reach—then lose—a standing in the Social Register. In Europe, having attained a duel with a great man, there can never be an argument raised about it. You are then his social equal.

Therefore the courts of honor have been taking careful steps to examine the past and the motives of the challenger.

The court can, and frequently does, disqualify a man from a duel. This disqualification means that you are not a gentleman. You must resign forthwith from all your clubs. If you don't resign, you'll be thrown out. It means you must leave the community and lose yourself, in disgrace. You may never again duel.

And it is easy to be disqualified. Did you hurl your challenge, or slap your opponent's face, in the presence of ladies? You made ladies uncomfortable. You are no gentleman. A gentleman, even a provoked one would say, if ladies are present, "I cannot discuss it here," and withdraw.

Did the insult arise from drunkenness? If so, you are disqualified. Gentlemen carry their liquor well, or don't drink enough of it to be objectionable.

Did you gossip behind your opponent's back? Gentlemen don't do that. It is quite all right to tell one what you think to one's face, but tale-bearing is ground for disqualification.

Were you ever a gigolo, in name or fact? Did you desert from the army? Lend money for profit, other than as a legal banker? Ever refuse to fight a duel? Ever disqualified before from a duel? Any of these things would make you a non-gentleman.

So, as a matter of fact, you are not likely to be challenged today in Italy or France by a cocky, obstreperous youth. Over him hangs the threat and disgrace of disqualification. That may not mean much to an American—to a European it means a ruined life.

But, in your case, the court of honor decides that you and Pietro are both gentlemen. Your seconds have found that apologies are not sufficient. So there is nothing more to discuss, except the choice of weapons, the time and the place. It is—to the ground!

The time is probably dawn, but not necessarily. I fought my duel in March, and I rebelled at the idea of risking pneumonia, stripped to the waist on an icy dawn. So I fought on a sunny afternoon.

The place is any lonely spot where the ground is reasonably level. The weapons may be swords, sabers or pistols.

The weapons, let us say, are swords. You know nothing about the épée? Very well, your seconds bring you to a fencing master. Even reasonably good fencers seek out a master and spend the intervening two or three days before the duel in earnest practice.

The fencing master's job is largely that of instilling moral courage, of imbuing familiarity with the blade. In that short time, practically no skill can be acquired. There are no trick strokes in fencing, no secrets by which the uninitiated may disarm or

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wound their opponents by a phenomenal move.

On the other hand, neither is there any assurance that the best fencer will easily touch his opponent. I make my living by teaching fencing, and I would be glad to say that the better swordsman always wins. But it is not so. On the ground it is largely a matter of courage. I have seen superb fencers go utterly to pieces when faced with the raw point; I have seen them utterly at the mercy of men who were clumsy amateurs with the buttoned foils, but weren't afraid of the point.

Your seconds will get a doctor for you. Each side has its own doctor. Because it is against the law to duel, the doctor will charge you eight times a normal fee. That is partly because you are a stranger. Pietro's doctor will be, probably, an old family friend who will charge him nothing.

Before you are through, you will discover that duelling is an expensive satisfaction.

But, at last, all this business is over. You drive out to the lonely spot. It may not be so lonely when you get there, particularly if the duel promises to be interesting. For the people are interested in duels and, somehow, word will have seeped out that the American is going to the ground with Pietro at such and such a time and place.

In my own case, I arrived at the lonely spot, the deserted race track at Milan, to find some three hundred people gathered to watch, to find newspaper reporters and photographers on hand to record the proceedings. The use of the camera at duels, even those too trivial for the newspapers to bother covering, is not uncommon. The opponents, the seconds, or the direttore, may like to have picture studies of the event as souvenirs.

But there you are on the ground. The surgeon is taking his instruments out of the case and lining them up—cold, deadly-looking instruments. The most frightening thing about a duel is the surgeon, handling his instruments and looking very pale and frightened, perhaps because he'll be sent to jail, too, if either of these two gentlemen kills the other.

In an hour or so, the police will be dashing up to halt this illegal proceeding. They have known about it for two or three days, but wouldn't think of stepping in until it's over. They'll dash up, find the lonely spot lonely, and go dashing away again, to check up and make sure nobody was killed or badly hurt. If nobody was, they'll report it as a false alarm.

You strip to the waist. Incidentally, you have worn an ordinary business suit and shoes. Since the war the custom of wearing a silk hat and a morning coat to the duel has been discarded.

Probably you are shivering now. The oldest duellists do at this stage, when the surgeon's instruments are clinking coldly and the épées are being sterilized. This is the time when you think of the possibility of a fatal accident, when you think of those points of the body, the eye, the breast over the heart, the throat, where an inch or an inch and a half of steel may kill you.

The direttore is making two marks on the ground, fifteen feet behind each opponent. Behind that line you may not retreat, on the pain of disqualification.

The épée is put in your hand. You are led to your position. The direttore makes a brief, rapid speech on the rules. You must halt when he says so. You must not bring your left hand from behind your back.

Then, "In guardia!" he says, briskly. "Pronti?" Of course you are ready. "Avanti!"

And steel clicks on steel. The trembling should leave you now. It usually does.

The two blades dance and flicker in the sunlight. You forget everything except that dancing point that is aimed at you, and the one that is aimed at your opponent.

Even now, you are surrounded by traditional customs and ceremonies which, whatever their original purpose may have been, today tend to make duelling safe.

This is the direttore's serious moment. This is when he needs all his skill to judge, not what is happening, but what might happen in the next instant. Upon his judgment rests the duellists' lives.

Do the duellists get too close? To the point where one could run the other through? "Halt!" cries the direttore. And he places them back in their original positions. On guard! Ready? Go!

Do the duellists become lost in the fire of the duel? To the point where they are lunging recklessly at vital points? "Halt!" cries the direttore. He gives them a moment to cool off. On guard! Ready? Go!

Does a blade touch the earth? "Halt!" And the weapons are carefully sterilized again. For a dirty blade might cause a dangerous infection. Might cause a man to be laid up in a hospital for weeks. Such an accident would be regrettable.

Does a retreating duellist pass his boundary mark fifteen feet behind him? If so, the duel is over, with horror and shame written on the face of everybody. He is disgraced and disqualified. A gentleman does not retreat beyond that point. He stands and allows himself to be touched, if necessary. Neither does he ever use his left hand. Again, it is better to be touched.

But you are a gentleman, fighting a gentleman.

So the duel flies on. Two, three, perhaps four minutes. Then his point whips over and touches your wrist. A fleck of red appears. It is hardly a pin prick.

"Halt!" cries the direttore. Your doctor rushes up, with antiseptic and bandages, and makes a great fuss about the pin prick. Pietro hovers about solicitously, and says he hopes it's nothing serious.

The duel is over. Technically, it is not. Actually it is.

The doctor is asked for his opin-

Continued on page 172

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Etiquette of the Duel

Continued from pages 35-171

ion. His opinion—and you can depend on it utterly, no matter how slight the wound—is that you are in a state of physical inferiority.

Now theoretically Pietro can proclaim that he is not satisfied; he can demand that the duel go on.

But just let him try! In such a case, the direttore would be shocked. He would look gravely at Pietro. And he would pronounce the awful words. Pietro is disqualified! No gentleman would seek to continue a fight with a man who is in a state of physical inferiority.

But, of course, Pietro demands no such thing. Nor do you demand that it go on.

It doesn't occur to Pietro to even await formality. Once the doctor has finished bandaging you, he rushes to you. You embrace. You kiss on both cheeks. You wring each other's hand.

Affected? No. During these last two to four minutes a strange phenomenon has occurred. You and Pietro have gone to the ground together. You have met, not as offender and offended—the moment you reached the ground you were equals, with no rights to challenger above challenged, or vice versa. You fought, and there was neither victor nor vanquished. You had, by that drop of blood, washed away all that was bitter between you.

Who fought the most skillfully, who made the touch, was unimportant. The touch proved nothing. The important thing was that you had fought like gentlemen, had proved yourselves gentlemen, and both of you had emerged, vindicated. If you were never friends before, you are Pietro's warm friend now.

So away! To the hotel, where many bottles of champagne must be opened, so that you and Pietro can drink with each other, and your seconds drink with Pietro's.

And, afterwards, you must pay the doctor his exorbitant fee. You must give a costly gift to each of your seconds. If you get away from the duel for less than two-hundred fifty dollars you are lucky. It may come as high as five hundred dollars. Duelling, you see, is not for the poor.

An American once said to me, "But it must be more dangerous with pistols." That puzzled me, until I learned that in some American duels ordinary pistols are used.

In Europe only the duelling pistol is used. This is a mechanism built to a remarkably high standard of inaccuracy. It is a smoothbore, takes a round ball, and is likely to discharge its missile in any direction except that in which the gun is pointed.

Its use in the duel is accompanied by other safeguards. The opponents shoot from twenty-five, fifty, or seventy-five paces, any of them a difficult range for a smoothbore pistol. The duellists stand with the gun pointing down. The direttore says—theoretically—"Ready? One. Two. Three!" And the pistols are fired at the word "Three!"

Actually, the direttore says, "Readyonetwothree," so swiftly that there is scarcely time to raise the pistol, much less aim it. The bullet is most likely to plough into the ground.

In addition, I am told that the powder charge is so light that, even if the ball strikes its mark, it will not have enough force to penetrate far. This is pure hearsay, owing to the fact that I never heard of anybody actually being hit in a pistol duel. So notoriously safe is the pistol duel that, to give it at least a flavor of importance, the duellists may, by mutual consent, finish with sabers after from one to three harmless shots.

There are, of course, exceptional duels. I have heard of cases in which the opponents would not shake hands after the duel, but these are exceedingly rare. It is so much contrary to custom that the duellists must put their decision not to shake hands into writing before the duel.

In most of Germany, duels are fought about the same as any place in France and Italy. But, at Heidelberg, the duel is altogether different. The opponents stand on marks within saber-reach of each other, and may not retreat. The duellists' eyes are protected by a mask, but not his cheeks or ears. The result of this are many scars, which mark the Heidelberg duellists and are usually displayed with a sporting pride.

The causes of European duels are about what you would expect. Jealousy leads, political feuds are in second place, and third place is held by quarrels among friends. Two friends who have had a falling out will go to the ground quite as earnestly as a jealous lover and the man he suspects. It is the simple ceremony by which the momentary bitterness is easily and fully wiped out.

As you have probably gathered, I cannot wholly share the American feeling that the European duel is barbaric. I dislike the American duel—yes, certainly. I dislike duelling as a career—and certain young bloods of Paris and Rome solely lived for the joy of duelling.

But the honest duel, practiced as I have described, ending a feud or a bitterness, what's wrong with it? It doesn't seem to me to be any more barbaric than inviting an objectionable man out to the backyard to settle a disagreement with fists. On the contrary, the fists seem to me to be the barbaric weapons. I have seen them used in smart New York night clubs. And, seeing them used, seeing the black eyes and the bruised lips that come from them, the ill-feeling that is nourished rather than swept away, seeing the undersized at the mercy of the overgrown, I still lean toward the niceties of épées at dawn in a grassy glade.

Besides, it's a lot more fun. ⧺

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● Laughter ... music ... gaiety ... and Robt. Burns Panatela de Luxe — the *sophistocrat of cigars*, society's new smoking vogue. Its 100% choice Havana filler gives ultra mildness with rich flavor. Its smart shape is in today's streamlined manner. Smart women will tell you it is just right for the social scene. Try one and see how well it suits your face.

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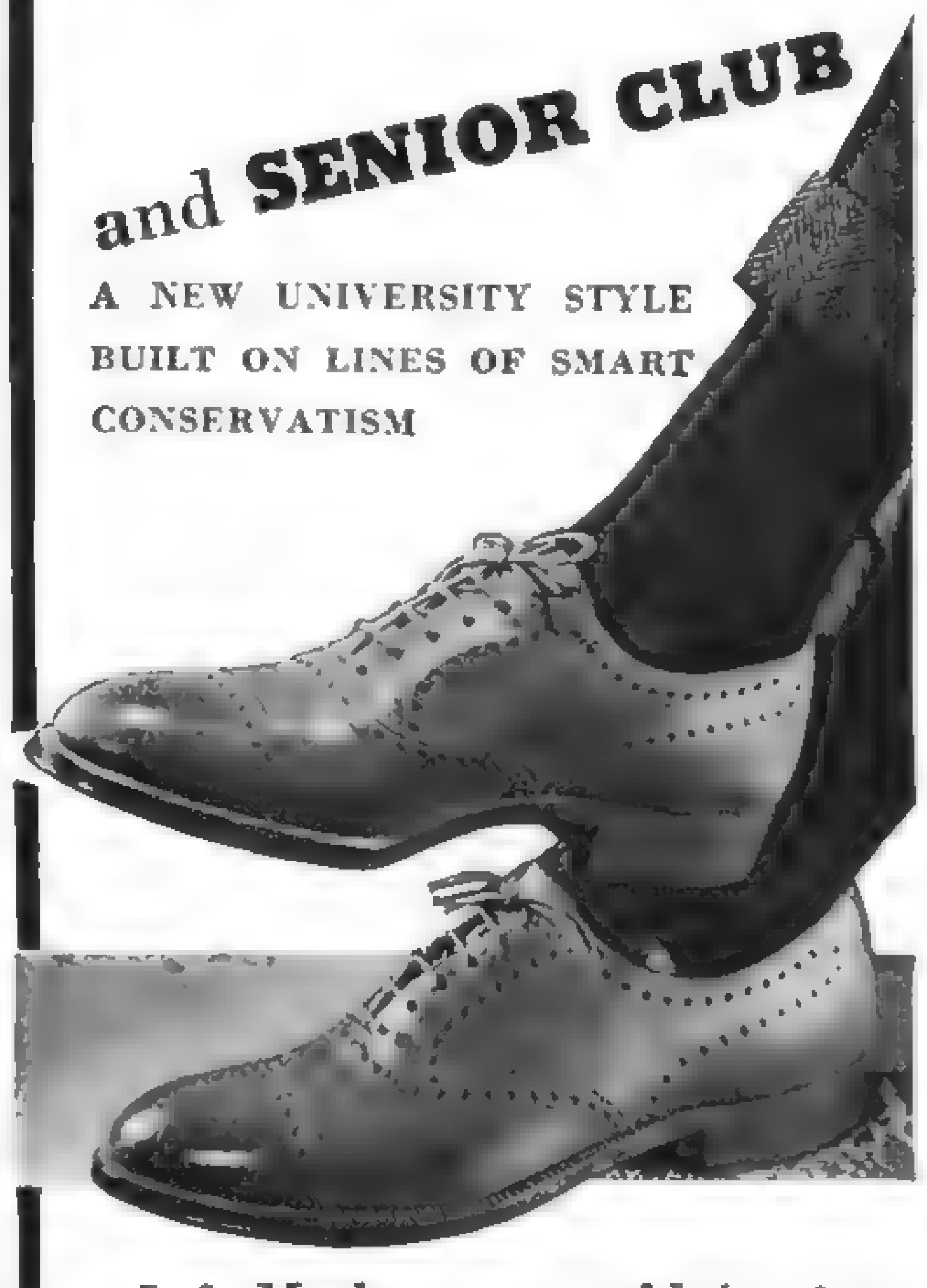

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JOHNSTON & MURPHY
NEWARK, N. J.

Whiskey From Contented Yeast

Continued from page 97

its final destination, the bottle, there is always an easy and quick index to every bottle of whiskey consumed. The importance of this to you is considerable. As a consumer, it is one of the benefits that you get as a gift from the modern distiller.

Now and then a consumer writes in to a firm stating that a bottle of their liquor has not been up to the standard. With the complete case history of every bottle on hand it is easy to trace the course of the liquor, and if there is anything amiss, which is seldom so, the distiller can trace the fault. His record will show him that the error is not of his making. So he follows the package on down from the time it left his hands.

A high official of one company told of an amusing incident he experienced recently. An irate customer wrote that he had purchased a bottle of liquor that had a distinct taste of fish. As he was a buyer of this brand and had liked the wares, he was grievously disappointed. The official, when the complaint crossed his desk, noted that the customer lived in a section of the city near him. On his way home that very night he stopped at the man's house. The customer (a prominent lawyer) was somewhat abashed at having his complaint handled by such high rank. But he told his story. He had been to a movie, came home and thought he'd like a snack. So he laid out his sandwich and opened a bottle of his favorite whiskey. But to his dismay, all he could taste was fish. The official asked what kind of sandwich. The complainant thought for a moment and turned very red. Grabbing his hat he said, "Come on out to the nearest bar; the drinks are on me. I remember now that I bought at the delicatessen, a sardine sandwich."

And before leaving the official explained that one must always be careful about opening a bottle when one is handling sardines. And ninety-nine and six-tenths per cent of the complaints are of a like nature, say the distillers. Ask one of the old timers what would have happened to him in the old days, if he had made such a complaint.

The distilling of whiskey is similar to the distillation of other spiritous liquors. During distillation science is still on the watch. As a case in point, a sample sent from a distillery to the main laboratory showed aldehydes in too great a proportion. The chemist immediately sent this information back to the distillery by teletype. It was discovered that the control valve was not working at the proper speed and not drawing off the vapors fast enough. So the contents of this still were dumped and the mechanical error rectified.

About four days are consumed in the making of whiskey. The heads and tails are drawn off and the middle run is then pumped into white oak barrels that have been charred on the inside. The whiskey is now put into the warehouse to await aging—then blending.

Another factor of science in the making of whiskies is the matter of air control and conditioning. In former years the distiller depended entirely upon the weather. Modern methods were not in use then and he was at the whim of the elements. Perhaps you remember the advertisements that boasted of whiskey so many "summers" old. That was literally true. Whiskey lay dormant during the winter months and only became active during hot, dry weather. As a consequence the distiller usually had his plant in the states where there was the most sun during the year. He also found it necessary to roll his casks out and agitate them, changing them from the east to the west side of the storehouse to equalize the heat they would receive. In the modern distillery the warehouse is kept at an even temperature, seventy degrees, and the development continues the whole year around.

There has always been a good deal of mystery about the aging of whiskey. Under the eyes of the chemists and experts there is no longer any mystery. The thing that makes whiskey what it is, and a thing to enjoy, is known by the term "congeners." During the four years in the charred barrel the bad elements of the congeners are changed by the acids or the action of the alcohol on the charcoal and they drop out. The "esters," or the good traits of the family, remain. There are seventy-two of them so you can see what a merry time the distiller and the blender must have.

Charts kept of the batches of a great distillery over the period since Repeal show an amazing similarity. These are government charts and as accurate as science can make them. These charts show that the acid content, higher at the beginning, runs down the chart in a straight line until it parallels the esters. At about four years they almost come together and from then on run unchanged to the end of the whiskey's history which is usually eight years.

No dissertation on liquor can be complete without a description of the types of whiskey known as "blended." And thus it becomes the pleasant duty of your correspondent to give you the reasons why blended whiskey is so easy to take.

In general, there are two important types of blended whiskies—spirit blends, a blend of straight whiskies and grain neutral spirits; and straight blends, a blend of all straight whiskies.

The various blends depend upon the secret formulas of the different firms and their blenders. As it is a matter of taste, no effort is made here to differentiate between the blends. The great Amer-

Continued on page 174

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S. LOWE

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Plain colors and fancy patterns for every preference.

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Whiskey from Contented Yeast

Continued from pages 97-173

ican public, after all, has the last word, and the whiskey on the market is the result of experience. It is the whiskey proved most popular with the consumer.

A typical firm specializing in spirit blends, will combine as many as seven or eight different straight whiskies of different ages, each having its own peculiar characteristics, with grain neutral spirits, which is usually made from the same grain mash as whiskey. It is distilled over the same type of still, but it is distilled at a higher proof than what is defined in this country as whiskey.

The expert blender-distiller stops the distillation of grain neutral spirits at a point which is his secret. Usually it is not aged, although some firms use a neutral spirit aged for a year or more.

The actual blending is done by the blender in his private room. As the delight of whiskey is in the taste and the odor, the blender depends upon these two sensory guides. From long experience, and from his forefathers who were in the same business, he has developed a miraculously keen palate and an equally remarkable nose. So good is he, that now and then when the scientists try to trap him, he comes off with flying colors. He can detect an irregularity or a flaw as accurately as can the white-coated men with their electric cells and test tubes.

With the formula agreed upon, the run of whiskey is then blended in quantities. The forty-seven gallon casks of the aged straight whiskey are first run out of the warehouse into the government checking room. There each cask is weighed and the tax paid. From the government room the barrels are rolled to the dumping room. Here the bungs are started from the various whiskies, and the contents pumped off into another unit where the liquor passes through high-process filters. From the filter, which removes any fine particles of charcoal that might have been carried from the barrel, the whiskey flows into a huge glass-lined tank. In the tank we now have the neutral spirits and the various whiskies that make up the blend. To this is added Spanish or other equally good domestic sherry and sometimes peach or pear brandy. The blending agent is never more than one and one-half per cent of the total volume. Compressed air is introduced into the bottom of the tank and, working its way to the top, agitates and helps mingle the various liquors.

Then comes the important phase of "marrying." The completed blend is drawn off into casks and placed in the proper environment to "marry" before it is bottled. Thus, the blender comes to the end of his arduous blending duty. However, he watches the blend in the barrel from time to time during the "marrying" period to determine if there has been perfect "marriage." This is a very important point in order to prevent any blend's being bottled for human consumption unless it has been properly married.

Another factor in the blending is the chronological order of the introduction of the ingredients. For some reason, unknown both to the legendary rules and to science, different results may be obtained by changing this chronological order.

In general, the process of distilling most whiskey follows along the same lines, differing, of course, according to the various secret formulas of the distiller. The blending process of the two types of blended whiskies, however, differs in that blends of straight whiskies consist entirely of straight whiskies combined—several straight whiskies blended together.

Here again, the master blender works in secret, depending largely on his nose and tongue for what he considers ultimate perfection.

The advantage claimed for this type is that the distinctive quality of each of the separate whiskies is combined in the blend. Each of the single whiskies contributes some particular virtue to the blend . . . such as aroma, richness of body and flavor. Thus, the master blender strives to achieve a blend that includes all these virtues.

Blends of straight whiskies are designated as being either rye or bourbon depending upon the percentage of the various grains used in their manufacture, and are usually bottled at 90 to 93 Proof.

The great distilleries are marvels of engineering science. Most of them make a practice of having visitors' days and welcome those interested in seeing the manufacture of their product. This is sound business psychology. From one who has been through a great many plants, the writer believes that such a trip is an eye-opener. Immediately you are impressed with the care and thoroughness that goes into a product designed solely for your pleasure. To watch the container belt and the bottling process is to have a foretaste of what the machine age may sometime accomplish for civilization. It seems a super-robot is at work. Whether you are a gadget lover or not, you will be awed and thrilled by the cleansings of the bottles by thorough washing, the accurate

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filling, the labeling and capping, the final inspection and packing. As the bottles in their case disappear you see them weighed, and their weight stamped on the case. This is double assurance that the case is full count and that no error has occurred in the plant.

In speaking of the advantages from Prohibition, it is well to remember the restrictions set up by the various liquor boards. As one big distiller put it, "Thank God, now we can spend all of our time on making good whiskey and don't have to go into the novelty business. For, after all, in the old times the cost of all the teasers and bonuses was borne by customers."

As was mentioned before, there are various blends built upon the experience gained from serving American tastes. And as there are several million of us, naturally there are many varying tastes. The thing to do is to select your brand and the next most important thing is to demand that brand whenever you buy a drink. You owe it to your favorite brand, as much as you do to yourself, to be as discriminating about that as you would about buying a necktie or a pair of shoes.

Remember next time you smell the fragrance of a blend, or roll it around on your tongue, or sip it in a mixed drink, that it took the population of a small town to give you this pleasure. Not counting the farmer that grew the rye and the other grain, contemplate the number of scientists from the country's leading laboratories and colleges, who watch every step of your drink so that you may have the best that modern methods can produce. Contemplate also the blender, perhaps one out of forty-eight blenders in the business, who devotes most of his life to keeping a clean palate so that he may arrive at the most pleasing combination of whiskies. Add to that the engineers and the hundreds of girls in starched white uniforms, labeling and examining the bottle, the salesmen—and even the truck drivers that deliver it, and you have a partial idea of the enormity of the task of serving you a cheering potable. In a democracy, the consumer is certainly the king.

Blends may either be taken straight, in soda or mixed well with any of the cocktail formulas. Attached are a few recipes that we have not given you before, employing blended whiskey:

SOUTHGATE
¼ lump Sugar dissolved in ½ pony Water
Dash of Bitters
1 jigger Whiskey
1 piece twisted Lemon Peel

THOMPSON
⅓ Italian Vermouth
⅔ Whiskey
1 piece each of Orange Peel, Pineapple, Lemon Peel

SUBURBAN
Dash of Orange Bitters
Dash of Bitters
⅕ Port Wine
⅕ Jamaica Rum
⅗ Whiskey

ROSEMARY
½ French Vermouth
½ Whiskey

PRINCE
2 dashes Orange Bitters
Whiskey
2 dashes Crême de Menthe on top

DOOLITTLE SPECIAL
½ Lemon, muddled
3 dashes Syrup
1 jigger Whiskey

JUMBO
⅓ Italian Vermouth
⅓ French Vermouth
⅓ Whiskey

NARRAGANSETT
⅓ Italian Vermouth
⅔ Whiskey
1 dash Anisette (stir)

MONAHAN
Dash of Amer Picon
⅔ Whiskey
⅓ Italian Vermouth (stir)

McKINLEY'S DELIGHT
1 dash Absinthe
2 dashes Cherry Brandy
⅔ Whiskey
⅓ Italian Vermouth

LIBERAL
Dash of Orange Bitters
3 dashes Amer Picon
½ Whiskey
½ Italian Vermouth (stir)

WHEELER
Juice ¼ Orange
1 jigger French Vermouth
1 jigger Whiskey
Dash of Raspberry Syrup

GLOOM LIFTER
Juice ½ Lemon
½ spoon Sugar
½ pony Raspberry Syrup
¼ pony White of Egg
1 jigger Whiskey
½ teaspoon Brandy

SKY CLUB
Juice 1 Orange
1 jigger Whiskey; flavored with heavy Rum
1 lump Ice (stir)

McCRORY
1 dash Bitters
⅔ jigger Whiskey
Stir; fill from siphon
Add Powdered Sugar

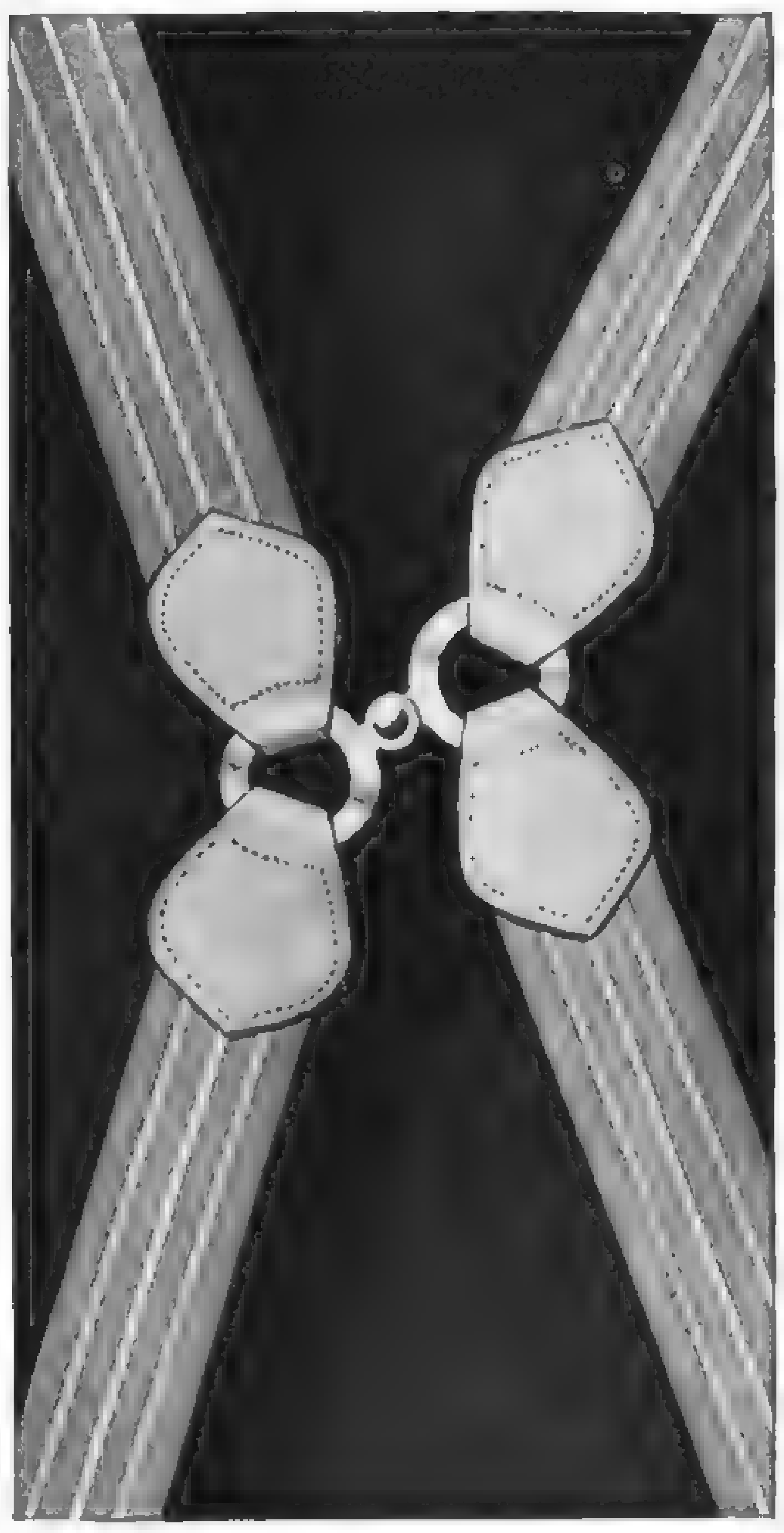
HARRITY
Dash of Bitters
1 dash Gin
1 jigger Whiskey

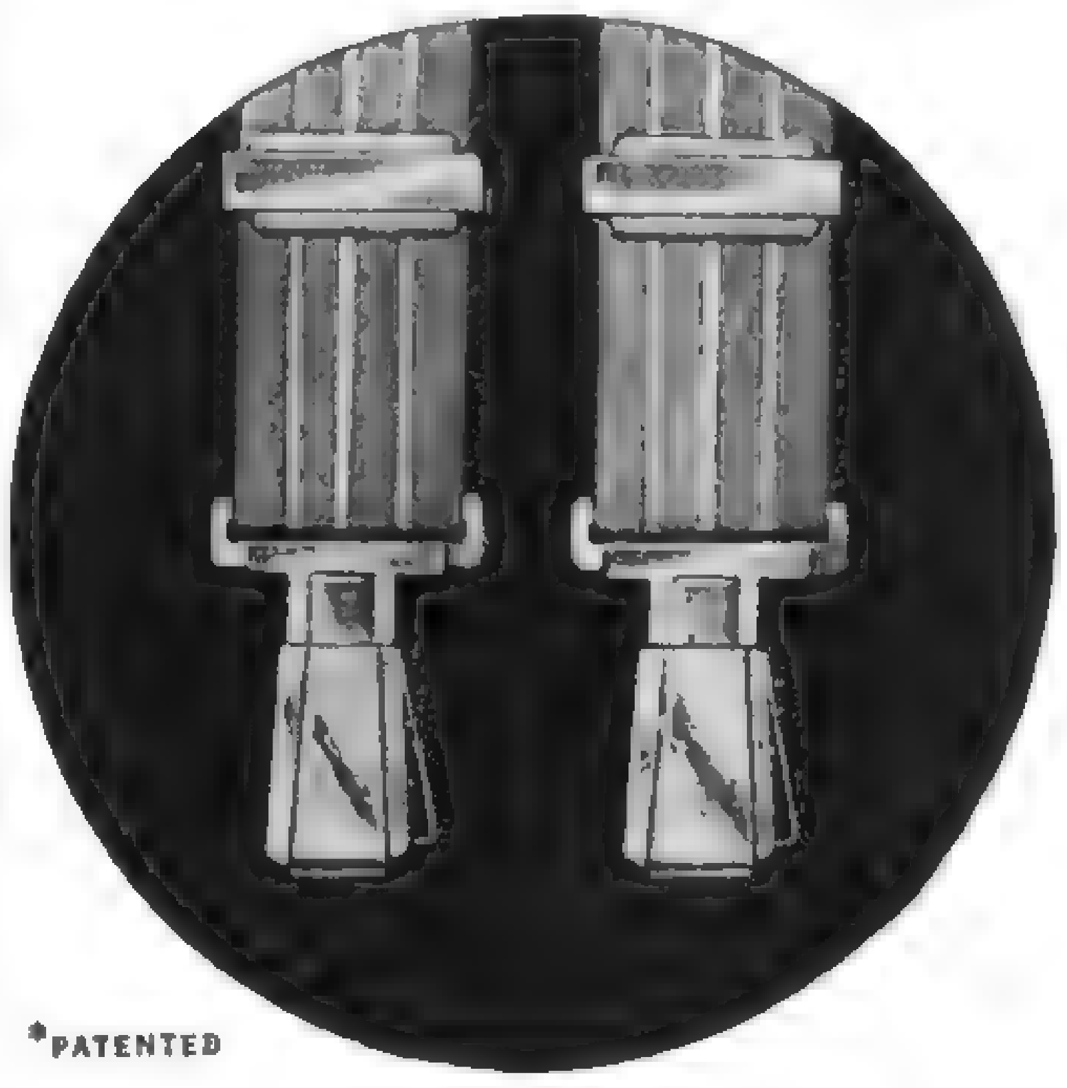
WALDORF
Dash of Bitters
⅓ Whiskey
⅓ Absinthe
⅓ Italian Vermouth

SHERMAN
Dash of Bitters
Dash of Orange Bitters
3 dashes Absinthe
⅔ Italian Vermouth
⅓ jigger Whiskey

WHISKEY AND MINT
3 sprigs of Mint
½ lump Sugar; dissolved
Press Mint lightly
1 jigger Whiskey
Ice

WHISKEY AND TANSY
3 leaves Tansy, or
1 pony of Tansy Mixture
1 jigger Whiskey ⧺





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WITH
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ENDS

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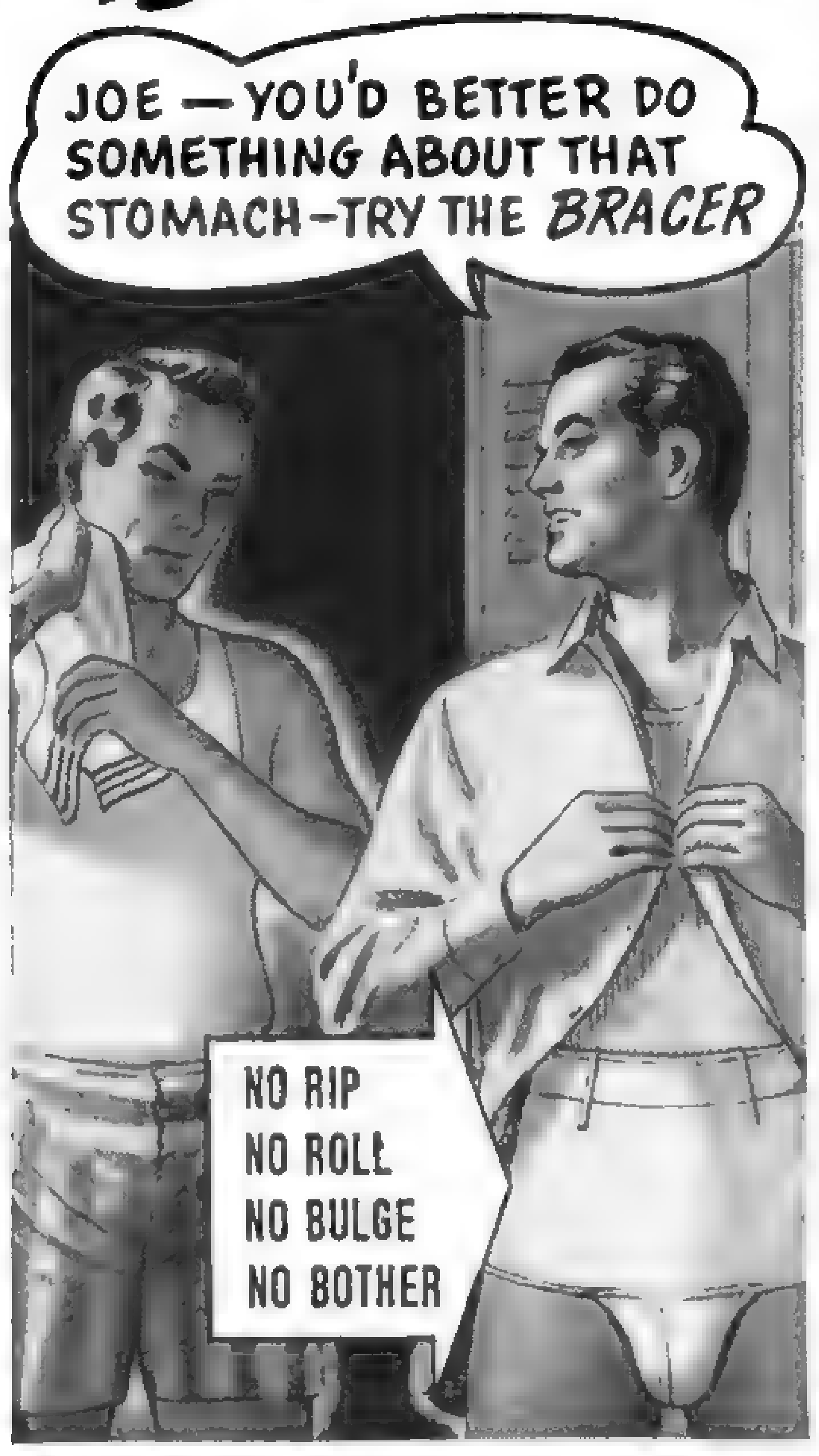
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NO RIP
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New-type Supporter Belt

makes you look better –feel better, too

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The Trial of Don Coyote

Continued from page 74

after they were weaned according to pack law.

On several occasions The Don had run across her on his wanderings and she had given chase. She would have none of him, now that she had become a dog, deeming herself superior like many a human being of inferior lineage. But The Don was never upset. She was no larger than he. Each time he had seen her coming a quarter of a mile off and merely led her on, then turned to watch her plod wearily homeward, sometimes following. Truth was, he was quite smitten, though human reasoning would have been put to it to say why.

Acquaintance is not to be lightly struck up in the animal world. It is a matter involving lengthy decorum. But The Don lived in patient anticipation that the lady would one day weary of her snappy ways and recognize him as a fellow forager of the plain, not too flea-bitten to be called chummy.

From time to time he would show himself to her in the open, tail high and slightly waving, or sit down in the distance and smile, very mild and surreptitious about it. And though as time went on the yellow-coated female chased him less often, that appeared to be the only result. Nothing seemed to touch the hard heart of this impossible Dulcinea. In vain he sang to her back of the ranch house in late afternoon and early twilight, serenades full of touching cadenzas and yearning quavers, but she never came forth except to yap an unmaidenly rebuff.

More skilled than she in wild huntsmanship, The Don would sometimes leave a plump untouched rabbit near the ranch outbuildings where he knew she would come upon it, then wait on some high knoll to watch. He knew her penchant for the bunnies and how rarely were her rabbit hunts successful. She accepted these offerings, appearing not to know whence they came. The Don took it meekly, even a bit hopefully. All this had to do indirectly with the vague yearning that had come into his heart since the death of his mate. He had no intention of running always alone. Also he had ambitions, as will be seen. In his narrow green eyes was reflected a cold fury and a set, considered purpose whenever he crossed the trail or heard the hunting call of the murderers of his mate. But it was a hate that could bide its time and was in no danger of balking its purpose by seizing any uncertain chance of retrieval.

But to return to the night in question, and The Don coming along the line fence. His day was already half over, for he had been foraging profitably since noon. Now he was drifting insinuatingly up to the forbidden precincts of the ranch buildings, where no wild thing ever knew he went. One eye was out for something tasty to carry home in the way of fowl, let us say; the other was alert for a sight of the slim swift form of the ranch dog, the yellow-coated female of his choice.

From dusk on till midnight it had become The Don's habit to dally about, alert for any deviltry that might be afoot pertaining to the Agua Fria pack. As the drouth held on and the ranch cattle grew weaker daily, the pack had rallied, waxing bolder and bolder and a relentless coyote war had been organized at the ranch. From the safety of his between-things world The Don had seen with relish the pack cut down from its original sixteen to eleven in the past month, through trap and poison. As for him, he had been spared the danger of this protracted warfare, and again it was the added cunning that went with that extra breadth of skull between the eyes that did it. Fate, having dealt ruthlessly with him for a time, was now disposed to favor him, it seemed.

As he neared the horse corral The Don paused to yap a soft apprisal of his presence, then waited. But for the first time in memory the ranch dog failed to answer. In fact she was nowhere about as his nose soon testified. But something else was. An alien taint wafted across the Don's pathway, and he turned aside, for the news was of dead meat, well ripened under the California sun.

Down beyond the lower corral he ran upon the body of a dead calf laid out in tempting array. The Don had become a stickler for such tidbits, aged in the wood, you might say, but this carcass was artfully poisoned, and well he knew it. The man-scent was strong on it, and The Don had learned the strychnine taint through painful experience. Well he knew that whosoever should feast indiscriminately hereon would froth and gibber in the moonlight, and finally turn teeth on himself in a horrid dance of death before an hour passed.

But The Don had learned a thing or two by way of antidote. He approached. Located the deadly portions with infallible nose and neatly cut them out with his keen narrow jaws. These he left lying in mocking array for the rancher's men to find, and selected a tasty portion of the haunch for his ever-hungry litter.

Just here he paused, bethinking himself of the pack who would surely visit the carcass before the dawn. Unwittingly he had saved them by his greater knowledge from the rancher's wiles. It was quite obvious he himself could not consume the whole of the banquet. And so, deliberately and with malice aforethought, he committed the unforgivable insult against all wild things. He fouled the remainder of the carcass, then seizing his haunch for all the world like a house-dog with a big bone, he cut for home.

Five hundred yards and The Don cut abruptly down a dark

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arroyo and ran plump upon an apparition. A shape of terror reared up at him from a sage clump, grimacing horribly, and with eyes that flamed with a sulphurous, diabolic light. It was a dog—the rancher's mongrel, none other—and The Don ducked, thinking he read death in the mad gleam of her eye. Then he turned, putting on the brakes and dropping his meat.

The female made no move to pursue him, but her flaming gaze turned to follow. And then the truth broke over The Don. That flare in her eyes and the snicker of fangs was no battle light, but the deathly madness—the beginning of the fearsome dance of the poison death. Her master had been too careless, or set too little store in her to protect her from the poison bait, and this was the result.

When The Don approached she did not snap—simply crouched shivering and watched with her stricken eyes, mane slightly bristling. Stiff-legged and all aquiver with the wonder of this nearness after months of hostilities, The Don came up, nosing the wind, and gently, diffidently waving his tail.

Moving around so that she might wind him, he halted two feet away, while she, struggling to her feet, stood shivering in an attitude of armed neutrality. The fire in her eyes was fanned by death's own pinions.

It was perhaps the greatest moment in The Don's life. She was a super-thing in her great extremity. Almost it was as if a soul were mirrored in her eyes under the touch of death—shaken free for the first time of the murk of treachery, suspicion and ill-nature that composed her life. Then and there a seed of future unity was sown.

Another minute and she dropped back to the ground, spread out on hocks and elbows, shivering and foaming. In the air about her hung the taint, the malign and indescribable smell of the poison, that stood for mortal agony and the presence of an unseen power. The Don saw the extent of her plight. Saw that someone must do something about it in a hurry, and sprang to action.

Right well he knew the poison's power. Long ago as a pup he had learned it, when he himself had been saved only by the timely aid of his wise old father. As he lived, he knew that if she relapsed now into coma she would be dead in five minutes.

Suddenly he stood over her threatening, rousing her to struggle up in self protection. Then whining softly, he darted away into a scrubby growth of brush hard by, spurring her to follow.

No natural impulse is without its purpose. Quickly The Don found what he sought, the purgative weed all desert wild things eat when ill, but how he imparted his instincts to her dog sense cannot be wholly known. Yet somehow, following his example she fell to snatching mouthfuls of the acrid leaves and in another minute her stomach threw off the poison meat before the death convulsions seized her.

But even then the unseen foe was not yet routed; a swooning weakness still clutched her, the sleep of every separate nerve and muscle.

Had she lain down, death might have snatched her still, in spite of all The Don could do. But just here came one of those rapid shifts behind the scenes, that keep the nightly drama of wild life constantly on the *qui vive*, and it was timed to the minute to aid the pair in their mutual battle.

Out from the near-by hills a sudden call issued—a shrill and banshee chorus that The Don knew well of old. It was the muster cry of his erstwhile pack, the voice of old Tetra, the leader, prompting them. High, impatient yappings rocketed suddenly in the still air, followed by one long wailing ululation utterly insensate, as the desert dogs came sweeping out from some canyon in the hills to cross the sandy flats. They were coming directly toward the pair, nearer with each moment; also they were famished, savage, and ravening for a kill. All this The Don could read in that fierce sobbing chorus.

The mongrel struggled up, glazed eyes turning toward the haven of the ranch house. The pack knew her of old; nightly they had sounded their challenge around the ranch buildings. Were they to come upon her thus, sick and shorn of speed, there would be scarce leavings enough to bait a buzzard so far as she was concerned.

Frenzy lent unguessed power to her drugged body, jarring her will to the depths. At first she merely crawled, dragging her leaden hindquarters; then sheer will force blasted life once more through her blocked-up nerve channels. Her legs began to respond.

The Don meanwhile circled about her urging her with low nervous whines. Well he knew the pack still bore him the blackest malice; also among other calamities he remembered he was lame. It behooved him to make the immediate scenery his rear skyline with all possible speed, and yet he lingered. It was of her he thought. Sheer madness to fight it out beside her. One way remained—to perform one of those feats of daring and sacrifice for which all wild things must be ever ready.

He waited till the pack was quartering the starlit plain, drawing thicket after thicket with whines of impatience. Then seizing his discarded haunch of meat, he ran boldly out into the open, showed himself for a brief instant to windward, then streaked southward, leading the chase directly away from the ranch house. All eleven had seen and winded him. Like a charge of bird-shot they burst full cry into chase.

Holding the meat in his jaws, The Don ran as if his peg leg were not and never had been, covering the first two hundred yards in

Continued on page 178

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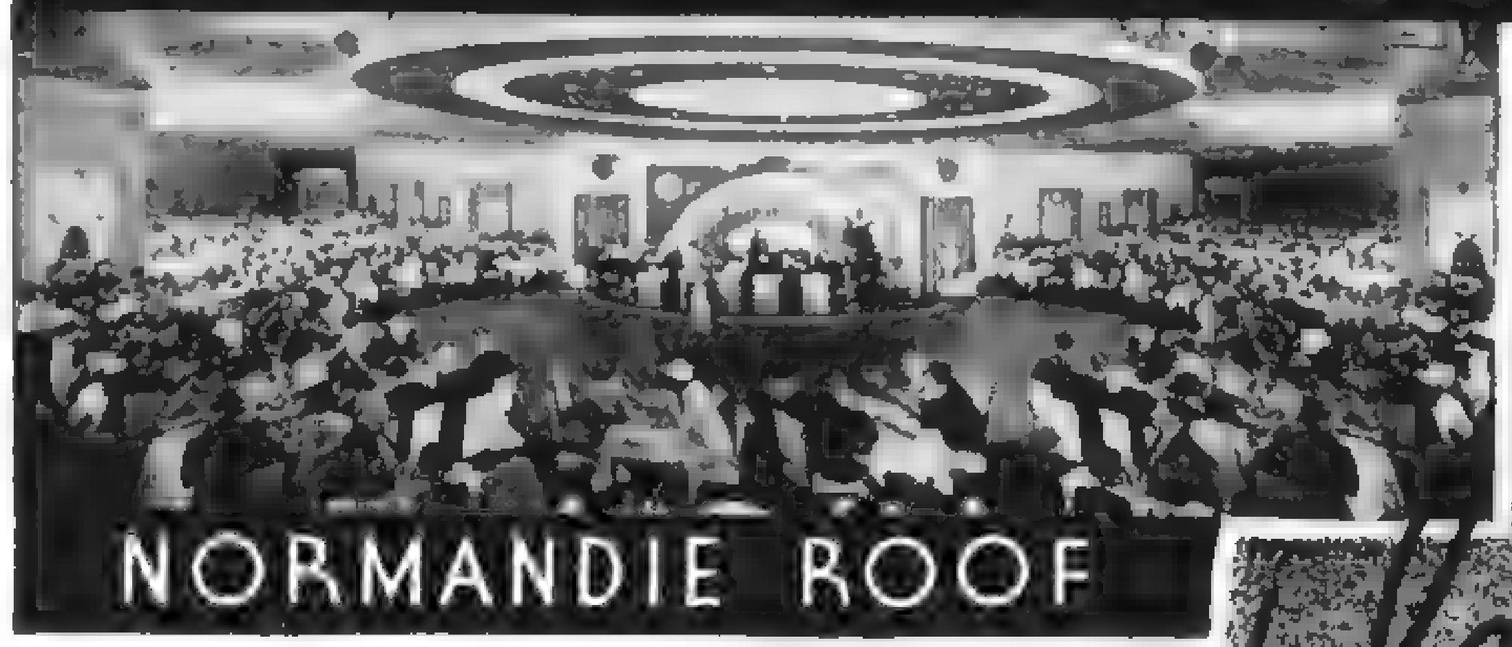

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The Trial of Don Coyote

Continued from pages 74-177

next to nothing. Had he lost his head for an instant it would have meant his death, but that was a luxury The Don never indulged in. His brain cleared rather than muddled under strain. Down an arroyo he cut, and dived from sight in a sage thicket. In the midst of it he dropped his load of meat—instinct did that—then dodged sharply off at right angles, leaving a zig-zag trail through brush and rocks that would puzzle the keenest. The pack surged into the arroyo, paused as he had figured for a few saving moments over the haunch, before untangling the new trail.

Down the arroyo streaked The Don at his three-legged lope, eye out *en passant* for any chance refuge. He saw what he needed within a hundred yards and did a fade-out as if the earth had swallowed him. The earth had, after a fashion, or more accurately, the black opening of a yawning hole beneath a rock.

But if he had leapt out of the frying pan he seemed now in the pot for fair. For scarce ten seconds behind him the pack came to a skidding stop at the entrance of the hole. For the second time that night things hung at an ugly balance. Then this embarrassing drawback appeared: the hole was only large enough for one to enter at a time, and there in the opening was The Don, at bay. His countenance, at no time meek, was now devilish, framed, it seemed, by two rows of trap-like fangs. All knew his fighting proclivities of old. Ever most circuitous, no individual could quite make up his mind to act as sacrifice, despite the urging of old Tetra, though several were vainly trying to dig their way in from side or rear.

It was a *coup de trop*, a situation, and it devolved upon Tetra as leader to solve it. Pride and prestige were involved as well as hate, the old score between The Don and him which the pack well knew. And there was The Don meanwhile, snarling terrible insult at him through his teeth. All waited for his move. It behooved him to do something to save his face, if nothing else.

With sudden rabid snarl and no warning, Tetra sprang in. *Snap*, and he was out again, for that is the way of coyote warfare, chop and run. The Don who had been waiting for just that move, had countered with a lightning strike of his own that gashed the leader's neck. The pack danced and gibbered in expectation, weaving in and out in intricate patterns of charnal glee.

Old Tetra had no craven fiber, he was simply cautious. But now caution was banished. His blood was up. He must settle with this outlaw, quell insubordination here and now. Reared on his hind legs, red jaws a-flicker, he raged in and out in short rushes too quick to take account of rightly. There was an impression of chopping fangs like keen white blades, of the scarlet gleam of tongues and blood-stained jaws, and a bedlam of sounds that might have come from the pit itself. The Don was keeping him deviled and put to it, none could miss that. His tawny mask was set in a grin and a glare. He was to repay now the old score.

He did.

Came a time when old Tetra failed to leap backward from his rush. Quick as a snake The Don had lanced forth to meet him in the open. For half a minute there was an inextricable tangle of bodies as if both were caught in a maelstrom. Then a sound like a snapping stick, and a peculiar whimper. Then Tetra backing free on three legs, licking a useless fourth.

That was payment and with interest. Old Tetra was upset, which was quite forgivable, for his plight was now as black as doom. The fight must end in death, for the pack had reached that point of frenzy where it mattered not which adversary fell. Someone must be the sacrifice, for the hot taint of blood was in the warm air and blood is to the charnal ones as the warm sweet reek of whiskey is to the nose of the toper. They have nothing to offset it. Already they were milling closer, eyes green-lit, even as they had on that day when The Don's mate had fallen. To turn and run was hopeless for the slightest thing would set them slavering for the leader's flesh. He must kill.

Grimly he did his utmost, in the face of anguish. But now it was The Don on the offensive. In again and out. *Chop.* Another trademark left on each. And then again. But every rush was fatal to Tetra, shorn now of his nimbleness and bleeding from half a dozen wounds. A few he met successfully but all told on his waning strength. At last he sagged in his tracks. His head drooped and in a second he had pitched over on his side.

As the pack churned forward with ghastly chuckles, The Don slipped from his refuge, rounded a boulder and went streaking away southward in the general direction of home. None took note of his going. As he ran he seemed to smile, the crafty smile of the coyote kind. For this night had been nothing if not eventful.

With the suddenness of the far southwest the drouth broke and the rains were on. Within a week the new grass ran across the tawny land like emerald fire, and that miracle of beauty, a California spring, was consummated. The blue lupin breathed its sweetness on the soft air, and the sun struck silver from the burnished shafts of bayonet and cactus.

Now came the love month of all desert things, when packs disbanded and began to run singly or in pairs. It found The Don at the completion of his difficult role, his litter wholly weaned and schooled, and himself free at last

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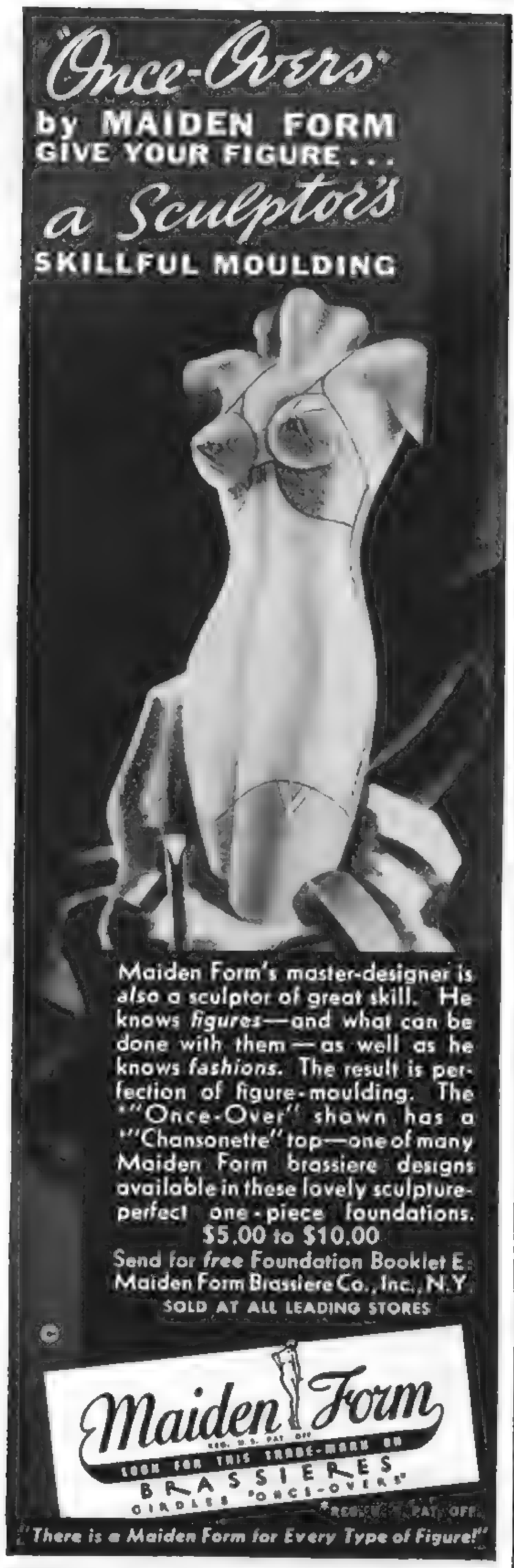

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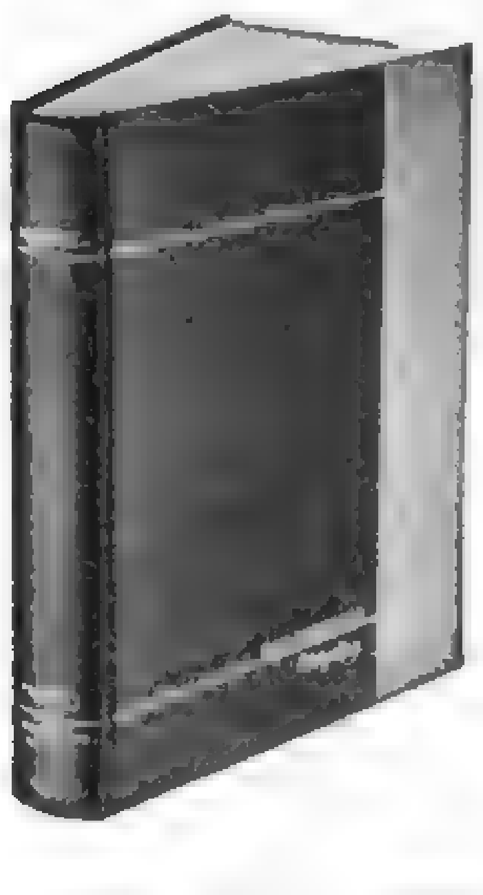

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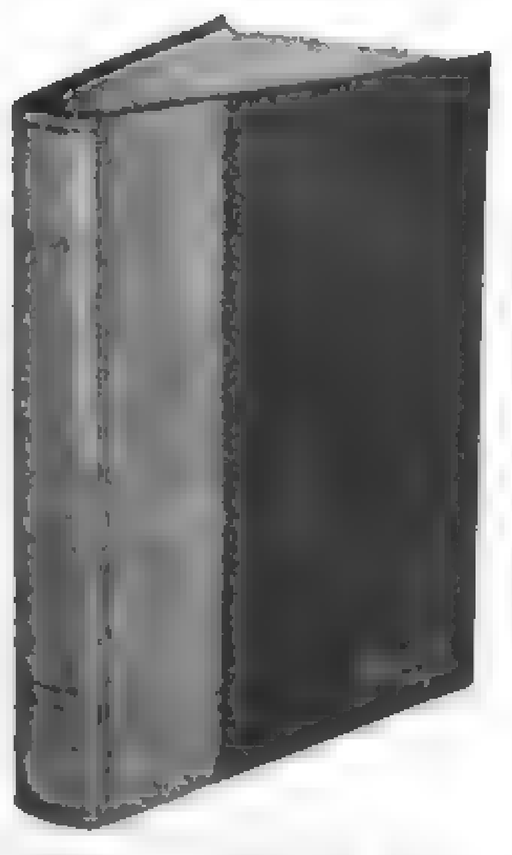

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to answer the call that had been growing for months within him. He had taught his family the finesse of pack hunting; how to run down the swiftest pronghorn or desert lynx by a series of crafty relays engineered beforehand. Lastly he initiated all in the dark knowledge of trap and poison.

When for a full week the family had hunted together as a compact, well-governed little pack of five, The Don decided the graduation ceremony was due at last. Decided that all were now able to shift for themselves, and abruptly and without warning ejected them from the home burrow. Duty had kept him jumping long enough, now he had other uses for his spare rooms. Despite their protesting whines and wailings, each of the four stalwart youngsters had to take himself off in search of other lodgings.

Late that day The Don came loping down the valley through the new green world. He was on his usual rounds. As the sudden dark of the desert descended from the hills, he approached the Hanlon ranch buildings and found a miracle in store. A slim form came trotting forth to meet him, the rancher's dog, tail high and waving, signal of truce and friendship. Perhaps she retained a grateful memory of The Don's courage on that fatal night of poison; more likely she had only been playing the lady all along. At any rate they drew together, stiff-legged and all athrill; noses touching in a soft caress as she, the captious one, drew herself as high as she could in frank delight. And when he turned presently and danced playfully away from her, she saw fit to follow meekly as he headed southward toward the snug home burrow.

The Don had won his coveted mate at last. Next fall, if the gods of the waste so willed, these two would run at the head of the Agua Fria pack. ⌗

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 88

who was trying unsuccessfully to persuade her to do a movie, that the movies, unlike the stage, were a guarantee of immortality for a player, asked very sweetly: "And how many five-year-old pictures have *you* seen lately?" His Hollywood pride hurt by Miss Cornell's retort, Mr. Johnson has galloped hot-foot to the movies' defense as follows: "Why didn't the movie producer ask her who is going to see her in *The Green Hat* these days? Or in *Alien Corn?* That is, if she was implying that the stage is the vehicle to immortality. Or, to cover a wider field, what five-year-old plays with anybody at all in them has Miss Cornell been seeing lately?"

Permit me to re-educate our Hollywood patriot. A few of the many five-year-old and very considerably more ancient plays (with anybody at all in them) that Miss Cornell and all the rest of us this side of Hollywood have been seeing lately are the following: *Hamlet*, *The Trojan Women*, *The Drunkard*, *Hedda Gabler*, *The Country Wife*, *Othello*, *King Richard II*, *An Enemy of the People*, *London Assurance*, *Candida* (with Miss Cornell herself in it), *St. Joan* (with Miss Cornell herself in it), *Romeo and Juliet* (with Miss Cornell herself in it), *Abie's Irish Rose*, *Damaged Goods*, *As You Like It*, *Amphityron 38*, *Julius Caesar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *A Doll's House*, *The Shoemakers' Holiday*, *The Bridal Crown*, *The Sea Gull*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *The Wild Duck*, *The Circle*, and *Heartbreak House*. We've seen them all in the last two seasons.

Proceeds Mr. Johnson: "You've got to take it on faith that Garrick, the Booths, Mrs. Siddons, the Kembles, *et al.*, were great artists. They have the surest of all immortalities, because nobody can check on them.

"It would be pretty embarrassing all around if by some miracle a reel of Edwin Booth emerged from the past and it turned out that he was the Edmund Lowe of his day."

One no more has to take the eminence of the great actors of the past on faith than one has to take that of the great dancers, singers, bullfighters, jockeys, prize fighters, orators, or even lovers. That is, unless one believes all history is a liar. The impression the actors made on the greatest critics of their times, on the foremost public figures of their times, and on journalists and novelists and dramatists are recorded in living type for all to read. And since when has the printed word of a Hazlitt, a Lewes, a Lamb, or a Coleridge been less acceptable evidence than an old Biograph, Vitagraph, Selig, Essanay, or Thanhouser film?

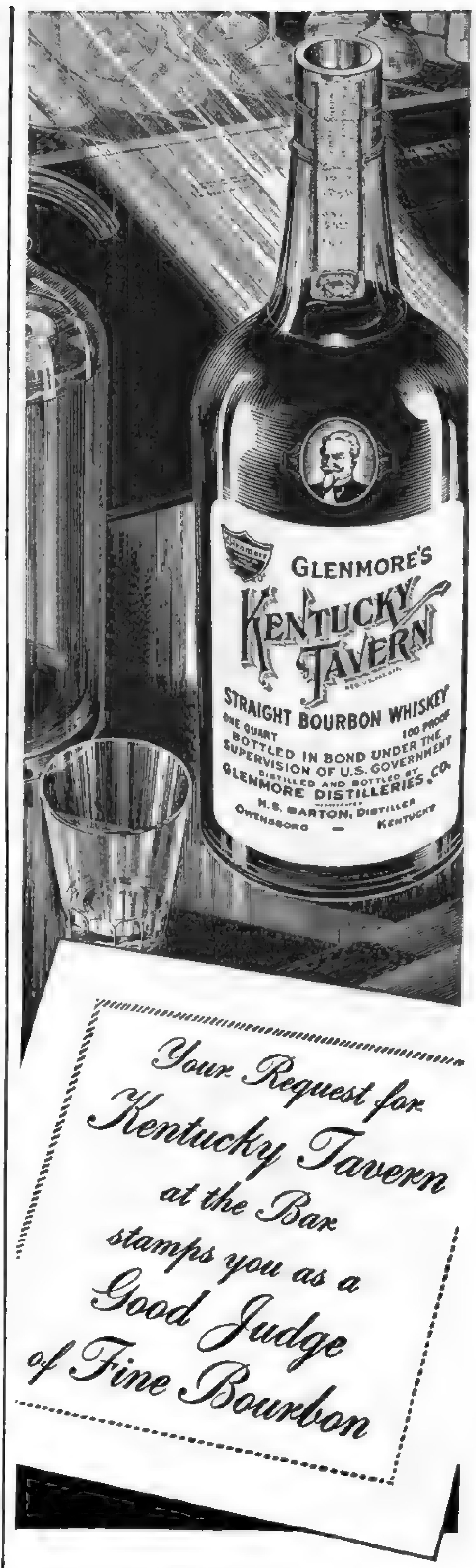
As a matter of fact, if an actor's or actress' immortality depended not upon the stage but upon the screen, where would the persistent reputation of Sarah Bernhardt be today if the old Mercanton film, *Queen Elizabeth*, were to be offered as evidence of her artistry?

In point of truth, to look at any of the old films of bygone dramatic actors is to be skeptical of even the share of talent which the stage indicated they had. If you doubt it, get them to run off for you James O'Neill's film, *Monte Cristo*, or James K. Hackett's *The Prisoner of Zenda*, or Mrs. Fiske's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, or William H. Crane's *David Harum*.

One or two of these mimes may have been indifferent stage actors, true enough, but on the screen they were revealed as the worst conceivable kind of hams.

Go to celebrated picture actors of the past themselves. For all their registered films who today is substantially conscious of the

Continued on page 180



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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 88-179

histrionic immortality of Louise Glaum, Anna Q. Nillson, Dorothy Dalton, Barbara La Marr, Carlyle Blackwell, Maurice Costello, Agnes Ayres, Evalyn Brent, Francis X. Bushman, Lon Chaney, Nils Asther, Ben Lyon, Ethel Clayton, Rosemary Theby, Corinne Griffith, W. S. Hart, Mary Miles Minter, Alice Terry, Owen Moore, Alice Lake, Olga Petrova, Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels, Louise Fazenda, John Bunny, Flora Finch, Pola Negri, Vilma Banky, Rod La Roque, Monroe Salisbury, or any of the rest of them? Rudolph Valentino's films, recently reshown around the country, drew derisory howls. Gloria Swanson's, Norma Talmadge's, Mary Pickford's, Richard Barthelmess' and John Gilbert's are safely buried from the public gaze. *The Birth of a Nation*, long considered the screen's greatest masterpiece, drew only loud laughs when it was recently re-exhibited.

One may, in short, achieve immortality in a grave, but hardly in a can.

"It would be pretty embarrassing all around if by some miracle a reel of Edwin Booth emerged from the past and it turned out that he was the Edmund Lowe of his day," says Mr. Johnson. It wouldn't be embarrassing at all. It is a foregone fact that if a reel of Booth did miraculously emerge from the past he would in all likelihood seem to have been the Edmund Lowe of his day. The screen, with the passing of even a relatively short time, has a way of making Edmund Lowes out of even the best actors.

IV

The English view of us continues to be something more than faintly bizarre. Writing in the *London Times* not long ago, our critical Corpsbruder, Mr. James Agate, delivered himself so: "The popularity of Dreiser's *Jennie Gerhardt* in America can only be due to . . . the extraordinary preoccupation of the Americans with sex. As the Americans do not allow themselves to indulge in any form of vice except moral uplift, it follows that they never think about anything except virginal overthrow. Jennie's story is so popular in America for the same reason that every other American is a hotel detective. It is not moral to write epics about naughty girls who could not possibly go right; on the other hand, it is extremely moral to explain at enormous length how the fates conspire to make a good girl go wrong."

Let me provide James with a few pharmaceutical statistics on American popularity. In the way of books, the most popular tome in the last forty years—it sold over eight million copies — was Charles Munroe Sheldon's pietistic confection, *In His Steps*. The twenty-three other best-sellers in that period, all of which totaled more than a million sales (in some instances, very considerably more than that) were the following: Lew Wallace's *Ben Hur*, Gene Stratton Porter's *Freckles*, Gene Stratton Porter's *A Girl of the Limberlost*, Gene Stratton Porter's *The Harvester*, Gene Stratton Porter's *Laddie*, Mark Twain's *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, Harold Bell Wright's *The Winning of Barbara Worth*, Edward Westcott's *David Harum*, John Fox, Jr.'s *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*, Jack London's *The Call of the Wild*, Owen Wister's *The Virginian*, John Fox, Jr.'s, *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, H. G. Wells' *Outline of History*, Margaret Sidney's *Five Little Peppers and How They Grew*, Anna Sewell's *Black Beauty*, Mark Twain's *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, Du Maurier's *Trilby*, Eleanor Porter's *Pollyanna*, Jesse Lyman Hurlbut's *The Beautiful Story of the Bible*, Hervey Allen's *Anthony Adverse*, Margaret Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind*, and E. M. Hull's *The Sheik*.

Of all these unparalleledly popular books one and only one, *The Sheik* (which, incidentally, was of British origin and also a smash in celebate England) has been concerned with sex in the sense that Dr. Agate speaks of it. All the others, save for certain minor portions of the Allen novel, were more or less food for Sunday Schools, volitional spinsters, and the pure in heart generally.

What, further, are the American best-sellers at the moment of writing? These: Marjorie Rawlings' *The Yearling*, Cronin's *The Citadel*, Kenneth Roberts' *Northwest Passage*, Phyllis Bottome's *The Mortal Storm*, Hervey Allen's *Action At Aquila*, Lin Yutang's *The Importance of Living*, Albert Einstein's *The Evolution of Physics*, Eve Curie's *Madame Curie*, Dale Carnegie's *How To Win Friends and Influence People*, and Elizabeth Hawes' *Fashion Is Spinach*. In that whole lot there is just about as much sex as you'll find in Jane Austen or the nearest Swiss Hand Laundry.

Turn to the drama. What have been America's most popular plays in the last forty years? These: *Abie's Irish Rose*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *Lightnin'*, *The Bat*, *Three Men On A Horse*, *The First Year*, *The Old Homestead*, *Way Down East*, *Seventh Heaven*, *Peg o' My Heart*, *East is West*, *A Trip To Chinatown*, *The Drunkard*, *The Green Pastures*, *Adonis*, *Victoria Regina*, *Charley's Aunt*, *Rip Van Winkle*, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, *Ben Hur*, *Tobacco Road*, and *Rain*. Passing over the fact that at least four were written by Englishmen, only two of them, *Tobacco Road* and *Rain* (the latter of British origin) fall into the strict sex category and then, even so, hardly within the bounds of the Agate animadversion.

Come again, Jimmy. ⧺

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Jacques Zucker: Modern Romantic

Continued from page 59

of Palestine. In his tenth year the undersized gamin that he was, and the resolute little man, laid his plans. During the following three years he saved his meager allowance—copecks his father gave him for candy—and levied tribute upon his three younger brothers for their candy money, standing outside the door of their cottage and collecting from them before they could reach school. There was no mercy in him for them, or for himself. One hundred copecks make a ruble and the returned pioneer had told him that twenty-five rubles was the cost of passage from Poland to Palestine. The years between the ages of ten and thirteen were those in which, he feels, he forged his character, the basic motto of which is that you should yield the lesser conveniences for the greater good. For that period he felt like a man condemned to serve a sentence in prison and living only for the day of release.

To his brothers he promised restitution of their candy copecks, and with high interest. He promised them that he would become rich in Palestine and buy them many acres and then bring them over to cultivate their lands. He kept his promise to every one of them, but with a difference.

One day in the fall of 1913 he slipped out of the village. Had his mother been alive he would not have deserted her. Those were the days one did not need passport or any other form of identification papers. His first train stop was Vienna, his second was Trieste, at which port he took boat to Jaffa, Palestine, where he arrived with three unspent rubles, or the equivalent of a dollar and fifty cents. And in the midst of recounting this boyhood adventure, Jacques Zucker utters a philosophic aside, that it is an easier thing to go around the earth to slay lions, to fight battles, and even to win the Victoria Cross, than it is to paint a good picture. It is sober truth to say that he has painted more good pictures than he has slain lions.

The story continues to be journalistically interesting, even if not esthetically important. Near Jaffa there was a colony called Rehoboth. This the thirteen-year-old joined, working at day labor in the orange groves. It was terribly exhausting. There was no time in which to draw, no time for study, no time for cultivation or polish. One must remember the rough details of this strange kind of boyhood when sometimes it seems that Zucker's iron hand is not encased in a velvet glove. His cultivation is rather in his art than in his manners. In those days of forced maturity he had hardly enough time for sleep. What did he want to do, what did he want to be, this impatient, rebellious lad? He was in a ferment. All kinds of chemicals were sizzling in the crucible of his mind. He wanted to be an artist, a pioneer, an officer in the Jewish Army, a captain in the Jewish Navy. At the end of five months of grueling day labor, he joined a group of pioneers in a walking trip through the mountains of Judea and arrived in Jerusalem. This was around Passover—or Easter time—of 1914. In Jerusalem, he knocked on the door of the Bezalel Art School, conducted by Prof. Boris Schatz. On the basis of the primitive drawings of the Bible stories which he had made in childhood and to which he had clung during all his travels, he was accepted, the youngest pupil in a school in which there were bearded fathers among his colleagues. He was the wonder child of the Bezalel. In four months he had passed through courses for which other students require eight plodding years, had learned the processes of lithography, modeling on silver and carving of jewelry; besides, he won a scholarship which entitled him to residence and art study in Paris.

He won the scholarship late in July, 1914. The following month the world began going to war. During the following three years he was almost constantly down with malaria, just barely cheating death.

There was no work to be had, no food to eat, no bed in which to rest. For somewhat less than two years his bed was the floor of a classroom at the art school and for the rest of the time he lived in a courtyard next to which donkeys were stabled. "Who took care of you?" I asked. "God," he answered, with a smile not entirely ironic. Facing the alternative of being expelled from Palestine, he became a Turkish subject, but the oath to the Sultan did not involve him in the danger of military service; he was too young. In 1917 the British arrived and among those who rejoiced was Jacques Zucker. Jews in Palestine formed a legion of soldiers under the Royal Fusiliers to fight the Turks and the Germans and Zucker enlisted for training as machine gunner in the 40th battalion of the Royal Fusiliers and he threw himself into the task of whipping up enlistments on the streets of Jerusalem, haranguing the crowds in Hebrew. (He could also speak Yiddish, Polish, Russian.) The battalion was sent to training quarters near Cairo where our hero learned about machine guns. He was never in action, however, because by the time his training had been completed the Entente had collapsed. Thereafter the battalion was on guard duty at camps near the Suez Canal where German and Turkish prisoners were quartered and with the final dispersal and exchange of these prisoners, the battalion was discharged from service in the spring of 1920.

The veteran, like the century, was only twenty years old. With the British Army's discharge bonus

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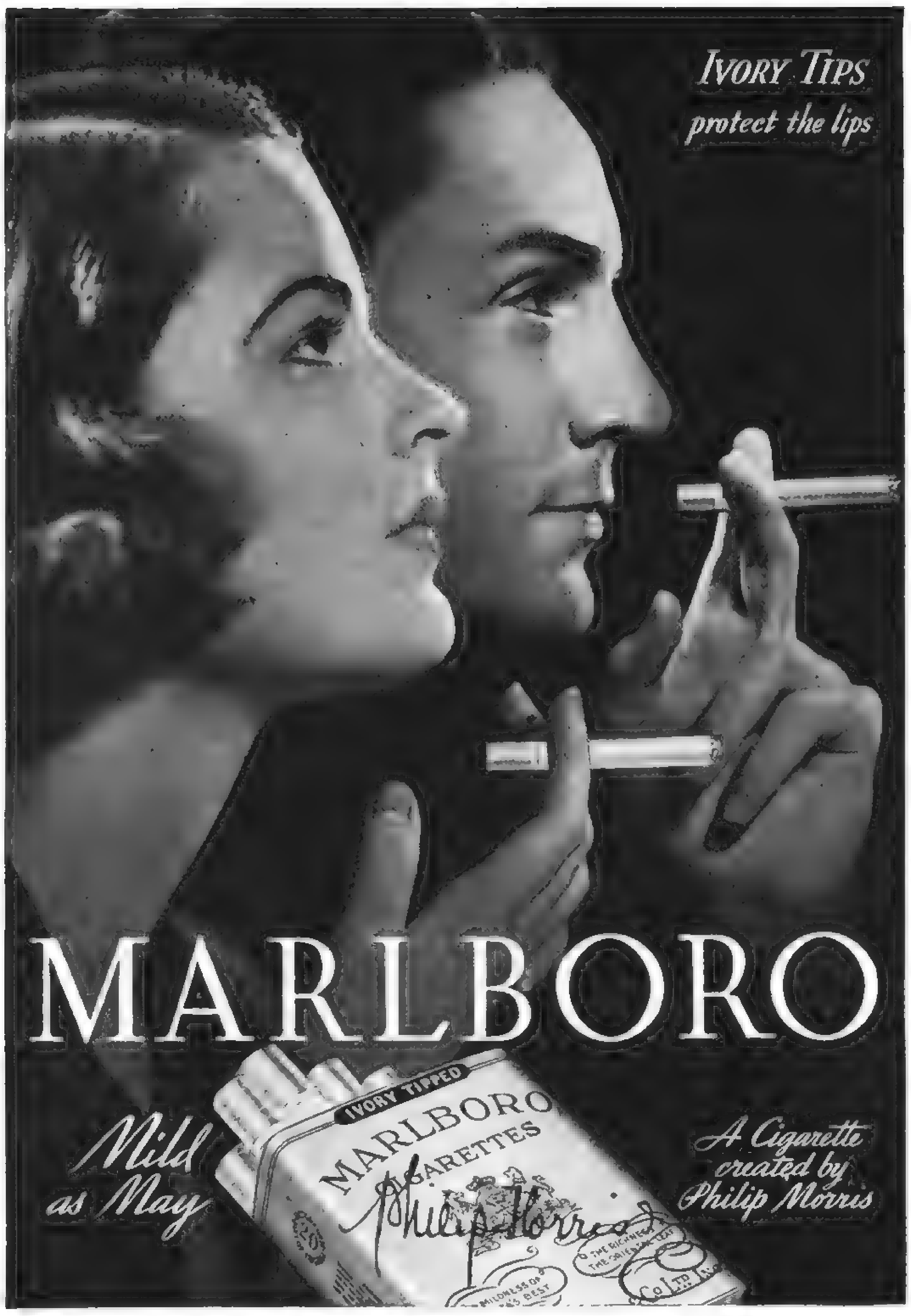

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Jacques Zucker: Modern Romantic

Continued from pages 59-181

in his pocket, the prodigal son returned to Poland, visiting his family, and soon thereafter shoved off for the city of art, Paris. The wonder child's scholarship was no longer in effect, for the Bezalel's patronage had long ago been withdrawn. He attended sketch classes at the Grande Chaumière, studying under nobody. He starved in a miserable little hotel in Montparnasse. He found it impossible to make a living. During the winter months he almost froze. Distressed and harassed as he was, he painted a little, but not so much or as freely as he would have had there been the semblance of a living.

He began hearing things about the New America, the post-War America, good things, hopeful things. The burden of them was that the new world had burst its provincial shackles and was expressing itself, in music, in art, in letters, in criticism. There was a Renaissance in America, or at least Zucker heard that there was and so he set his face toward the West.

The immigration quota was already in effect. Zucker therefore came to the United States on the exceptional visa of an artist. He arrived in January, 1922, in his summer clothes, in white trousers and no overcoat, and a capital of seven francs, then worth forty cents.

At Ellis Island the authorities rejected him on the ground that he might become a public charge. With a group of fellow-indigents he was detained at the Island until arrangements could be made for shipping him back to Europe. While waiting, he painted. He had brought canvas and paint tubes. One afternoon he was working on the portrait of an old man, a picturesque greybeard, who also was to be shipped back, when one of the officials, making an inspection tour of the immigrants' quarters, looked over Zucker's shoulder. He became Zucker's first American and most influential art critic, for he was delighted with what he saw, and he did something about it. He ran to the Commissioner of Immigration and what he told him may be deduced from the fact that the following morning Jacques Zucker was at liberty with more than one hundred dollars in his white summer trousers, the proceeds of sales of paintings and drawings to the officials and other personnel at Ellis Island. He had literally painted his way into the United States.

He went to live with a relative in the city. After awhile he looked about for signs of the Renaissance, or rather of the naissance that he had heard them proclaim in Paris. Maybe there was an interest in letters, but there was none in art, certainly none in Zucker's. Foolery aside, he had chosen a bad time and he soon realized it. The Philistinism of his surroundings particularly discouraged him. But money was being made hand over fist; he reached the wise conclusion that this country was a field only for commercial art. He went into commercial art with a vengeance. He made a compact with the devil and took a job carving and hammering fine jewelry, one of the applied arts Bezalel had taught him. Grimly he held on to his job for two and a half years, painting only occasionally on week ends and despising himself for being a week-end painter. While Utrillo, in Paris, was selling paintings for bottles of wine, Zucker, in New York, was earning hundreds of dollars a week, in time and overtime, for his skill and labor in a craft which he detested. It was the most prosperous and the most unhappy period of his life.

It was within this period that he completed payment of the debt to the brothers from whom he had argued and cajoled their candy money during 1910-13. Two of his brothers had just completed their high school courses in Poland and were eager to study in the university, the doors of which were closed to them. To them he sent a sum large enough to enable them to leave for France and enter the University of Nancy, in which one of them specialized in chemistry and the other in electrical engineering.

In 1920, when passing through Poland for Paris, he had presented his younger brother with passage money for Palestine, which had risen from twenty-five rubles to fifteen pounds. I suspect that he would have done no less for his brothers had there been no debt on the books.

While carving and hammering fine jewelry he had made up his mind to save one thousand dollars and then quit. He was the most desperately industrious worker in the shop. He stayed late to earn overtime. With ten minutes overtime during his lunch hour he would earn the price of a dinner. He was as financially prosperous as he was spiritually depressed. In the meantime his standard of living rose and he realized that he could not make the break with only one thousand dollars; he would have to have two thousand dollars, and then the figure rose to three thousand dollars, and so on, each additional thousand earning for him a decreasing amount of anticipated leisure for painting as his living standard rose. In the spring of 1925 he cut through the vicious circle of dependence upon a job which was keeping him from his real work by irrevocably slamming the door of the jewelry shop behind him and becoming a full-time painter, for good and for evil, in sickness and in health, in poverty and in wealth, until Death. With a full heart he promised to honor and to obey the art of painting and during all these years he has proved true to his oath.

In 1925 he went abroad, to

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Paris, and married. In the following year he returned to the United States with his wife. In 1929 his daughter Inez was born, in 1936 his son, Jeannot. Between 1926 and 1932 he maintained studios both in Paris and in New York, making frequent trips across the Atlantic. From his Paris headquarters he traveled through Italy at various times, visiting chiefly the churches and museums. In 1931 he revisited Palestine on a painting trip subsidized by his Paris gallery and in 1932 he visited Spain and Majorca, painting much of the time. Since 1932 the depression has restricted his movements to within a radius of one hundred miles from New York. But during all this time his chief activity has been painting. With painting he has found bread and butter for his family and himself and with painting paid for shelter and the education of his children, and with painting bought his soul's health and his body's peace. Often the need for selling has forced him to take time and energy off from his main activity and although he enjoys the crinkle of checks and dollar bills in his pocket as much as any man, his idea of Paradise is a place where a painter paints and someone else does the selling. Sometimes his purse was bulging with the proceeds of sales and at other times "we lived on pennies," as he puts it, but even in the worst of times his main thought and activity was painting. He scoffs at the notion of painting being an esoteric activity surrounded with rites of preparation and consecration. One man is a painter as another man is a shoemaker; painting also is a trade, and the pathos of painting is that so many men and women who haven't even learned the trade rate as artists. "Wake me up in the middle of the night," he challenges, "and I'll paint you a picture." Or, "Put me in a prison cell, with enough canvas and tubes of paint and say to me 'You must paint three pictures a day for each one of the next one hundred days and, if at the end of that time you have fallen behind in your quota, we'll electrocute you' and I'll paint you three pictures a day and some of them will even be good." He has stamina, endurance and health in his body and these qualities are evident in his work, although he does not normally produce at anything like the three canvases a day rate.

The prison cell challenge tells us not only Jacques Zucker's attitude towards painting; it tells us—as do his pictures—how he paints. He paints with freedom, with something like abandon, an abandon controlled by the sureness of knowledge in the medium. Not what a man paints, but how he paints is important.

The painting of a white wall by Utrillo has the power to give him a cold shiver of delight; the meticulous, photographic-effect painting of a tablecloth by an academician can move him only to the typical Zucker query: "Why didn't they frame the tablecloth instead?"

"I have never taken a road on which I had to retrace my steps. My paintings in youth foreshadowed my paintings of today. As I grow more mature, my only thought is to strengthen the forms and to paint in deeper expression, with the freedom of youth." He was never cubist, never abstract, never surrealist. He never imitated Derain, or any other painter of fashion. It cannot be denied that some of his work betrays the influence of Renoir, but he has passed through and absorbed Renoir because Renoir was a kindred spirit who had the same sensuous attitude towards women and children, flowers and landscape that he has. In the art marts of Paris Zucker has witnessed a dozen shooting stars of fashion light up the heavens momentarily and then fall to earth like dead meteorites. It is his firm conviction that if he will be true to the abiding values of art, the abiding values of art cannot be false to him.

Being under the influence of the darkness which three hundred years had laid upon pictures in museums, his earlier paintings are themselves dark and somber. His early figures and landscapes seem to be bathed in a dull crimson glow, his men and women suggest that they might be their own ancestors temporarily resuscitated for their sittings. But even among these earlier canvases there are few for which a mature man need offer apology. They foreshadow his present work; they are part of the structure which is going to be the completed life work of the artist, and the structure has consistency, certainly within itself. But as he grew older he realized that paintings also, as well as the processes of living, were done in sunlight, and not in the shadows of museums and he discarded any suggestion of the museum brown gravy into which academicians even today dip their canvas. Look at his palette and you will almost always find on it bright little lumps of red, yellow and blue. The wonder is not in them but in what he does with them.

As he grew older, he tells me, he discovered that he was more sensitive to the brilliant and joyous painting of Renoir and Watteau than to painters like Cézanne and Manet, who emphasized form rather than atmosphere. The contemporaries whom he most deeply admires, perhaps almost worships, are Utrillo and Soutine. In the course of his striving to achieve the real, the ultimate, values in art he found that he responded immediately and instinctively to the artists of intense feeling and sensitiveness and not to the intellectual painters, the formal painters, the cold technicians. He came to the conclusion, after much observation and thought, that it is the soul of the artist that is behind all the great values of painting. Without soul, there is no value or meaning in the painting, no matter how high a price it may fetch at the auction. By itself

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Jacques Zucker: Modern Romantic

Continued from pages 59-181-183

naïveté has no justification such as it had in the times of the Primitives. He wonders that an artist who is called naïve almost accepts the word as a compliment instead of feeling insulted and suing for libel. Today the soul of the artist, the feeling of the artist, must be expressed through intellectual means, and he adds: "I have learned to realize that the values in the painting of a white wall in a Utrillo canvas are of as high an expression of art as a mural of Giotto and a portrait of Rembrandt. That is as true as the fact that we are living at this moment. I can stand with a feeling of awe before a painting of grotesque character by Soutine although in my own painting I strive to convey the feeling of joy."

That also is true. His painting is a more intense form of living, although his capacities for delight are not confined to his brushwork. He paints with freedom and love and emotional power. In conversation Zucker is not perhaps the most cheerful person in the world, except just after he has made a sale, and those occasions are rarely so frequent as they have to be, but his paintings look like the work of a man who is accustomed to singing at his easel as he jingles gold coins in his pocket with his free hand. Even if Zucker himself does not sing, his paintings have a way of making music and of remarking how glorious a world is this light-irradiated outdoors, how exquisite a bunch of flowers in a vase can be, how lovely the expression of a child and how glowing the flesh of a woman. There is no spirit of laborious and pedestrian effort in his work. His impulse is to do a painting within the boundaries of an impulse. Paint is not just paint. His summer landscapes are warm with the fragrance of the season they imprison. His skies have the luminous transparency of the thing seen. He communicates feeling in every square inch of canvas because he has feeling to communicate. He has light to give and light shines out of his paintings. He enjoys putting what he calls holiday into his pictures. You cannot submit to his work without sensing the hum of the earth's music in it. Having long ago absorbed the technique of representation, all his conscious powers are freed to make the objects represented convey his message of delight in a world in which the sun shines, trees and flowers grow, children smile and human character can assert itself in a thousand ways. There is warmth, sympathy, penetration, love and strength in his canvases. He is a modern romantic with a lot of hard-boiled common sense, therefore no sentimentalist.

Recently I found him going through his old canvases and setting aside a group on which he was planning to paint new pictures. I asked him what was the test of discard. "If a painting, no matter how well done technically, has no feeling in it, out it goes." His own heart gives him the clue, not what people say. "What goes out of a heart goes into a heart. If I feel that the thing has no heart, only the work of the wrist, out it goes." Which goes to prove that he can be no less harsh with himself than he is in his strictures on most of his contemporaries. It may seem at first that envy dictates his remarks on most American painters, but when one has become acquainted with Zucker one realizes that he speaks thus only from a standard of painting and from no personal motive.

The discard seems to be an annual ceremony in preparation for summer in the country when the artist almost eats up canvas, new and old, for landscapes. It is the time when he too has his annual flowering. When he first began to paint the American land he was amazed to discover that it had a character the opposite of that which artists in their studios arbitrarily inflicted upon it. He found that the freedom and disorder on an American farm is contrary to the neatness and the fenced-in quality of what is regarded as typical American art. The mere painting of this fresh subject matter is rejuvenating. When, he points out, you paint anything in Europe, in Paris or the south of France, you are impressed, even against your will, by your memory of the same landscape as painted by a dozen other artists. "But when I sit before an American landscape I feel liberated, unburdened by the weight of artistic precedent." The American face also, he reports, has a freedom and an expressiveness that suit the character of his brush.

The Wandering Jew has long ago ceased to wander. "As I continue living and painting in the United States, I am concerned only to interpret the American scene in terms of the pure values of painting," by which he means the esthetic values of form and color. He does however sincerely regret that art has been reduced to the agency of propaganda and representation of local scene and begs to remind those who are bogged down in the swamp of provinciality that "Art has no frontiers" and that "a painting transcends subject matter, although it uses it." However, he has not abandoned hope that the true lovers of art must come sooner or later to respect the genuine painting as against the meretricious. He has faith that a good painting has a way of discovering its true friends and that light seeks out the good thing. Zucker admires many of his fellow painters and has great hopes and enthusiasm for the future of America in painting.

Besides being a painter Jacques Zucker is a human being. There are plenty of times when the doting father quite obliterates the restless artist. He is one of the most loyal of family men. He has a deep fund of anecdote and al-

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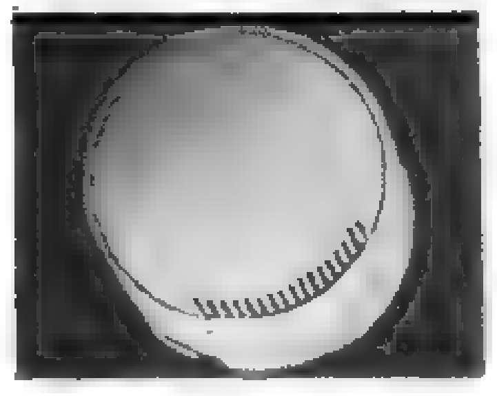

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most always points his observations with a parable or a story taken from the Talmud and the no less fascinating story of art. He enjoys the good things of life but is not at their mercy. He is rough rather than gracious and does not easily bow from the waist and make pretty speeches. He finds it hard to say Yes when he feels No; the best thing he can do is to remain silent. He continues to think in French words and phrases, but he is capable of thought, of feeling and of expression.

Even if he is not so well known as many of his inferiors, let it not be thought that Jacques Zucker's work has been entirely obscured. Simply to complete the record, let it be noted that in Paris his paintings were on view at the Bonaparte and Paquereau galleries and in various group shows. His work has been on desultory view in New York since 1928, in one-man and in group displays. At his first American exhibition, at the Balzac Galleries, in 1930, Rodin was his fellow-exhibitor and almost every one of his canvases found a purchaser. Other one-man shows in New York were held at the Ferargil, Guild and Cheshire galleries, the last-named being conducted by Walter Chrysler, Jr., one of Zucker's more ardent admirers. He has had one-man exhibitions also in Cleveland and in Jerusalem and has been represented in groups at the Worcester Museum, at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, at the Chicago Institute of Arts, the Whitney Museum and at the Wildenstein, Marie Harriman and Reinhardt galleries. ⧺

You Can't Trust an American

Continued from page 42

Ahfter all, we've bean cultivatin' the breed since the time of William the Conqueror. But in Amedica—One might veddy confidentleh expect to come upon a more or less naïve sort of mouse.' Sir William's countenance underwent a trahnsformation.

" 'Mawkley, old fellah,' said he. 'I believe you're rahther something in the natchah of a genius.' 'Not at all, sir,' protested I somewhat modestleh. The compliment, nevertheless, as you may imagine, in view of the source, I considered as being tantamount to a feathah in my cap.

"The upshot of my interview with ower Directah, the late Sir William Courtney-Llewellyne, was that I soon thereahfter junnied to Amedica. I was to establish a brahnch of ower farm in New York. Befoah I settled down to a siddious effart to interest Amedican capital in financin' the project I took advahntidge of my opporteunitehs to inspect the Amedican scene. New York, of course, is a monstrousleh ugleh citeh. It is simply filled with buildin's an streets and noise and traffic and whatnot. I should have had rahther a dreadful time of it altogetheh except for the acquaintance I soon struck up with a beautiful Amedican gul. I entertained her by recountin' some of the amazin' advenchahs I'd had in His Majesty's Secret Service deurin' the Woah, and for her part, she introduced me to all the reputable bartendahs in the citeh.

"After discussin' vadious mattahs long into the night with the beautiful Amedican gul, whose name, I might add, was Miss Susie Quinkenlichter—rahther an odd name, what!—I finalleh revealed the object of my visit to her countreh. 'I think you've veddy definiteleh got something there,' she told me entheusiasticalleh. 'I rahther think your specific for the elimination of the nahsteh rodent should take on. It should knock 'em dead,' as her colorful Amedicanism expressed it. 'That is preciseleh why we employ a hundred percentum solution of arsenic,' I told her. 'You hardly grahsp my ideah,' said Miss Quinkenlichter. 'I mean it ought to be a pushover with the patrons. A knockout. A wow. A natural. They should go for it in a rahther large way. I'd like to own a hunk of it myself. Look,' added the beautiful Amedican gul. 'I've an ideah, an absoluteleh ripping inspiration. What you requah to exploit this rat poison is a jolly bit of time on the radio. Radio, if I may say so, is the *sine qua non* of big business in ower countreh. Take radio away from Amedican business and you are takin' sweets from an infant. As General Sherman said, "There's a sucker born every minute." Radio. That's the ticket.'

"Such entheusiasm was impossible to resist. Miss Quinkenlichter then farther informed me of the vahst advahntidges to be derived from the commarcialization of my product upon the air. With ingenuity of a deucedly clevah sort the beautiful Amedican gul suggested that we build our piddiod on the radio upon the ideah of the Pied Pipah of Hamelin. That was to be ower tieup. We were to secure the suvices of some brilliant flutist around whom we should create a siddies of dramatic and musical broadcahsts subtleh suggestive of ower sellin' point, which was the commarcialization of Charnelhouse Mice Poison, Limited, Incorporated. As Miss Quinkenlichter visualized it, my entheusiasm took fiah. Immediateleh I got off a cable, collect, to Sir William Courtney-Llewellyne. I remember my messidge wahd for wahd.

" 'Brilliant possibilitehs Charnelhouse in Amedica,' I cabled. 'Unlike British Broadcahstin' System, it is here permissible to advertise commarcial products upon the air. Have splendid tieup and propose introduce Charnelhouse in Pied Pipah of Hamelin progrim, but need capitalization. Amedican capital obviousleh all in hands of ower competitahs. Most entheusi-

Continued on page 186

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You Can't Trust an American

Continued from pages 42-185

astic, howeveh; ideah cannot fail; positive pushover with patrons. Mawkley.' "

"What about the untrustworthiness of the Amedicans?" interrupts Peterson-Jones. "I cahn't see that anything you've told us redounds to their disadvahntage. I think I'll take ten shillin's on Barbary Coast."

"Gentlemen!" exclaims the Major, just a little hurt. "Please. I cannot possibleh reach my denouement if these interruptions are to continue."

"Ten shillin's on Barbary Coast," repeats Ransome, jotting it in his notebook. "S'truth, milors. A norse is haltogether different as 'uman folks. They ayn't got henny sense o' nartionality."

"What about Miss Quinkenblather?" inquires Lord Broadknoll. "Don't tell us you finalleh maddied the gul, Mawkleh. The Empah cahn't possibleh continue with all this miscegenation goin' on, sir. I stand farmleh against miscegenation. It's all well enough to amuse one's self with these brown guls in India and Africa and Amedica, but—"

"I assure you, Broadknoll, that Miss Quinkenlichter was not a brown gul and that I did not maddy her." He takes a quick shot of Scotch (there is no time for the formality of the soda) and continues before further interruptions can occur.

"Needless to relate that Sir William, with his mahster commarcial intellect, immediateleh was fiahed with entheusiasm for the project as I had outlined it. Undoubtedleh we should recoup in no time the losses sustained by Charnelhouse Mice Poison, Limited. I hired operatives to make careful studies of the habits and psychology of the Amedican rodent. As Miss Quinkenlichter had so colorfully put it, it seemed like a veditable pushover with the patrons. Sir William, echoing my own faith that we should have a good thing in no time, placed a drahft at my disposal. Latah I discovahed that the magnificent Sir William, brilliantleh outlining our project to his butler, whose famileh had suved Sir William's ancestahs for seven hundred yeahs, had persuaded his man to invest the capital to be sent to Amedica. Where will one find such loyalteh in the suving clahsses outside meddy England!

"But to continue with my Amedican advenchah. At the suggestion of Miss Quinkenlichter we took immediate steps to procure and develop a bi-weekleh radio progrim.

"We took time of a large chain cold The Monumental Broadcahsting System, with a hookup consisting of two stations in the veddy heart of the most populous areas of the metropolis, one in a localiteh cold Canarsie and the otheh cold the East Side. We also acquahed the flutist whose personaliteh was to create the chadactah of the Pied Pipah of Hamelin. Miss Quinkenlichter herself composed the siddies of dramatic sketches which we were to convey to the populace via the air while simultaneousleh we veddy clevahleh interjected our advertising *spiel*, as the Amedican gul tarmed it. It was all veddy fascinatin'. To broadcahst ovah the air one stands adjacent to a microphone and speaks into it, or sings, or plays a flute, or whatnot. The voice is then caddied out ovah the atmosphere and, if the listener has his dial set to one's station, a reproduction of the broadcahst emits from the listener's loudspeaker. That, at least, is the thiddy of broadcahstin'.

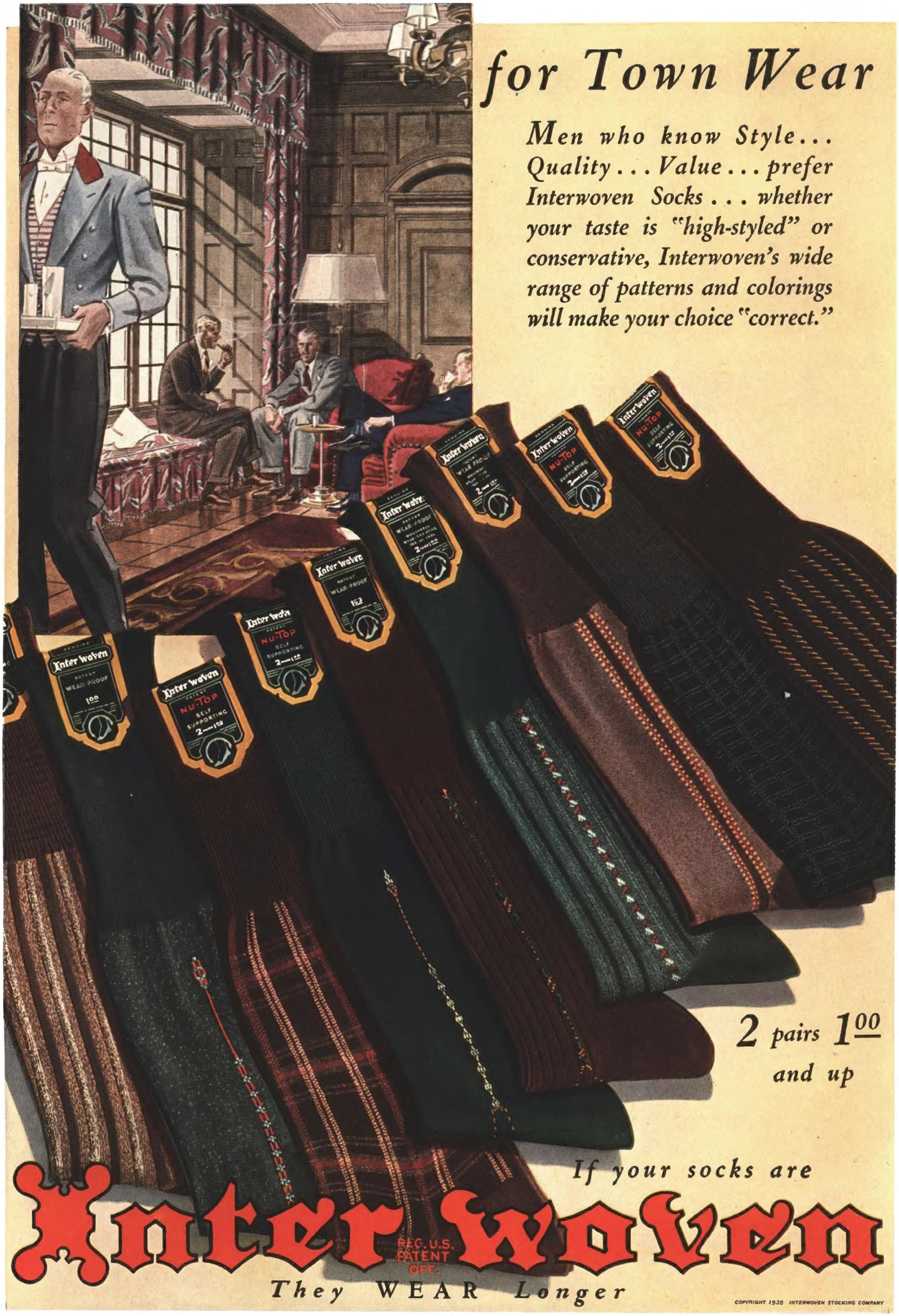
"But, like the thiddy of Charnelhouse, in which the rodent collapses befoah ower solution can do its deadleh work in the nest, broadcahstin', from the commarcial viewpoint, may also go sadleh amiss.

"We had bean on the air for the full extent of Sir William Courtney-Llewellyne's butler's capitalization when I veddy suddenleh made a hoddifyin' siddies of discoveries. Farstleh, we'd had absoluteleh no response whatevah from ower listeners. When I appealed to the Amedican distributors whom I had counted upon to handle ower product in the States they shrugged and informed me that my lack of response was not unnatural. It seems that woefully few citizens of those localities, Carnarsie and the East Side, exhibit an understanding of the English language. It farther appeahed that Miss Quinkenlichter's pater was the ownah of The Monumental Broadcahsting System, and that the flutist whom we had employed as the Pied Pipah of Hamelin at a veddy high rate of compensation, was none otheh than the beautiful Amedican gul's fiancé!

"It was a gahstleh disillusionment, gentlemen. I'd rahther bean had. I do not say that I was not a bettah man for the expiddience, of course. I'd got a bit of travelin' for my effarts and reached the rahther happy conclusion that bein' in trade was simpleh not an occupation commensurate with the digniteh of ower clahss. And lahstleh, all things calmleh considahed, I decided then and there that the Amedicans were a completeleh untrustwarthy people."

"A foul thing, this miscegenation," murmurs Lord Broadknoll, waking up when the drone of Mawkley's voice ceases. "You should never have maddied the gul, Majah. I think I'll take ten shillin's on Barbary Coast."

"Ten shillin's on the button," says Ransome, making a note of it. "Well, milors, like I sy. 'Orses is haltogether different as 'uman beans. They ayn't got a single spark o' nartionality in their bloody—beg pardon, milors—their blahsted withers. Ten on Barbary Coast. Righto." ⵌ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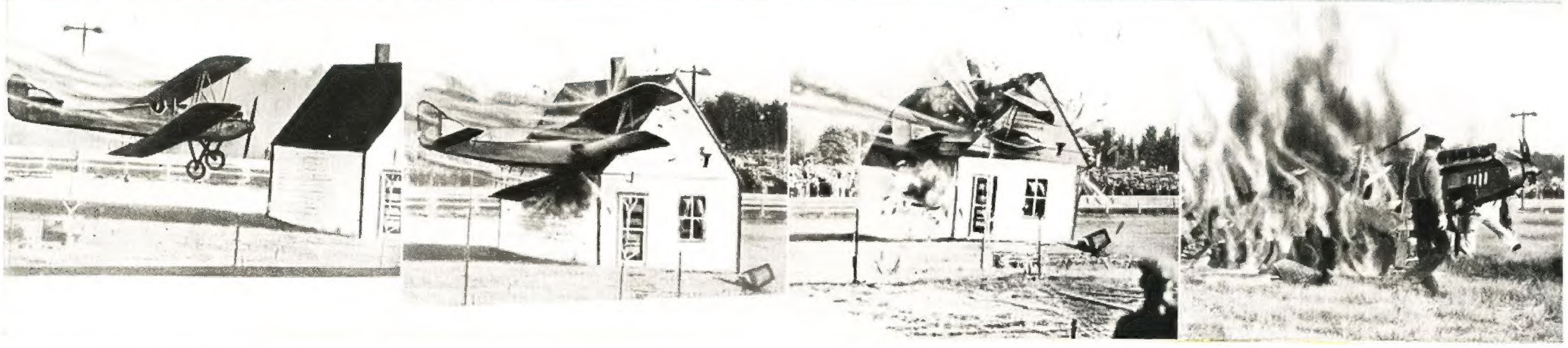

"SHOT DOWN IN FLAMES, you crash into a house..." That is actually what aerial warfare movie scripts demand of Stunt Pilot Frank Frakes. But up he goes, his plane's wings soaked in gasoline. High in the sky, he touches off electrical sparks, swoops down ablaze in a roaring power-dive. Leveling off (Picture 1), he heads straight for the spectacular crack-up that thrills even hardened movie directors. Will Frakes come through that house alive? He's performed such stunts more than fifty times. **CRASH!** (Picture 2) As he hits with terrific impact, a charge of dynamite is exploded inside the house (Picture 3) to heighten the effect. Wings ripped off (Picture 4), the flaming plane shoots out — hopelessly **WRECKED!** Frakes? Below you see him safe and smiling, ready to enjoy his favorite smoke — a Camel! "Stunt-flying is exhausting work," says Pilot Frank Frakes. "When I need a 'lift' in energy I get it with a Camel."

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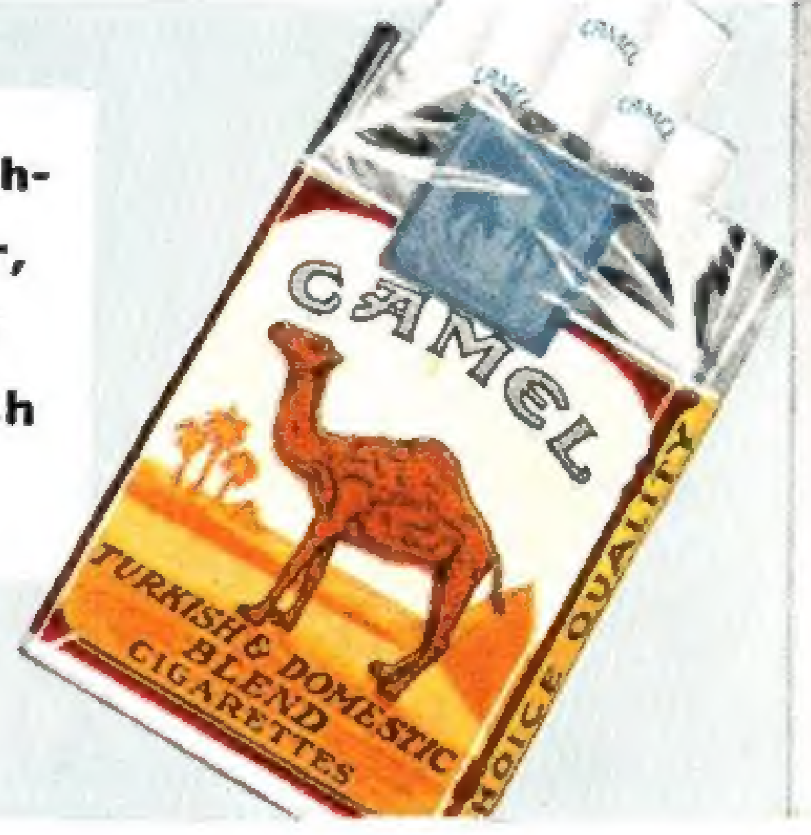
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